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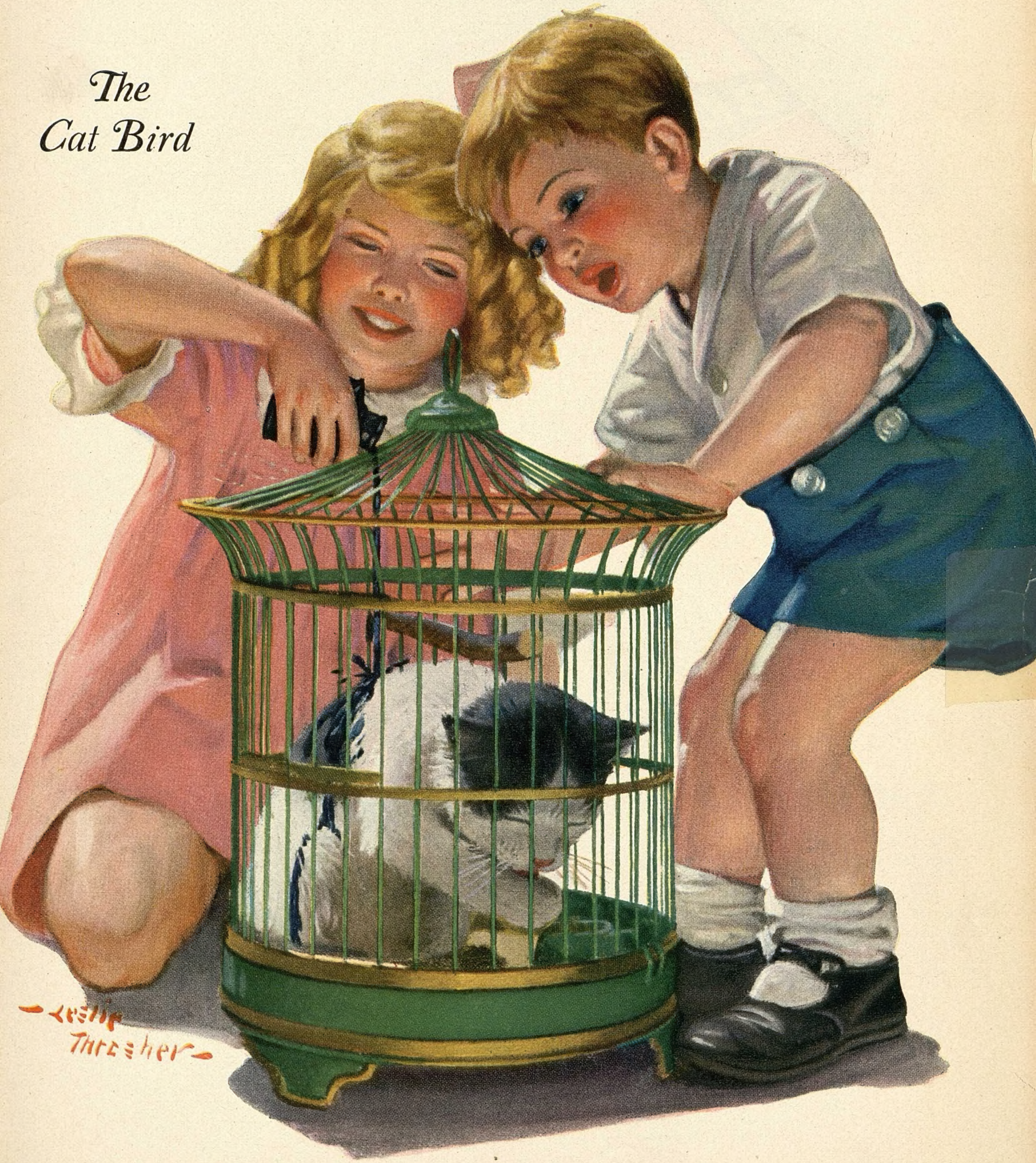
Leslie Thrasher

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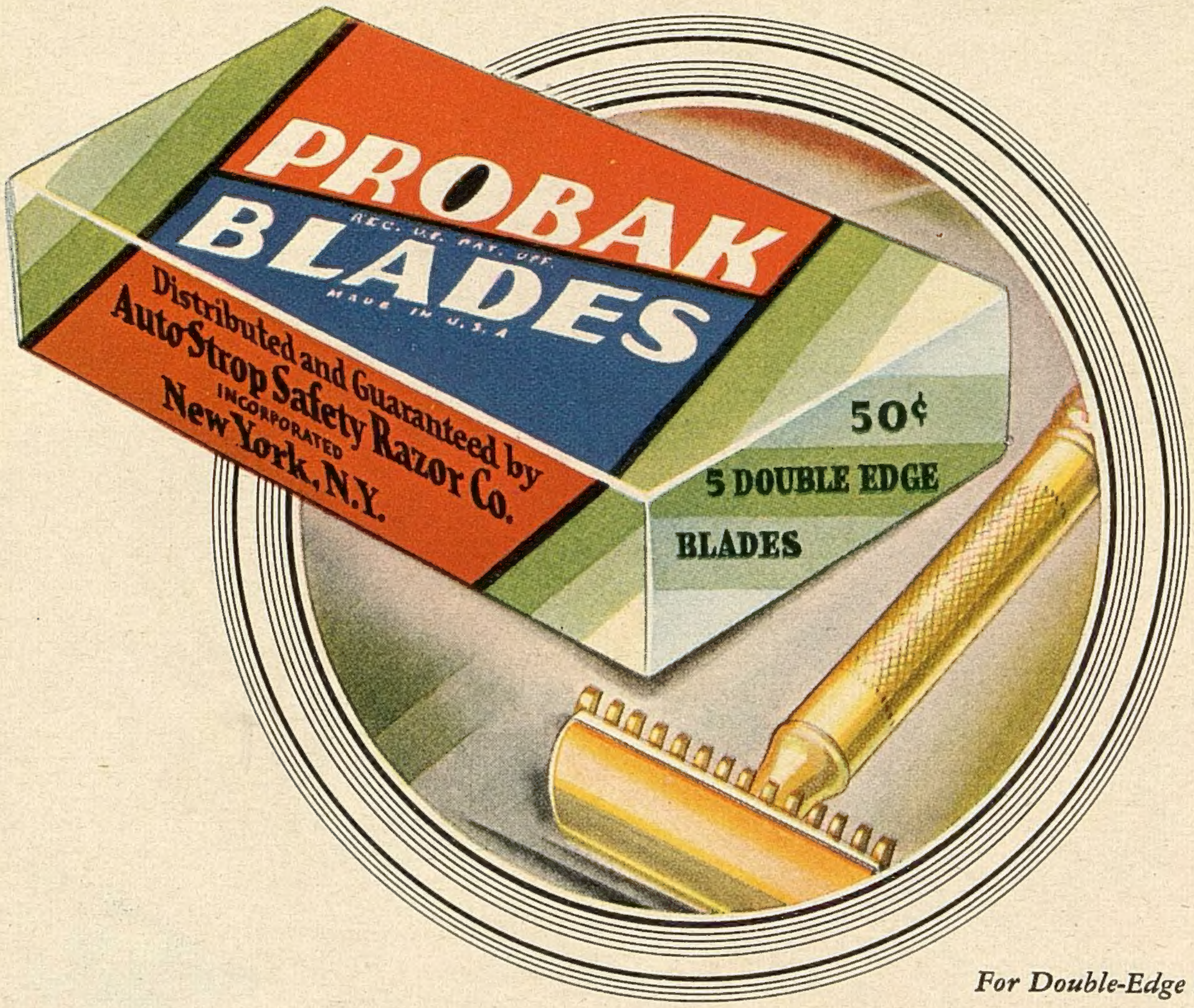
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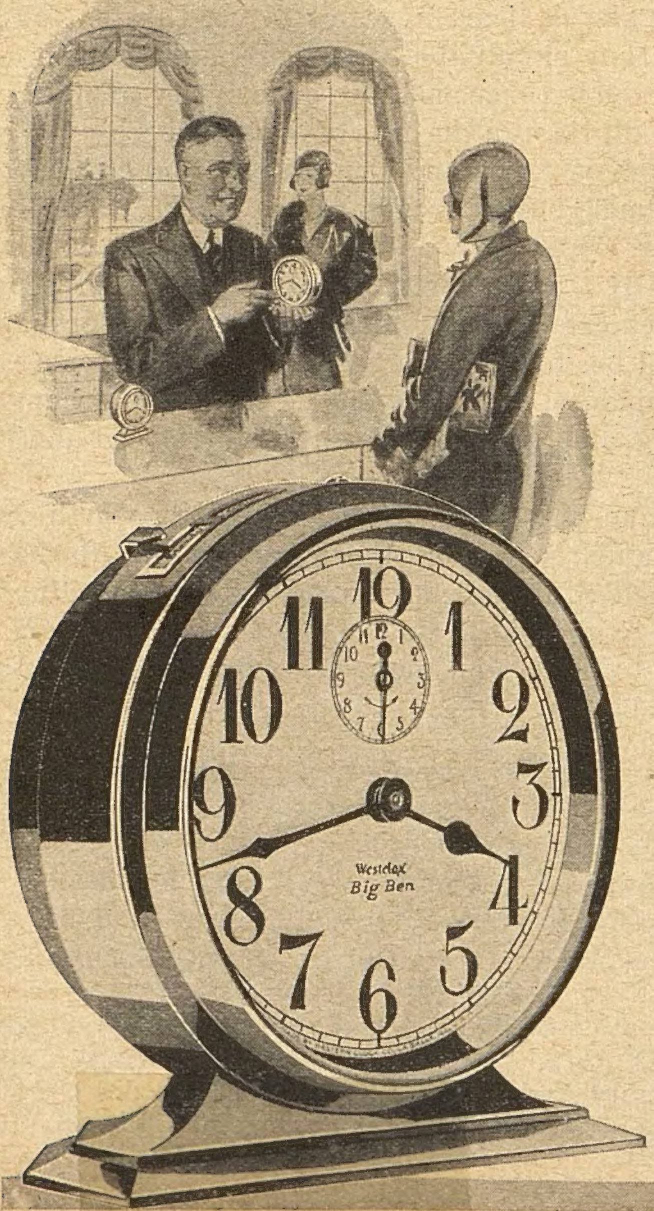

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FEB. 15, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
NO. 7

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

HOW SAFE IS FLYING?

The list of fatal accidents to commercial passenger planes grows rather startlingly. The Transcontinental Air Transport—popularly known as the "Lindbergh line"—has had two major disasters, and several have befallen the ships of other companies. The worst, as these lines are written, was a crash in California in which fourteen passengers and two pilots were killed.

After such accidents as this the propagandists of air-mindedness always come out and say that there are no more accidents to airplanes than to automobiles; that there is danger in all kinds of travel, and that airplane disasters attract a disproportionate amount of attention because they are spectacular.

Well, when you consider that there are perhaps 8,000 planes in the United States and something over 20,000,000 automobiles, you see that while a tabulation of airplane and automobile accidents may give an actual score in favor of the planes, the comparative totals indicate that it is safer to stay on the ground, in a motor car.

As a matter of fact, in our opinion, just as the automobile has proved to be more dangerous than the buggy, so the airplane is more dangerous than the automobile, and probably always will be. So, when you consider flying from one place to another, you've got to consider that it is more dangerous than some other methods of transportation.

But there are always some things in which mankind must face danger. Exploration, the quest of gold, all the venturesome pioneer enterprises involve an element of risk.

In the quest of gold in upper Ontario airplanes have been used to get quickly to the places where claims were to be staked. More and more they are coming into use in situations where time is money.

Cruising the timberlands of Canada is being done with planes in localities where it would be impossible to cruise otherwise. The flyers quickly traverse sections which would be virtually impassable by any other means, and find landing places in lakes.

Alaska is another case in point. Remote towns are now easily accessible through regions where there is no other transportation except dog-sleds.

More and more people are willing to risk flying from the southern borders of the United States to Panama and the countries to the south. Here planes are used over rough terrain—jungles and mountains where descent is unpleasant at its best and fatal at its worst, but where it is possible to see remarkable sights and cover distances with a speed never before dreamed of. People go that way in preference to others because they arrive at their destinations in days where it took weeks before.

Then of course there is the matter of the mails—where for the extra risk we put on an extra stamp.

And there is always the national defense. If Mr. Kellogg's treaty ever proves faulty our fate may be settled by mastery of the air.

Nor, human nature being what it is, is the element of sport to be ignored. People will always fly for pleasure, knowing it involves risks. And a great advantage in flying is the opportunity to see the country and get an idea of its geography and conformations that you never get from a railroad or motor highway. It is astonishing how much more you can see.

Next week's Liberty will contain an article which indicates that the ratio of danger as between airplanes and automobiles is something like eight to one. No doubt there will be a lot of protest against this conclusion, but the figures involved come without prejudice from the Department of Commerce and are believed to be as nearly accurate as possible.

They make it clear, it seems to us, that as far as transportation simply between here and yon in the United States is concerned, the superiority of flying is more in doubt than in the case of such over-water flying as that between Paris and London or around the West Indies, because our railroads are so good. On a train you can eat, sleep, and work in comfort in any weather, and travel by train has become extraordinarily secure.

The greatest enemy of the airplane is, and probably always will be, fog. Among recent serious crashes of passenger planes, two were due to fog, one perhaps to overloading, and one to the illegal "stunting" of another ship.

The plane has so far demonstrated its worth over unsettled lands, such as northern Canada and Alaska on this continent; for mail, for war, and for sport. But we think that to go from New York to Chicago by plane is now likely to involve on the whole more time and effort than to go by train.

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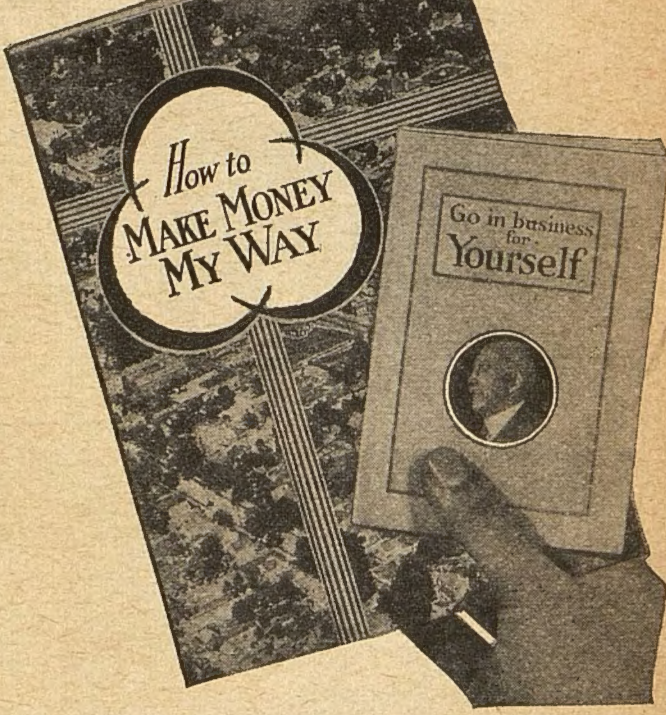
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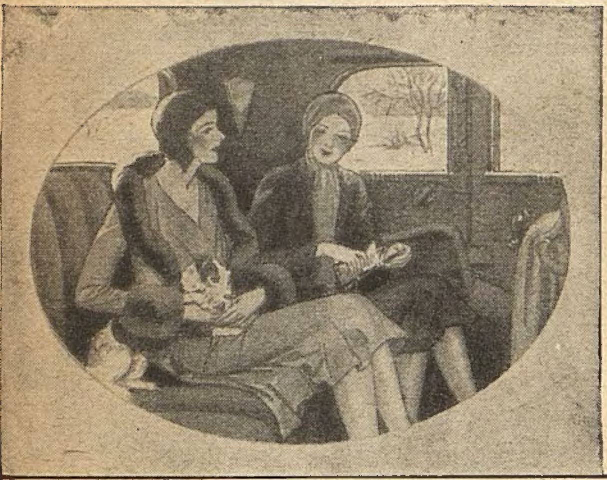
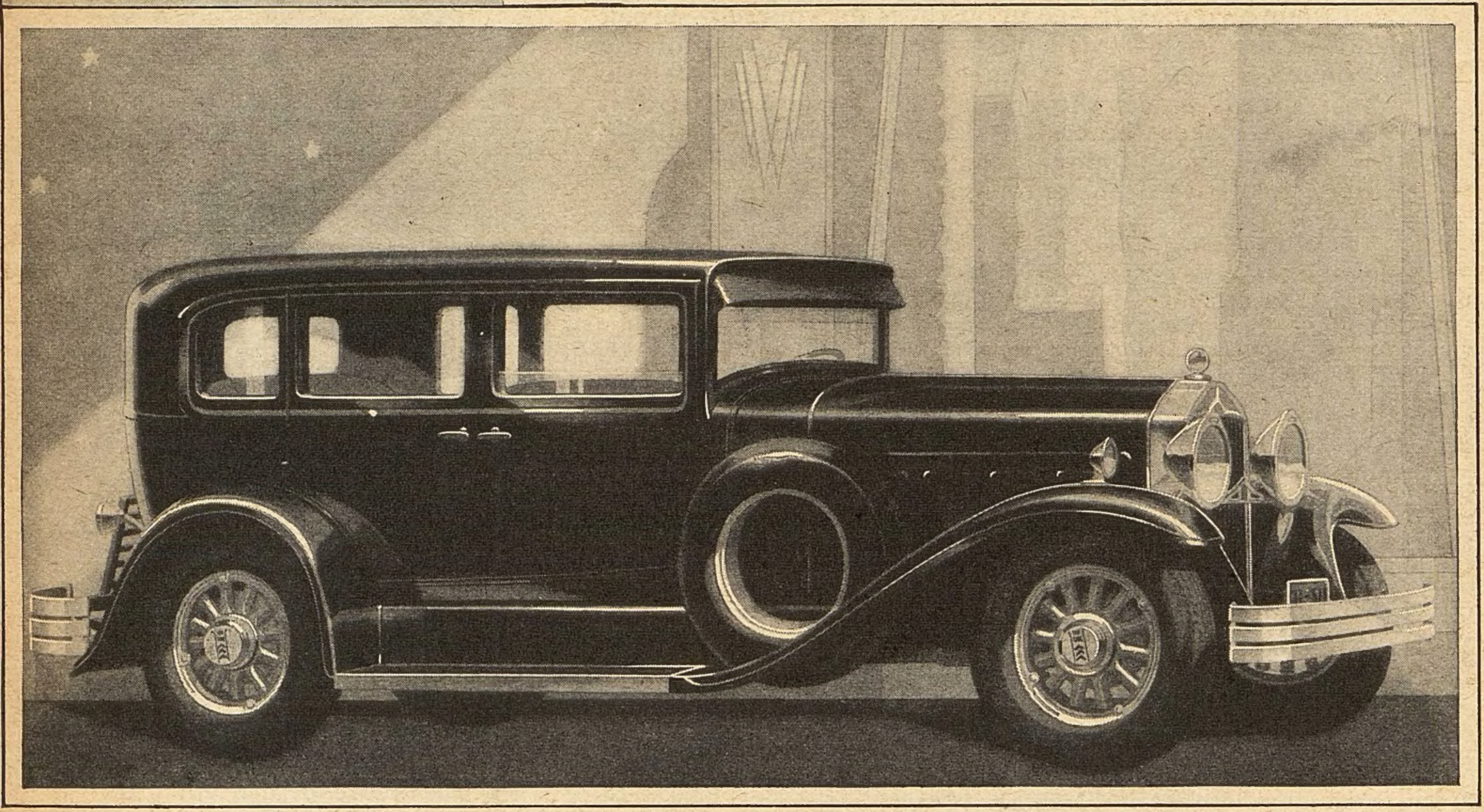
87 HORSEPOWER ... IN THE 1930 WILLYS KNIGHT





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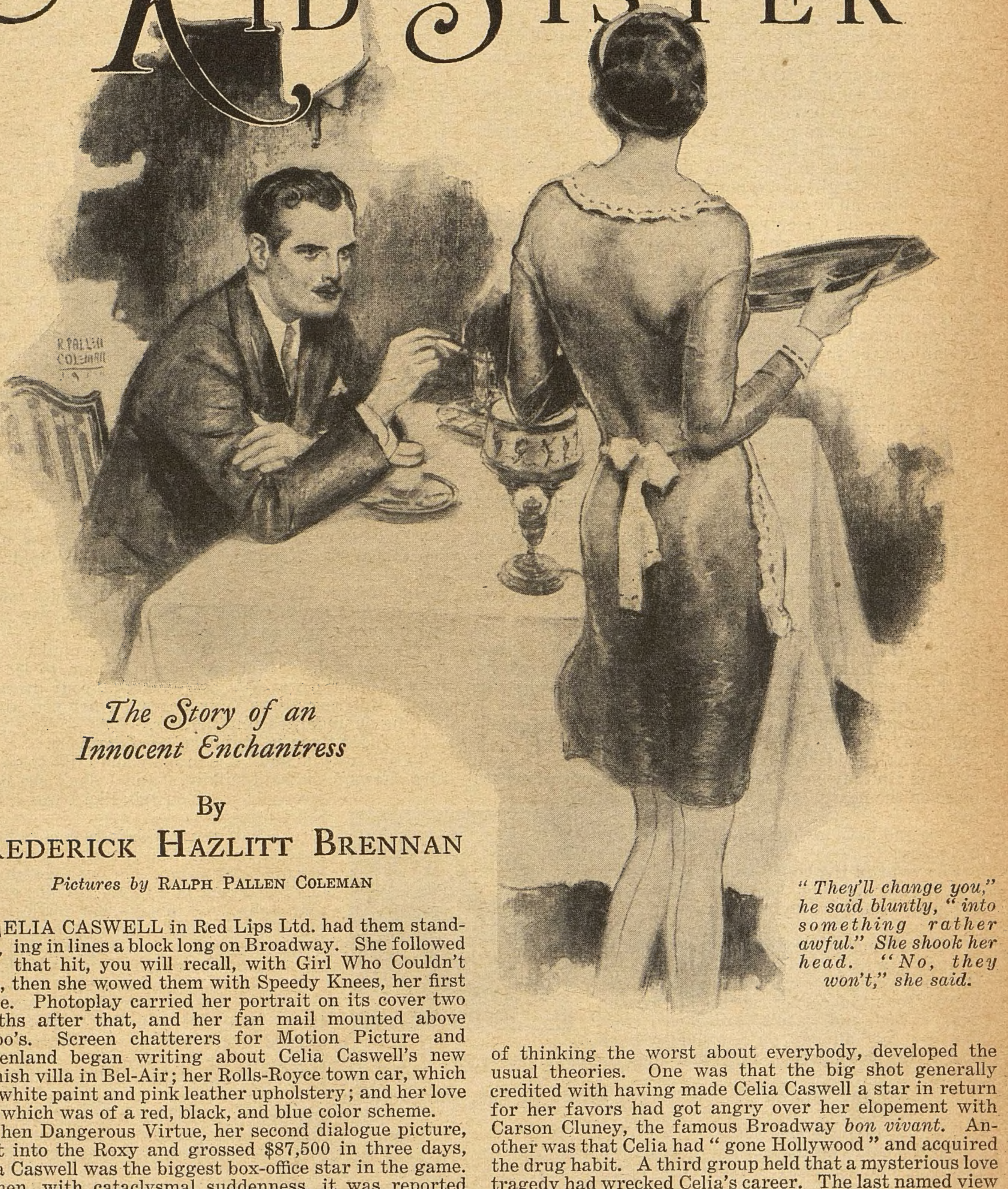
Cleopatra's Kid Sister



" They'll change you," he said bluntly, " into something rather awful." She shook her head. " No, they won't," she said.

The Story of an Innocent Enchantress

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

CELIA CASWELL in Red Lips Ltd. had them standing in lines a block long on Broadway. She followed that hit, you will recall, with Girl Who Couldn't Stop, then she wowed them with Speedy Knees, her first talkie. Photoplay carried her portrait on its cover two months after that, and her fan mail mounted above Garbo's. Screen chatterers for Motion Picture and Screenland began writing about Celia Caswell's new Spanish villa in Bel-Air; her Rolls-Royce town car, which had white paint and pink leather upholstery; and her love life, which was of a red, black, and blue color scheme.

When Dangerous Virtue, her second dialogue picture, went into the Roxy and grossed $87,500 in three days, Celia Caswell was the biggest box-office star in the game.

Then, with cataclysmal suddenness, it was reported that Celia Caswell had quit the movies. The only official announcement broadcast by Soul-Art's publicity staff was: " Celia Caswell has gone to a secluded spot in the High Sierras for a rest before starting her superepic, Women and Sin."

The Hollywood movie colony, with its unvarying habit of thinking the worst about everybody, developed the usual theories. One was that the big shot generally credited with having made Celia Caswell a star in return for her favors had got angry over her elopement with Carson Cluney, the famous Broadway *bon vivant.* Another was that Celia had " gone Hollywood " and acquired the drug habit. A third group held that a mysterious love tragedy had wrecked Celia's career. The last named view was seized upon by all the fan magazines; seven stories, each pointing to a different man, appeared.

Public comment was unanimous on only one point: that Celia was the hottest, vampiest, It-inest girl who ever burned up the celluloid. Therefore, whatever had hap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CLEOPATRA'S KID SISTER
Continued from page nine

pened was bound to be scandalous. Harry Marks, chief production executive of Soul-Art, said: "Aw, these hot tamales is all crazy. Celiuh went haywyuh on us. Wanted me to let huh do a Gish. Can you beat it?"

Jack Le Bron, her director, said: "She had a chance to be immortal, and it scared her."

Archie Hassle, who wrote her stories, said: "Too many men; that was the trouble. I blame Cluney for this, mostly. He destroyed the poor kid's soul."

J. Herndon Gray, her dialogist, said: "They didn't handle her right. They should have kept these Hollywood chasers away from her and—uh—but say, couldn't that little girl put over a dirty line, though!"

Bill Todd, her head cameraman, said: "Hollywood got her. She used to be right bashful on the set, but when we was shooting Dangerous Virtue she'd change clothes right before the grips and lights."

Miss Millie Hamilton, who designed her wardrobe, said: "It was gin and a nervous breakdown."

They were all wrong.

When Cecelia Casey was fourteen—and that was five years before she became Celia Caswell, the biggest box-office star in Hollywood—her numerous male relatives already had formed a habit of staring at her. Uncle Terence, who was a policeman and had set himself up as guardian of the family morals, used to finger the rim of his cap uneasily and remark: "Ye're a sly one, I'll bet. It's an eye fer the b'ys ye hev." Whereat Cecelia would fly at him and pummel his fat stomach with tomboy fists, yelling: "Take it back! I hate boys!"

Uncle Aloysius, who ran a saloon on North Broadway in St. Louis and was something of a political power in the river wards, would interrupt the hullabaloo at gatherings of the Casey clan long enough to say: "She's a wild wan. If she was mine, I'd have her in a convent."

Cousin Davey and Cousin Joe, being young married men of little weight in the family councils, were less outspoken. But Cecelia, romping with small Caseys and O'Hares in her mother's kitchen, heard them mutter to their wives, "She's a harum-scarum and headed for trouble," or, "She's big enough now to watch her skirts better."

Even her big brother, Homer, condescended to bestow hard-eyed attention. He told Jimmy Hollorhan to beat it when he found Jimmy pitching pennies with Cecelia on the Casey front stoop one evening. Then he delivered himself of the following:

"You quit flopping around in the dirt with these punk kids, see?"

She was bewildered and defiant.

"You ain't my boss," she said. "I'd of won eight cents more on the next pitch if you hadn't butted in."

"Go and have ma mend that hole in your bloomers!"

She went in the house still puzzled. She was wondering why the lordly Homer had taken the trouble to notice such a thing.

THE only male Casey who never seemed to worry about Cecelia was her father. On those rare occasions when old man John got home from the corner saloon before she went to bed, and wasn't too wearied from heaving coal all day or too sodden with booze for pleasantries, they had fine romps together. Thus:

"Put up yer fists an' let me hang a shiner on thet divvil's eye av ye!"

"Huh! I'll bust *your* nose!"

She'd pound his chest with no light blows, and he, laughing immoderately, would thrust out his square jaw.

"Ye can't even rock ut!"

Sock! A roar from old man John. He'd catch her to him and feel her arm muscles. "Ye'll throw a pretty flatiron, a pretty flatiron!" he'd say, and, chuckling at the prospect, be off to the back porch for a bedtime pipe.

Cecelia's mother was stanchly loyal. When one of the male Caseys would venture to suggest, "You gotta watch that kid, Norah; she's the kind the boys won't leave alone," Cecelia's mother invariably sniffed.

"She ain't thinking about boys," Mrs. Casey would say.

That would bring a worldly-wise laugh from the critic.

"With that curly red hair? And them big brown eyes? And all that—uh—swishing about she does?"

Grimly, devastatingly, unanswerably, Mrs. Casey would reply: "H'mph. Men *is* dirty minded, ain't they?"

If old man John hadn't taken aboard so much wood alcohol and fallen off the coal wagon on his head that bitter December night when Cecelia was sixteen; and if, three months later, Mrs. Casey had gone more promptly to City Hospital to fight pneumonia, Cecelia might never have become a famous movie star.

LACKING the two stanch defenders who believed in her essential virtue, the girl went to live with Uncle Terence and Aunt Mary. Uncle Terence was resolved to make her walk chalk in accordance with the highest ideals of the St. Louis police force (North Market Station) and St. Alphonsus Parish. Still, Uncle Terence and his wife were patient and tolerant. When Cecelia played hooky from parochial school they scolded her. The second time she ran away from the convent, Uncle Terence gave her a mild thrashing and allowed her to find a job as cash girl in Vandervoort's, downtown.

But when she persisted in sneaking off with the other girls at the store to idle in one-piece bathing suits on the shores of the Meramec River, and when she visited picture shows and a roller-skating rink on Grand Boulevard in defiance of the Terence Caseys, a family council of war was held.

"Ye're heading straight fer Juvenile Court, that's where ye're heading," said Uncle Terence.

"Ye're a bad, disobedient girrul," said Uncle Aloysius.

"You're boy-crazy, that's the trouble with you," said Cousin Davey.

"You better quit chasin' around with these no-good department-store sheiks. I'm telling you," said Cousin Joe.

Big brother Homer, who by this time had a record of nine arrests against him at headquarters, was just as moral and scornful as the other Casey men.

"Don't try to blame it on these young punks you trail with," he said. "You can't expect them to leave you alone. Not the way *you* act. Look at your dress right now! Halfway above your knees. I bet you ain't got nothing on underneath it, neither."

She faced them in stubborn bewilderment.

"I like to swim and I like to skate and I like to go to picture shows," she said sulkily, "and I don't see nothing wrong in it. You talk like I was a tart or something."

The half dozen Casey women who were present had nothing to say. Her red hair, her tempting curves, her big roguish eyes—one had a cast in it: "the divvil's eye," old man John used to say—her restless, tigerish vitality, placed her without the pale. She conformed to no category they knew; she followed no code that was theirs.

Brother Homer continued:

"See? You're already talking like a tough girl. If you don't quit running around with these young punks you will be a tough girl—that is, if you ain't already."

She jumped up from her chair. "I ain't running around with boys. I hate boys. I got no use for them."

Uncle Aloysius glanced at her scantily clad figure.

"Agh!" he said, "don't tell us fibs."

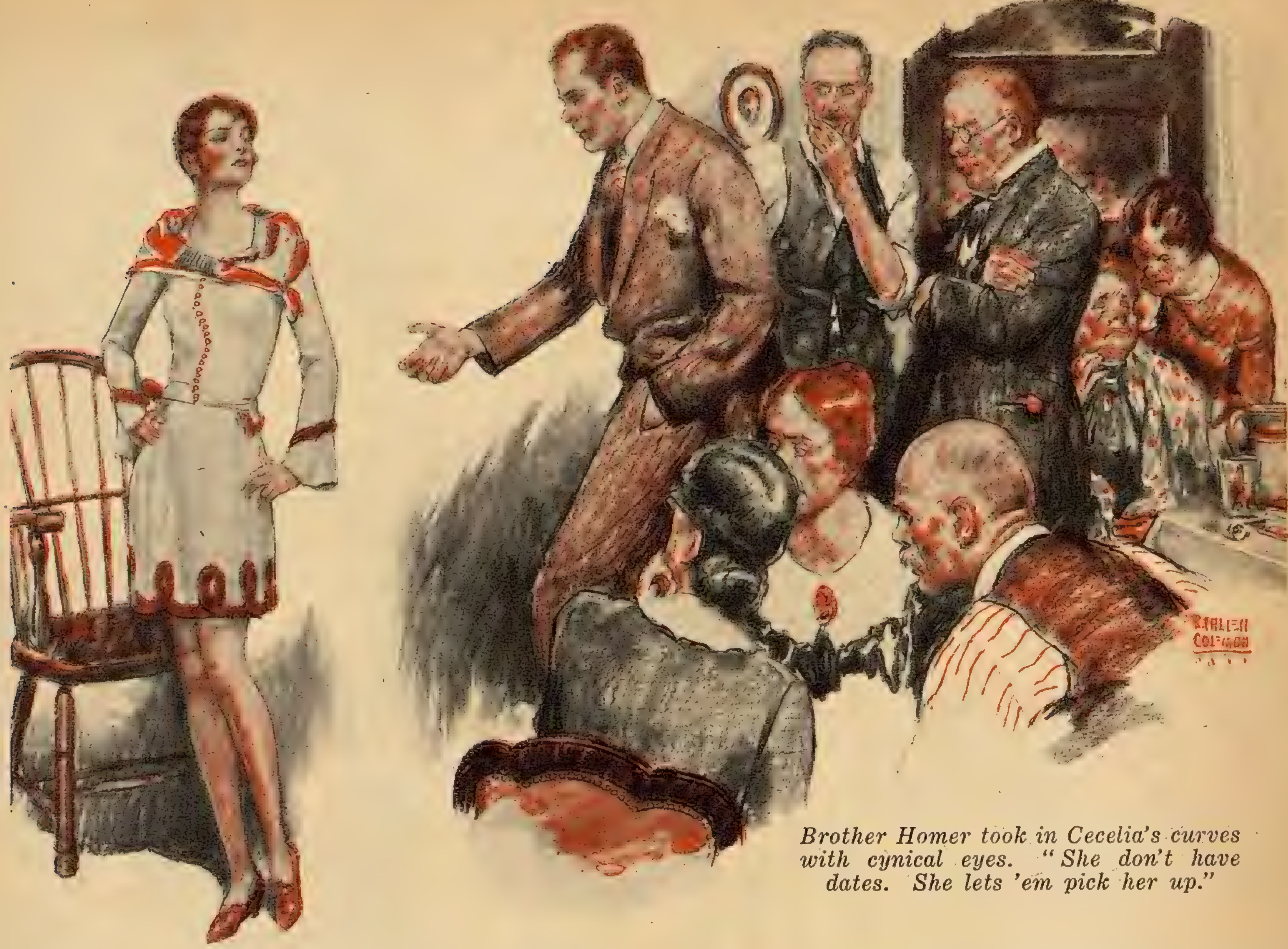
"It's the truth. I ain't never had a regular date with a boy."

Brother Homer, anticipating fifty million other Americans, took in Cecelia's curves with cold, cynical eyes.

"She don't have regular dates. She lets 'em pick her up."

"You're a dirty liar. You're a — — liar! If a boy tried to pick me up I'd sock him on the snoot."

That ended the conference.



Brother Homer took in Cecelia's curves with cynical eyes. "She don't have dates. She lets 'em pick her up."

The family was prepared for the worst. It happened very soon. One night a carload of detectives cruising Forest Park arrested two boys and two girls who were joy riding in a stolen automobile. Cecelia Casey was one of the girls. Patrolman Terence Casey, standing very straight and respectful with his cap held against his chest, told Juvenile Judge Alanson the awful truth:

"We can't do nothing with her, sor. She's out av hand entoirely. Yer Honor should send her away fer her own good . . . . an' sorry I am to hev to say it, yer Honor."

She stood there wondering why nobody gave her a chance to explain. "Pete said it was his car, and Alma begged me to go. I like to ride in big cars, so I went." But when the judge said something about committing her to the House of the Good Shepherd, the sound of the words cut through her daze.

"I ain't going to that place," she blurted. "That's for bad girls and I ain't a bad girl."

The judge was a kindly man, noted for addiction to Scriptural phrases. Perhaps he thought of Delilah as he stared at Cecelia Casey.

"You have been behaving like a bad girl, Cecelia," he said, "but as soon as you show the court you can behave like a good girl you will be put on probation."

She made a scene, kicking and scratching and swearing at the probation officer. Later, at the door of the detention home, she sobbed out her feeling of betrayal and injury to Uncle Terence:

"I'm through with you! I'm through with all of you—every damn Casey in this town."

ROUTINE inquiries at the home disclosed that Cecelia was indeed a good girl. That evening one of the Sisters, with a full report card on the desk before her, tried to rectify the mistake.

"This is no place for you, my dear," she said. "I shall arrange to have you placed on probation at once. We will send you home tomorrow."

Cecelia shook her head.

"I won't go back to the Caseys," she said. "I meant what I told them. If you send me back I'll run away."

The good Sisters, nevertheless, started immediate proceedings to have the commitment set aside and their charge placed on probation with her family.

But while matters were being adjusted, Cecelia met one Josie Sullivan. Josie had been working out a probation period as maid in the home. She came upon Cecelia as the latter sulked by a window in the private room the Sisters had given her. It was Josie's task to sweep and make the bed.

"My Gawd, kid!" was Josie's greeting, "you oughta be in the movies."

"I ain't got no money to tip you, if that's what you're after," said Cecelia.

Josie laughed good-naturedly. She was a thin, lanky blonde; at high tides in her career she had been a rather neat and capable waitress in railroad hash houses; one of the low tides had landed her in the House of the Good Shepherd.

"I ain't stringin' you," said Josie. "I bet you could knock 'em dead in Hollywood."

"Huh! Fat chance *I* got going to Hollywood."

Josie regarded her with expert and serious gaze.

"If you spill the works to Father Mulloy and tell Sister Mary Martha you've repented and do what the other Sisters say, you can get out of here."

"I done nothing to repent for."

"Aw, now, it don't make no difference if you loved the guy. Father Mulloy says no matter how you fall it's the same old hell."

"I didn't fall for nobody. I hate boys."

"Honest? Sa-ay, that's funny. *You* hating boys."

"It ain't funny, neither," quoth Cecelia, whirling on her with fists clenched. "Shut your mouth and get o
here before I bust you one."

Josie's eyes were admiring. "You ough
movies," she repeated. "You got Garbo be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CLEOPATRA'S KID SISTER
Continued from page eleven

Cecelia was mollified. "Fat chance," she said, "fat chance."

When the good Sisters imparted to Aunt Mary Casey the astounding news that Cecelia had not lost her virtue, a sheepish and repentant lot of Caseys assembled to take the incredibly chaste recreant back home.

That afternoon, Josie and Cecelia, now fast friends, held secret consultation.

"Go on home with them, kid," Josie advised. "Act like you was sorry. Stick close to the house. I got something on that'll surprise you. I'll phone you when I get it lined up."

So Cecelia, very quiet and enigmatic, yet looking thoroughly chastened, allowed herself to be hugged and kissed by female aunts and cousins and returned to Uncle Terence's.

Eight days later Josie broke the good news:

"Teddy Graves is driving to California next Thursday. He says he'll take us along."

"Who's Teddy Graves?"

"A boy friend of mine."

"Did he steal the car?"

"I don't like to ast him that. But it's okay. Teddy's a swell mechanic and he's changed the numbers if it's a hot car."

"How much will we have to pay him?"

Josie giggled. "Leave that to me, kid. But, say, you might bring a little dough to help out with the grub."

"I don't guess I can go, then. I only got a dollar and forty cents."

"Ain't there nothing around the house you can raise some more with?"

"I got half interest in dad's watch, but Homer pawned it."

"Well, listen, kid. I'll lend you some money. You can pay me back when you're a big movie star."

SHE didn't want to do that. The career of the future Celia Caswell hung upon the tone of Josie Sullivan's voice. But Josie had hard, practical, and perfect faith in her. Josie persuaded her.

Cecelia and Josie and Teddy were crossing Kansas in Teddy's suspiciously new Buick roadster before Cecelia realized the cost of trips to California with young men like Teddy. They were eating lunch at a hot-dog stand in Dodge City. Teddy had been staring at her in blue-jowled, hard-boiled concentration. Teddy climbed out to get some pop. She said to Josie:

"I'll—I'll take my turn at—being nice to Teddy, if you think— Well, *I* think I ought to."

Josie reddened.

"Teddy thinks so, too," she remarked, "but we'll walk the rest of the way first." Her voice hardened. "If you got to sell yourself, kid, don't sell for no auto ride. There's guys in Hollywood that'll pay more."

But she didn't have to sell herself. (Nobody in Hollywood will believe this statement. It is, however, the truth.)

Josie got her a job as a waitress in Henri's Café on Hollywood Boulevard. Josie talked her out of trying to find off-and-on work as an extra girl.

"A lot of big shots in the movies eat lunch at this joint," Josie reasoned, "and they'll get a better chance to look at you here. Give 'em good service and a load of [illegible] appeal with their avocado salads, kid."

"[illegible]t's sex appeal?" Cecelia wanted to know.

"[illegible]!" gasped Josie.

[illegible]k, Mr. Garuth, Mr. Rosenberg, Mr. Galloway, and Mr. Saum told her she was wasting her time at Henri's. Mr. Galloway, a real director, even went so far as to take her name and address and telephone number. She was still debating with Josie the advisability of accepting Mr. Galloway's invitation to go to a show with him some night, when a young fellow named Hugo Rence, who sat at one of her tables every noon, spoke to her for the first time.

"I suppose you came to Hollywood to be a movie star?" he said suddenly, as she was handing him the sugar bowl for his iced coffee.

"Yes, I did," she admitted.

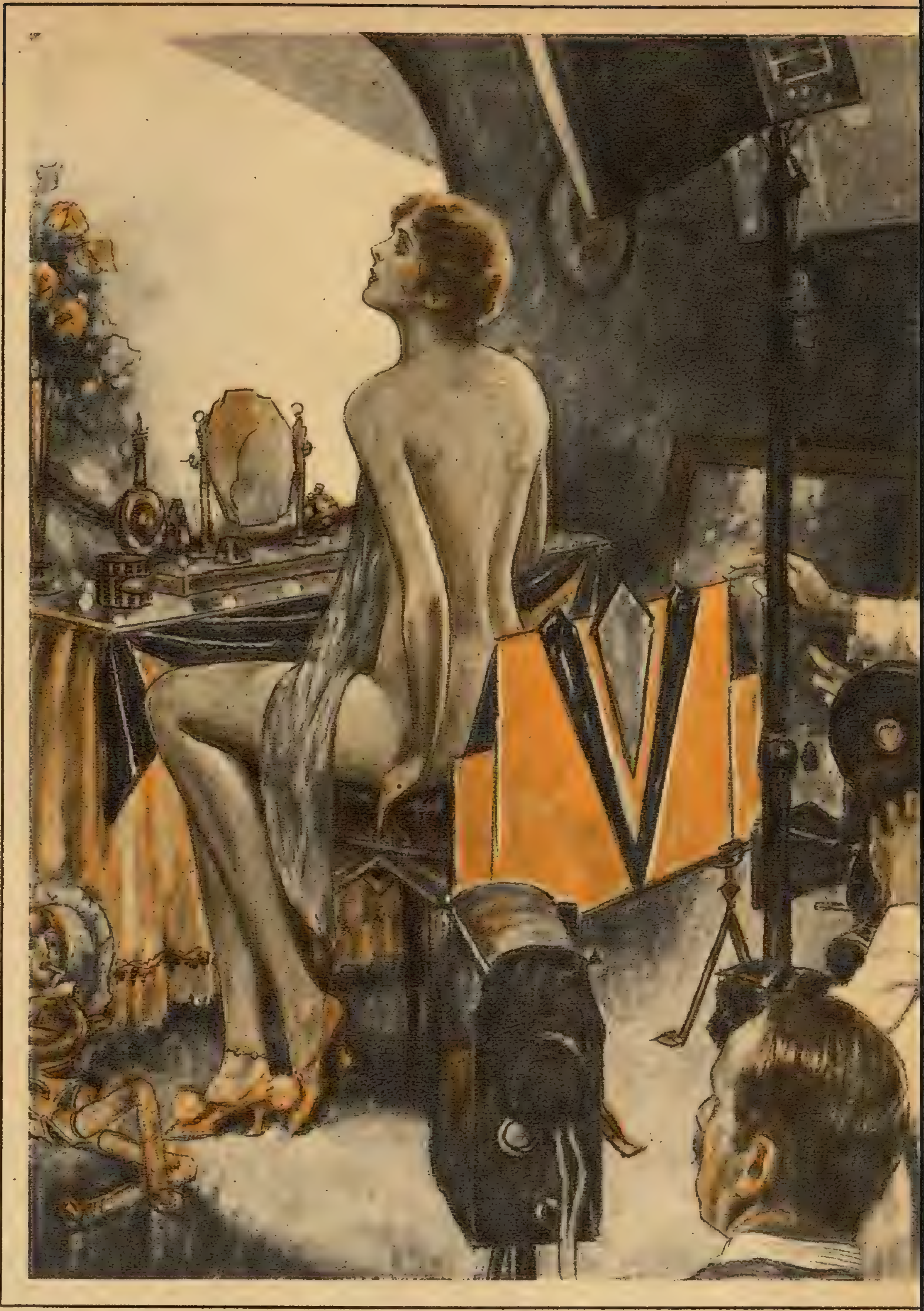
He sighed.

"Has Galloway promised to star you in his next picture?"

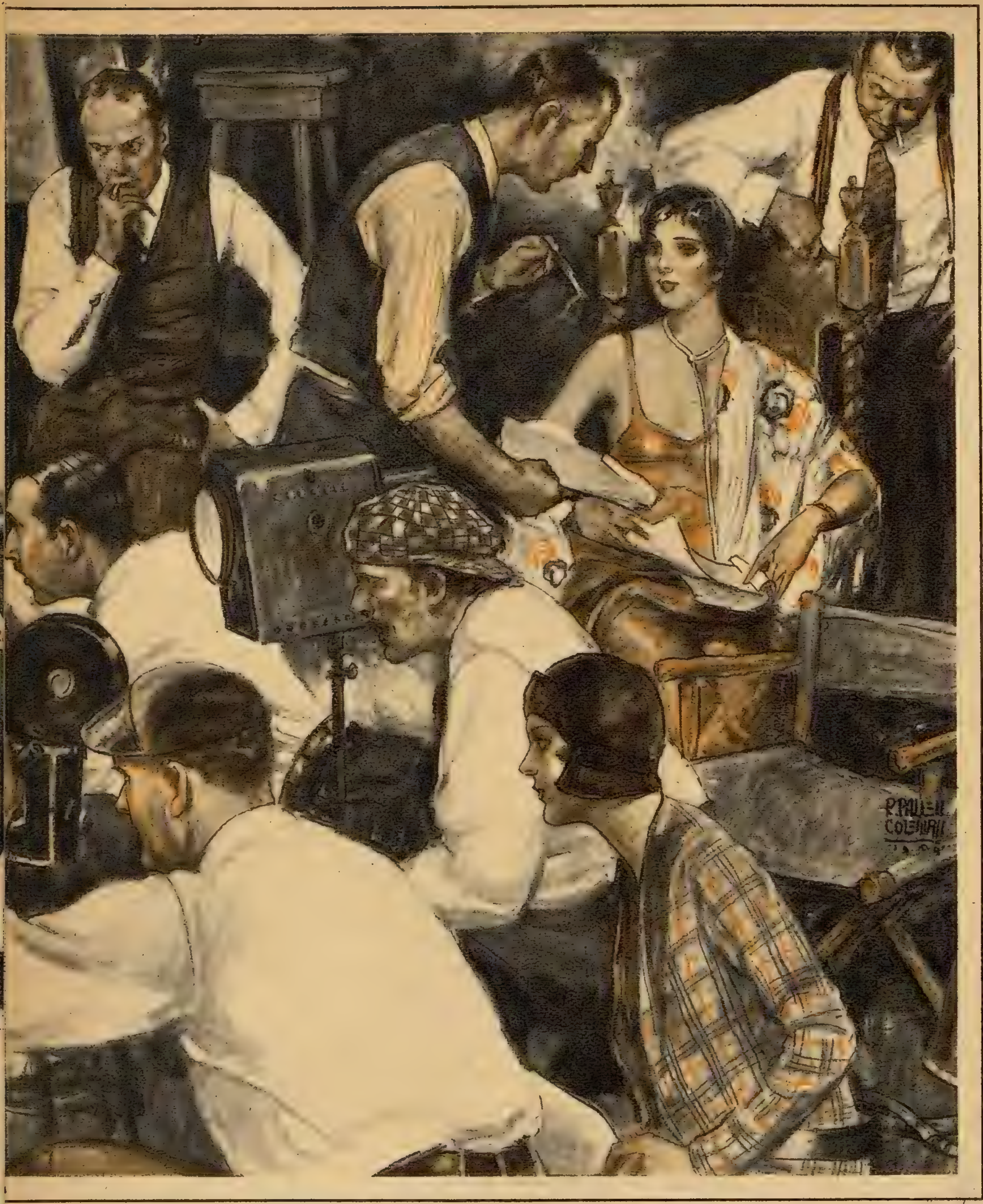
"Why, no. I—I was just talking to him about a job. Any kind of a job."

When she first saw Hugo Rence she had mistaken him for Ronald Colman. But his forehead was too high, and he wasn't as swarthy, and, besides, he dressed too shabbily to be Ronald.

"See here," he said; "why don't you go back home?"



"She used to be bashful on the set, but when we was shooting



Dangerous Virtue she'd change clothes right before the grips and lights."

" I haven't any home to go to," she said, " and, besides, I'm going to get into the movies."

He nodded.

" Yes. . . . I think you are—sooner or later. It's too bad."

" Why would it be too bad? "

Hugo Rence looked at her, not scornfully as the Caseys used to, and not staringly as Mr. Galloway did. She but faintly resembled the Celia Caswell she was to become. Her red hair, turbulent and flaming, was coiled tightly to her head. Her uniform concealed her body. She was as unconscious of her charms as a child. The inexpert make-up on her face was without calculation; it gave her a look of ingenuousness and Irish mick toughness that was without sex.

" They'll change you," he said bluntly. " They'll change you into something rather awful."

She shook her head.

" No, they won't," she said. " I've decided to stay like I am."

He grinned.

" And how are you? " he asked.

She flushed angrily.

" Not like you think I am," she said and walked away.

Even as she did so she wondered why she had bothered to talk to Hugo Rence at all. And she did not understand why she took the trouble to ask Sophie, the head waitress, about him.

" Aw," said Sophie, " he runs a little magazine called Straight Talk. He used to be a reporter in L. A., but he got fired for panning the movies all the time. He's a nut."

Josie, who had given Teddy the air, and was working at a station restaurant in Los Angeles, advised her to make a date with Mr. Galloway.

" Kid him along till he gets you a job," she said, " and if he gets hot and bothered, sock him."

NEXT day she told Mr. Galloway she would go to a movie with him Friday night. She was sulkily defiant when she went to wait on Hugo Rence, who always lunched very late and very sparingly.

" Well," he said, " has Galloway got you a job? "

" No, but he's going to." Then, with a toss of her head, " I'm going to a show with him Friday night."

Hugo Rence frowned.

" You *are* determined, aren't you? " he remarked. " Let me see. . . . I know seven girls Galloway was going to star. The only one who ever got anywhere in pictures was—well, she changed over to a supervisor at Colossal." He took a gulp of iced coffee.

" Mr. Galloway is a good guy, see? I don't think it's much of your business, anyway."

When it came time for him to pay his check, he said casually:

" I can't make you a star, but I can get you a job in pictures. I know the casting director at Soul-Art. I'll give you a note to him—on one condition."

" I guess you want me to go to the picture show with you."

He smiled. " No—I don't want you to go with Galloway. How about it? "

" Gee, you're a funny guy," she said slowly. " But if you really get me a job I won't go with Mr. Galloway."

" Good! " he said, and scribbled her a note. " I'll give Phil a ring and tell him you're coming."

" Oh, thanks, Mr. Rence! I'll never forget it! "

He looked at her somberly.

" I'm afraid you won't," he said with sadness. Then, as he got up to go: " It will be generally understood at Soul-Art that you're living with me. That will be some protection."

" Living with you? Why—why should anybody think that? "

" Hollywood, my dear young lady. But, as I say, the gossip should protect you from chance invitations to live with somebody else."

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CLEOPATRA'S KID SISTER
Continued from page thirteen

It was three months before she saw Hugo Rence again.

In the interim she had got her start in pictures. The Soul-Art casting director gave her an extra's part in a college picture called Siss Boom Baby. She was used in the swimming-pool sequence. Business called for diving. When it was found that she could dive, the director elevated her to a bit part.

Before that picture was finished she was called to another set to be one of the native girls in a South Sea Island epic titled Pearls of Sin. Ticketed as being capable of bits, she was selected to sacrifice her life helping her lover fight a shark. Forty feet of the fight survived the cutting room.

Lolling in a leather chair while he looked at the rushes in his private projection room, Harry Marks, guiding genius of Soul-Art, took notice of Cecelia Casey.

"Who's the girl in the seaweed?" he inquired.

"Hugo Rence sent her over," said the director.

"Rence? Thought he was too holy for cuties."

Somebody laughed cynically.

"He's got a nice one," said Harry Marks. "That kid's got something. Better tell Phil to sign her up for the stock company."

She made her first real hit as Lilyan Corday's little sister in The Sporting Set. The script directed that Cecelia dance and drink her way to betrayal and suicide.

In the projection room Harry Marks was irritable.

"Got a close-up of the Casey girl in this scene?"

A harried cutter searched his notes.

"Yep, but Mr. Gresham took it out."

"Put it back. It's her scene. Give it to her. And where's that shot of her legs when she was dancing down the stairs?"

"Cut for footage, Mr. Marks."

"For cripe's sake! Put it back. You got a kid that's giving us something and you leave her on the floor."

The reviewers said she stole the picture.

CECELIA lunched at Henri's the week The Sporting Set opened at Loew's State in L. A. She went purposely to meet Hugo Rence. Her entrance was quite a little triumph.

All the girls at Henri's buzzed around her with congratulations. But Hugo Rence, when they met near the hat-check stand, was not congratulatory.

"It's too bad," was his odd greeting. "You have my sympathy."

"Too bad? Why—everybody said I did all right. The reviews—"

"Tripe! There wasn't an ounce of brain in any scene you played."

She was hurt. All the gratitude she had been minded to express to him froze in her throat.

"I'll be playing leads in another six months," she said. She tossed her red head.

His grin was ironic.

"Leads? My dear girl, you'll be starred inside of a year. They haven't even started making you into what they want."

"You're certainly a funny guy, Mr. Rence," was all she could think to say.

After her performance in Little Pal, the first lead Soul-Art gave her, all the Los Angeles critics hailed her as a rising star. In this picture she played the rôle of a tough little chorus girl whose virtue was as dubious as her heart was pure. It was the first of the new fashion in heroines; she set the style of heroic magdalens.

Ensconced in a handsome apartment at the Roosevelt Hotel, she and the faithful Josie read press notices in jubilant gloating. Only one review was downright critical. It had appeared in Hugo Rence's little weekly, Straight Talk. She could not understand why the following paragraph took all the edge off the paper shower of praise:

"In Celia Caswell the Soul-Art crowd has a potential box-office clean-up. More than any actress on the screen, Miss Caswell is capable of creating the illusion of lust. She is, in Hollywood parlance, 'the perfect hot tamale.' With proper handling she will become more adroitly vulgar, more consciously sensual. Lifted to the height of her art, she can embody the world's eternal prostitute. She needs only those refining touches which the Soul-Art studio has at its command to become supreme in the noble ranks of those who can arouse the fleshly passions of men."

She showed the article to Josie and together they tried to interpret its precise meaning.

"I'd never speak to the smarty again," was Josie's verdict. "Why, kid, he just the same as calls you a tart."

"He's a funny guy," said Celia Caswell, still not understanding exactly what Hugo Rence meant. "He gets me a job in the movies and spends his time panning my pictures. But when I meet him he don't act like he hates me. He just looks kinda sad."

Hugo Rence may have mystified Celia Caswell, but he found an appreciative and comprehending reader in Harry Marks of Soul-Art. Marks, like other production executives, read Straight Talk every week. They did it partly because Hugo Rence had a powerful following among exhibitors; partly because he was the best and only honest motion-picture critic in Los Angeles; and partly because they could smile at his moralistic tirades, while picking up valuable hints at the same time.

AT a story conference in Marks' office, which was attended by Jack Le Bron, Soul-Art's ace director, Archie Hassle, its leading scenarist, and Denny Malone, a supervisor, the boss of the lot slammed his fist down on a copy of Straight Talk.

"This guy Rence is right!" said Harry Marks. "We got a hot tamale on our hands and we ain't had sense enough to see it. Of course, Rence is being sarcastic like he always writes, but we can call our own shots. Jack"—he turned to the director—"I want you should direct Celia after this. She needs a Lubitsch touch mixed with guts like Raoul Walsh puts in his pictchuhs."

Le Bron nodded. On the Soul-Art lot they called Le Bron "the extra girl's menace," not without reason.

Marks turned to Archie Hassle:

"Arch, we gotta nifty box-office title—Red Lips Limited. I want you should write us a story like the Gahbo routine—plenty rough stuff and wit' Celia cleaned up toward the end. See what I mean?"

Hassle grinned. He used to do scripts for Theda Bara and Louise Glaum in the old days.

A final instruction to Supervisor Malone: "Call Celia in, Denny, an' make huh bob huh hair. Have Miss Hamilton fix huh a wardrobe wit' plenty of nifties. I want there should be shots of Celia in teddy bayuhs in every sequence. An' don't come back an' tell me you can't do it. Get me?"

"Okay, boss."

Red Lips Ltd. was a new and speedier edition of Celia Caswell. Millie Hamilton, a wardrobe superintendent of forty spinster summers, disclosed enough complexes and inhibition revolts to give Freud a headache when she said: "Dearie, a load of you in *these* dofunnies will lift 'em outa their chairs!" Le Bron gave his jaded fancy a holiday when he got on the set with Celia: "Now, Miss Caswell! Hold that kiss a little longer—and a bit more hip action in the clinch." Archie Hassle wore out the red-ink ribbon on his typewriter ordering the following scene repeated: "FADE IN on WILDA'S bedroom. CAMERA dollies up to low screen and we see WILDA'S legs, shoulders, and head as she reaches for lingerie. LAP DISSOLVE to WILDA as she emerges from behind screen wearing lingerie. She looks at right ankle. CLOSE-UP: WILDA'S right ankle, showing slave bracelet VAN ALDYCE has given her." Even Bill Todd, the first cameraman, had a hand in it: "You'll hafta change that nightie, Miss Caswell. I can't get the shadow right with it when you run down them stairs."

Red Lips Ltd. was a wow, a smash, a panic.

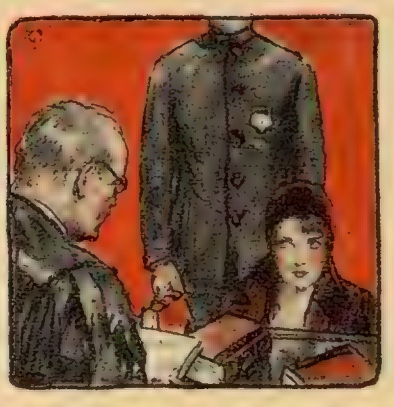
The only West Coast critic who found any fault with Celia Caswell's first starring picture was Hugo Rence. His comment was terse and to the point.

"Celia Caswell's latest opus," he wrote, "shows what tremendous artistic strides a great industry can make when it puts its best minds to work. The lighting on Celia's legs throughout Red Lips Ltd. is flawless."

Celia picked out the Rolls-Royce town car. But she allowed Josie Sullivan to select the furnishings for the Bel-Air villa, being too busy with preparations for her first talkie to do any shopping herself. But she wasn't too busy to invite Hugo Rence to tea.

He drove up in a modest roadster at the appointed hour. If he blinked his eyes at the fountain in the patio or at Josie's robust taste in lamp shades and rugs, he did not betray himself to Celia. She must have sensed from the rather bewildered manner in which he stared about the cluttered living room for a chair which wasn't upholstered in pink or green taffeta that Josie had overdone it just a little.

"I am going to send some of this junk back," she said. "I had it sent on approval and haven't had time to make selections."



"I see," he remarked.

She had purposely left two baskets of fan mail and three magazines containing her portrait on the table.

"Well, you were right," she said. "I'm a star—in less than a year. And I got as much fan mail this week as Nancy Carroll. And I've got eleven Celia Caswell Clubs started."

Rence fingered his small mustache, perhaps to hide a smile.

"Are you happy?" he inquired.

"Of course I'm happy." Then she added with naïve directness, "The only thing that makes me kind of sore is the way you keep panning my pictures."

"You mustn't pay any attention to me. Nobody does."

"But I sort of thought you were my friend."

"My dear girl, I'm the best friend you'll ever have."

"You got a funny way of showing it."

Three Japs served tea. There was enough food to feed a dozen struggling editors. He glanced at the magazines, which had been left conveniently open. One headline read: "Celia Caswell's Own Story of Her Love Life." She saw him wince.

"The girl who interviewed me made most of it up," she said defensively. "I'm not in love with any of those men and never was. Every man I go with, they say I'm in love with him."

He said: "It's time you were falling in love. Why haven't you?"

She reddened.

"I always hated boys when I was a kid. They kept staring at me. It got my goat. Out here—well, the men don't only stare. They say things—just kidding, of course—but I guess I don't know how to take them."

Rence sighed.

"You must remember they are talking to Celia Caswell, not Cecelia Casey."

"You mean—they think I'm like the kind of girls I play in pictures?"

"Exactly."

FOR the first time she was beginning to understand what Hollywood was doing to her. She was frightened and bewildered, just as she had been when brother Homer or other Casey men picked on her in the old days. She looked at Hugo Rence, feeling all of a sudden that she must defend herself.

"But I'm not like those girls in pictures!" she said earnestly. "They . . . dress me that way at the studio . . . they tell me what to do and how to act. Now they're telling me what to say. I—I—I'm not like *that!*"

His dark, steady eyes took her in: her mop of red hair, her bare legs thrust into sandals, her careless skirt and sweater, the adroit make-up which accentuated every voluptuous line and feature of her face. His voice was full of pity as he said:

"I'm afraid you are. I'm very much afraid you are. And if you aren't now—you will be."

"I'm not! I won't! You're—you're just a big—a big dumbbell!"

He stood up, flushing. She began clumsy apologies. He reached for his hat. She begged him not to be angry; begged him to stay. He said, gently: "No. If I stayed, we'd only quarrel some more. It's all right, Celia. It's none of my damn business, anyway. Forget it." He thanked her and left.

Josie found her in a tearful rage, kicking pillows around her mauve silk boudoir. She was angry because she knew Hugo Rence had told her the truth. She was tearful because she loved him.

Work started on Speedy Knees, her first talkie, and that gave her a chance to forget. The Celia Caswell unit had been strengthened by the addition of J. Herndon Gray, the playwright. J. Herndon Gray, inheritor of the mantle of Avery Hopwood, had come direct from Broadway at a salary of three thousand dollars a week. His new duties were outlined for him by Archie Hassle and Harry Marks.

Archie said: "All we got to do is to find a new way of undressing Celia."

Marks said: "Don't call nothing by its right name, see? We got to step around them censuhs. But except for bad woids the sky's the limit. Get what I mean?"

CELIA made only one protest when they handed her the script of Speedy Knees.

"I don't see anything funny about a man cheating on his wife," she said. "You've got me laughing here on page thirty-six when my sister finds hairpins in my brother-in-law's bed."

Director Le Bron stared. Scenarist Hassle gulped. Dialogist Gray looked pained. Production Superintendent Marks snorted.

"That gag'll get belly laughs in every theayter in the country," he said. "Don't try to tell Archie and Mr. Gray their business, Celia."

At the world première of Speedy Knees at Grauman's Chinese Theater she met Carson Cluney. He had come to the coast for the specific purpose of meeting her.

Carson Cluney was the prize bachelor of the Roaring Forties. He had six millions, a family name, circles under his eyes, and a slight paunch. He had been five times a corespondent, twice a defendant, but never a bridegroom.

At forty he found himself fed up with Broadway beauties and in need of more exciting quarry to spur his flagging virility.

His fame as a chaser had preceded him to Hollywood; two of his former loves had made successes in pictures and a third had committed suicide in Griffith Park. The picture colony felt, therefore, a certain bond and took Carson Cluney to its heart immediately.

When Cluney was introduced to Celia Caswell in the forecourt of the theater after the show, he did not make the mistake twenty other gentlemen had made. He was gallant.

"A great performance, Miss Caswell," he said. "I marvel at your ability to step out of yourself and act such a girl as that!"

She smiled, hugely pleased. Here, at last, was a man who understood.

"I like to play tough girls because it does make me work hard," she said.

He nodded in complete sympathy, and during the commotion incidental to departure she discovered that he was going to be one of her party on the trip to the Biltmore for supper and a dance.

They danced together three times that evening. Certain Hollywood gentlemen of the party accorded Cluney the tributes due a master hand.

"He's got that little redhead going. . . . What a team *that'll* be! . . . Well, I'll admit she was too hot for me. . . . She's an expert and she doesn't like to bother with amateurs, old fellow."

Cluney himself felt that this was the pinnacle of his career. He was an unusual adventurer in affairs *de cœur*. Other men who played his game found themselves growing careless about the niceties of romance. Not Carson Cluney.

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CLEOPATRA'S KID SISTER
Continued from page fifteen

As the list of his victims grew, the more chivalrous and gallant he became. He was full of high-flown phrases about the purity and loveliness of womanhood; no man would fight quicker to defend the fair name of his or another's mistress.

Thus: "You know, Miss Caswell, the public seems utterly unable to divorce an actress from her characterizations on the stage or screen."

"Yes. I know how they talk. Just because I act tough girls they think I must be tough myself."

"It's a beastly shame! That was one reason why I wanted to meet you; to verify my own conviction. I knew you were different from your screen rôles."

Two months of this. Carson Cluney, tall, suave, gray at the temples. Telling her how pure and sweet and good she really was.

Carson Cluney driving her to the studio every morning in a pale blue Hispano-Suiza. Calling for her in the evening. Dinners at the Ambassador, the Bull Pen Inn, the Brown Derby. Lunches at the Montmartre and Henri's. Drives along the coast road out of Santa Monica. Dances at the homes of the movie great in Benedict Canyon.

Dangerous Virtue was finished. Soul-Art previewed it at Riverside.

Cluney drove her there, lamenting: "You've got the charm of Lillian Gish and the soul of Janet Gaynor and they insist on making you play show girls!"

Hugo Rence attended the Riverside preview.

He would have avoided her, but she walked over to him in the lobby afterward.

Cluney had gone for the car.

"Still think I'm punk, Hugo?"

He strove to be lightly ironic.

"Who am I to gainsay fifty million Americans, Celia? You're giving them what they want."

She lifted her chin.

"Nobody thinks as badly of me as you do."

Hugo shrugged.

"I'm still your best friend, Celia."

"Oh, no, you're not. I've met somebody who understands me."

That somebody dashed up to the curb in a blue Hispano, flung open a door, and slid out to play the gallant aid.

Hugo stared at the car. She thought his eyes looked shiny, as if from starting tears. She placed a hasty hand on his arm. They were in the shadows outside the lobby by this time and Cluney did not see them.

"Don't be mean to me, Hugo. I—I didn't mean what I just said. Why, I—I—"

He shook off her arm and said savagely:

"Why do you have to sell yourself to the whole United States? Why don't you sell out to *him*, take his money, and be done with it?"

She stiffened. By the time she had thought of a satisfactory retort, Hugo had vanished and Cluney was saying, "Ah, there you are, my dear!"

NEXT evening she and Cluney drove out to the Mentone Café at the end of Beverly Boulevard. After dinner they wandered down the hillside to the palisades overlooking the Pacific. A moon like a golden ball seemed to be rolling on the near horizon. Cluney was an excellent technician.

"Ah!" he said, "I've waited all my life for a moment like this. It is beautiful enough for me to tell you that I love you."

He took her in his arms, with restraint, and kissed her. These caresses were to gradually increase in fervor for two weeks or so until he, with great surprise, would discover that, after all, his lovely princess was human. Then they would, alas!—well, rather lose their heads, you know?

But she said, promptly:

"When shall we be married?"

He realized that he had overplayed the purity stuff.

"Why—darling—as soon as possible, of course. I can't live without you much longer."

She was impatient. She was thinking of Hugo in a cold, deadly rage.

"How soon is possible? I can get married tomorrow."

He saw the desperate challenge in her eyes. He knew that he would never possess her without marriage. He sensed that unless he showed becoming impetuosity he would lose her anyway. And to Carson Cluney, as she stood in the moonlight, Celia Caswell was the embodiment of that which Hugo Rence had called "the illusion of lust."

"We'll get married tonight!" he said, reaching for her.

She was practical: "There's a three-day notice law here, so we'll have to go to Tia Juana. Let's leave the first thing in the morning. That is—if you really meant all the things you said?"

"Oh, darling, I meant them! Of course I did. How could you doubt it?"

THEY were married in Tia Juana the next afternoon. He took her to a hotel at Agua Caliente. He was gentle and courtly, and ideally romantic. With a toss of her red head, she stopped in the lobby to send a telegram to Hugo Rence:

"Carson and I married here today. Thought you might be interested. Celia Caswell."

She was near to tears when she wrote Hugo's name. She was sorry before she finished the telegram. She tore it up. She hurried to rejoin her husband, lest she be sorry that she had married. Her abstraction on the way upstairs angered Carson Cluney. Her beauty rendered him incautious. When the door was closed, he turned on her and said: "Come here, you little red-headed devil! *You're* not cold! Why, you're the—"

Celia Caswell whirled in surprise.

She saw on his face the gathering emotions that all her acting and all her being inspired; it was as if she had been brought face to face with her public for the first time. In that moment she knew what Hollywood had done to her.

"Don't you look at me like that!" she uttered thickly. "Don't you talk to me like that! Don't you touch me! You get away from me!"

He still advanced. She shrieked at him in a gathering hysteria of horror. Then she remembered that she was Cecelia Casey. As he reached for her, she socked him.

When he recovered from his astonishment, Celia Caswell was already started on her scandalous flight back to Hollywood.

Carson Cluney did not follow her. He went to Mexico City and stayed drunk for six weeks.

At the Café Presidente he got to be known as the quaint gringo who had only one topic of conversation. It was this:

"'M married to Cleopatra's kid sister. 'Sh'fact. Cleopatra's kid shishter. But lemme tell y' shomeshing. She's colder'n a iceshberg. 'Sh'fact."

Hollywood, which never gets anything right, refused to believe the Soul-Art publicity department when it announced that Celia Caswell had gone to the High Sierras. The general report was that Celia had been committed to a sanitarium in Glendale. As a matter of fact, Celia Caswell did go to the High Sierras. She and the loyal Josie rented a modest cabin on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

At the very moment when all Hollywood was agog with speculation as to why Celia had quit the movies, and if she would make her peace with Harry Marks and return to do Women and Sin, Celia sat on the front porch of her cabin, watching a small roadster lurch up the rutty driveway.

Hugo Rence climbed out.

"Still think I'm punk?" she greeted. "What's wrong with this picture?"

He grinned happily.

"Swell!" he said. "But we won't release it. We'll just keep it to ourselves."

THE END

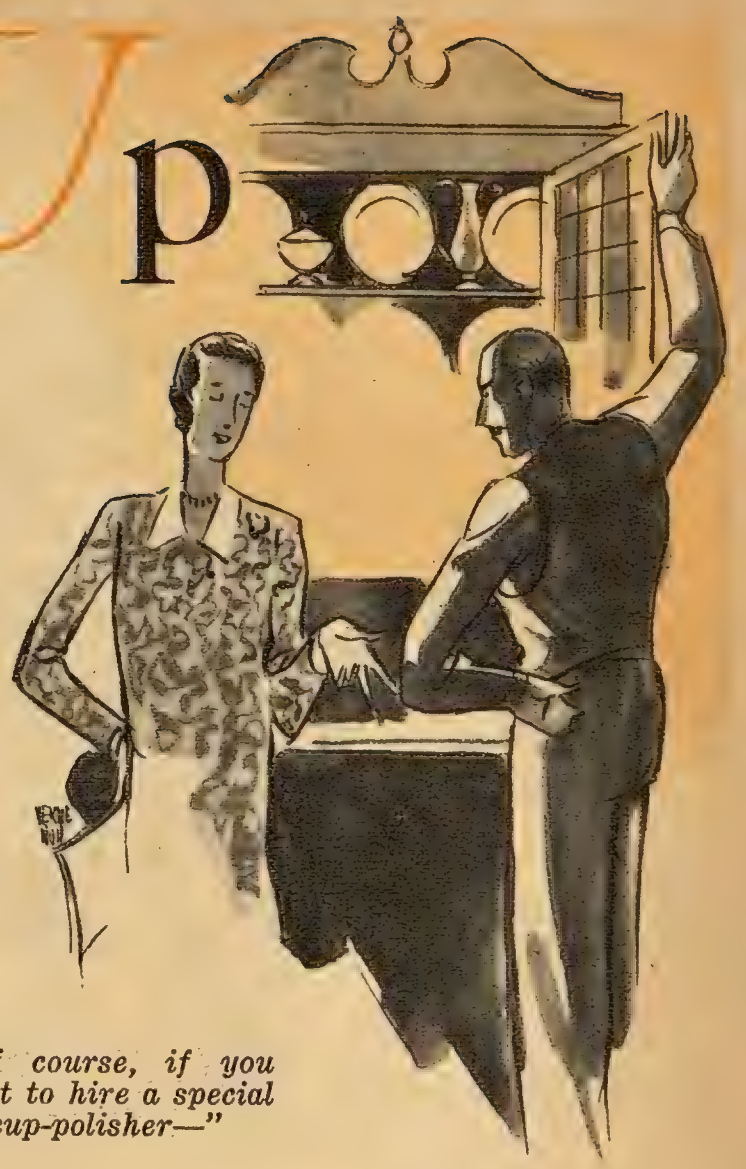
Tidying Up

A Cry from the Depths

By

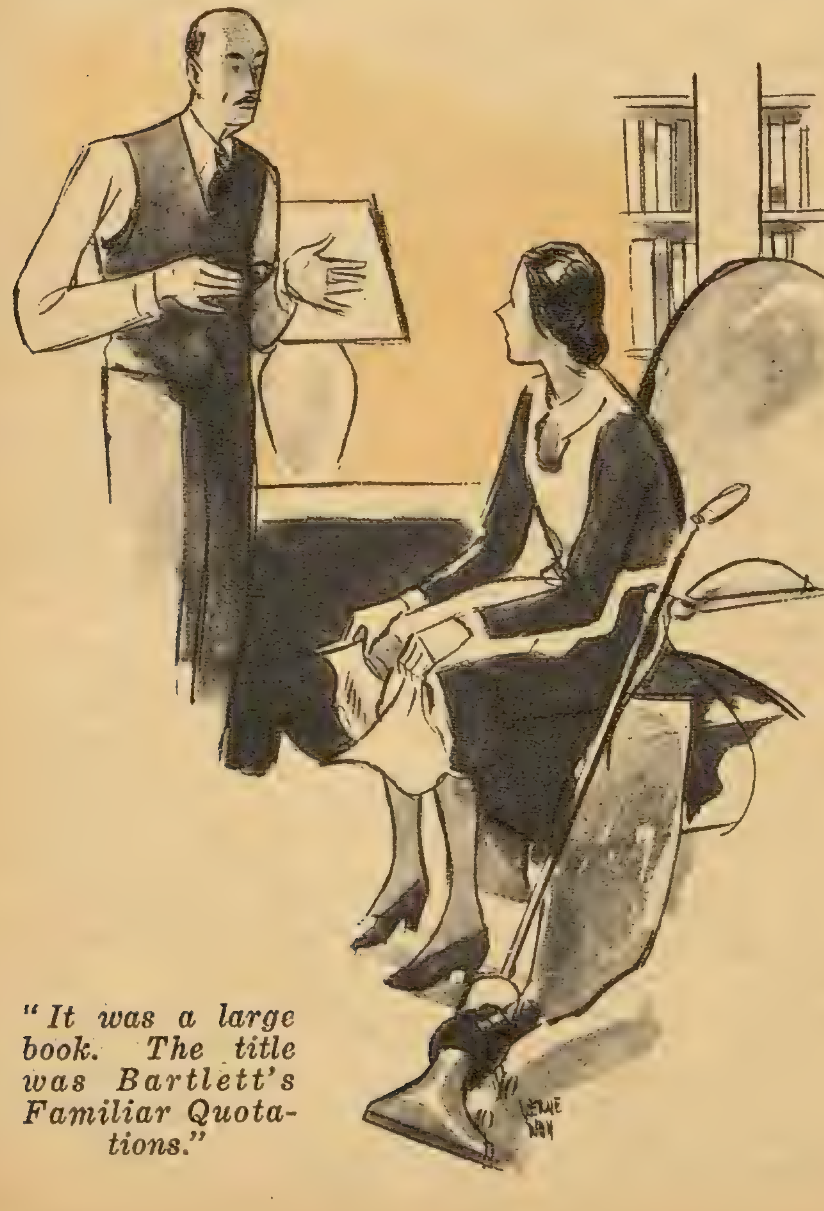
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Pictures by VERNE NOLL



"Of course, if you want to hire a special cup-polisher—"

NOW that I finally have found my notes for this article, which is to be an article on the subject of being Tidied Up, I can get going. For Tidying Up, I have discovered, is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence. Can I verify that quotation? No. And why not? Well, last night I was looking up something in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. I thought that I might want to use the book again this morning, so I left it on the library table. It is not there. That, in itself, I do not object to. But I do object to the fact that the Tidiers-Up always put things back in the wrong place. Bartlett, for instance, is a good-sized book. Did Mildred, our maid of what used to be considered all but what I consider practically no work, replace that book in the large and obvious niche that it belongs in? I don't know where she put it. The Bartlett niche is still yawning. Well, I suppose I could look for it, but after years of experience I know that nobody could find it but one of those blindfolded magicians.



"It was a large book. The title was Bartlett's Familiar Quotations."

I could ask her, you say. "Why don't you ask Mildred?" inquires my wife, Chief Executive of the Neateners who clutter up my house. Because I know what the Mildreds—and all the Mildreds and all the wives—will say.

"Mildred," I say, "have you seen a book that I left on the table last night?"

"No, sir," she says.

"It was a large book. The title was Bartlett's Familiar Quotations."

"No, sir. There was nothing there but that newspaper."

"I left the book there last night."

"There was no book there this morning."

I used to argue. I used to lose my temper. And a week later, perhaps, I would find the book. Let us say that it was the Bartlett, although I really haven't found it.

"Here," I say, "is that book I was looking for. You put it back here—in the wrong place. (She has put it in the fiction bookcase, between Round Up and Dodsworth. (I arrange my fiction and poetry alphabetically by authors.)

I charge her with the crime. She protests her ignorance or innocence, or whatever it is that these neatening women protest. "Why," I say to my wife, "did Mildred say that she hadn't seen that book?" "Because you rattle her," says my wife. "You are so precise, telling her what book and all. She doesn't know what book she moved, so she thinks it better to say that she didn't see it. Besides, I wish you wouldn't interrupt her. She has to stop the vacuum cleaner in order to hear you. And, besides, it takes her mind off her work."

"Her what off her what?" I say, with what irony and scorn I can summon.

"I wish you wouldn't put ashes in the wastebasket," says my wife.

"I can't put them in an ash tray," I say, with a passion for accuracy and fair play.

"And why not?"

"Because there is no ash tray in this room."

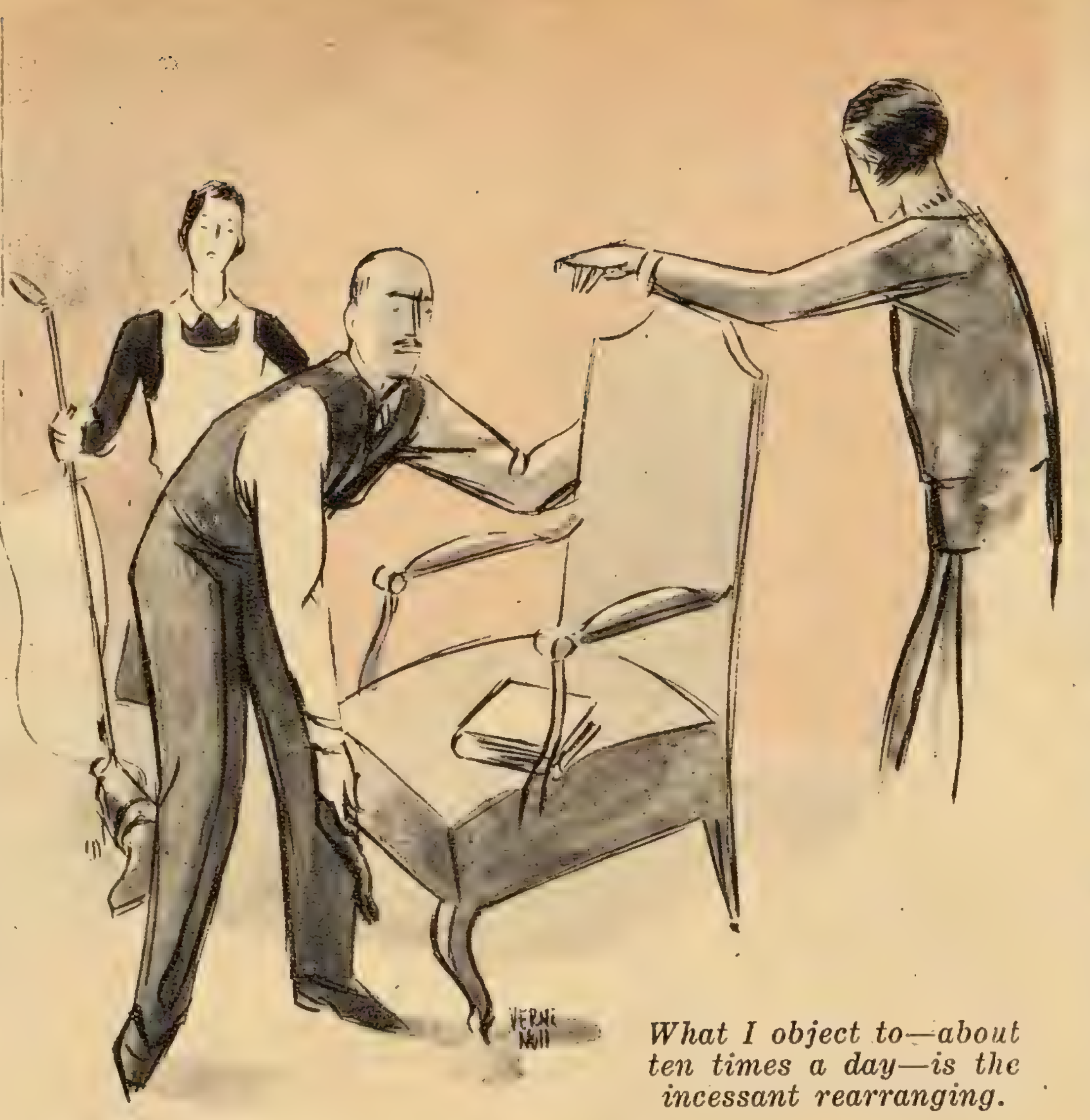
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[Continued from page 17]

"Well, the ash trays are being cleaned today."

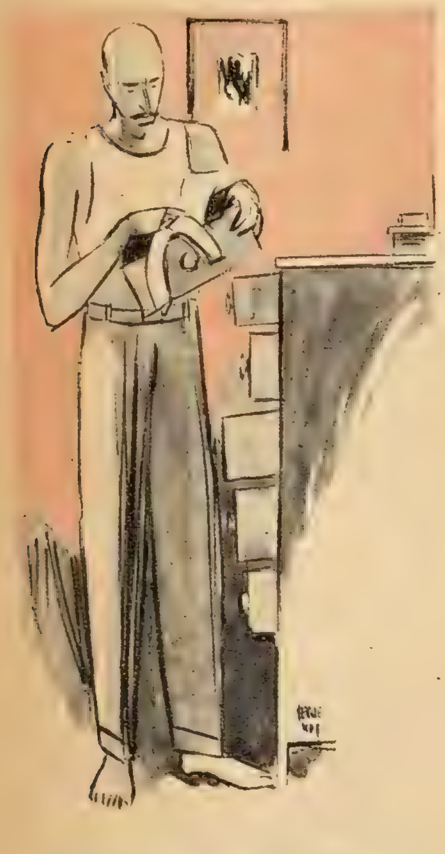
And though I know that tomorrow those clean, shiny ash trays will reappear, I know that they will reappear in strange and undiscoverable places. I know that those ash trays were designed for cigarette smokers, and for the ashes of cigarettes to be smoked by the Singer midgets, at that.

I am a cigar smoker, which is another reason why I have to work for a living instead of signing cigarette indorsements. But there is no place in a world of women neateners for a cigar smoker. No woman will consent to have even a youth's-size ash tray in the house. So what happens? Perhaps a cigar ash, seeking asylum, falls on the rug. Now, my father was a cigar smoker, and I remember how my mother used to tell him that cigar ashes were good for the carpet. And when ashes fell on the carpet, we used to rub them in with our feet. Nowadays, if an ash drops on one of our rugs, the noise of the ensuing vacuum cleaner makes me wish that I hadn't smoked at all.



What I object to—about ten times a day—is the incessant rearranging.

Not that I blame a woman for trying to keep a house clean and neat. I am as clean and neat as the next fellow. What I object to—about ten times a day—is the incessant rearranging that seems to be, as Lord Byron (1788-1824) says in Don Juan, Canto i. Stanza 194 (Bartlett: p. 556), woman's whole existence.

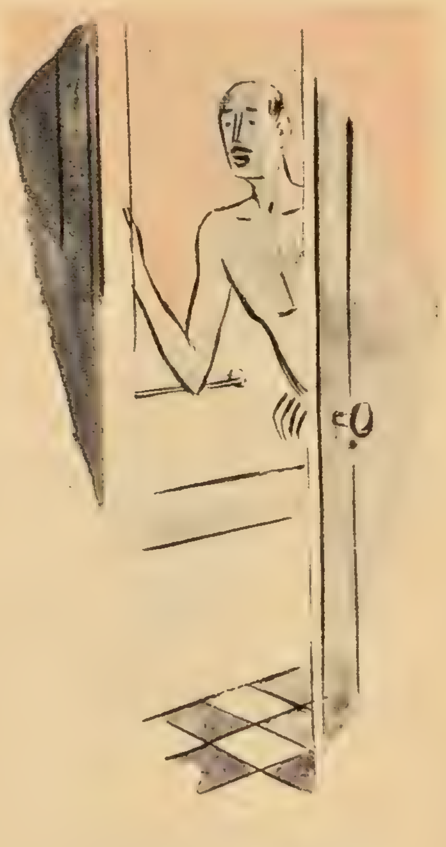


Why do they put your socks elsewhere?

YOU will say, especially if you are a woman, that men like things static; that they are conservative by nature; that they—and conspicuously we Old Gentlemen—resist progress. Except for two boys whose aggregate ages, at the time this was written, were four and one-half years, I am the only man in the house. All the clocks would run down but for me. Does that look like hatred of progress? Does that look as though my unconscious, as the analysts say, resisted the inevitable march of time? Does that look as though I were trying to fool the Grim Reaper?

No. It is the women who don't care what time it is. I have the laugh on them there. I used to put my wrist watch on my bureau as I rose in the morning, on my way to the bath. It is a cold bath and, credit it or no, I don't stay in it more than five seconds, winter and summer. Drying is a longer process; it takes at least half a minute, assuming that a towel is in the tub's vicinity and that I don't have to shout, "Throw a towel in here, quick!" or walk to the so-called linen closet to find one. For the neateners, such is their fiendish passion for disarranging things, are capable of denuding a bathroom of towels.

PARENTHETICALLY I must cite the best child-story that I ever heard. It was at the home of the late Louis Agassiz Fuertes at Ithaca. There were ten of us at dinner, some of them members of the faculty of Cornell University. During the meat course the shrill voice of the seven-year-old Fuertes daughter was heard above the conversation. "Mamma." Mrs. Fuertes elected to ignore the appeal. "Mamma!" "Yes?" called Mrs. Fuertes from the table, while conversation suspended. "There's nothing but clean towels in the bathroom. Should I start one?"



"Throw a towel in here, quick!"

Well, as I was saying, I get dry. I get partly dressed; dressed enough to emerge from the bathroom to put on my watch. The chances are that the watch has been placed elsewhere than where I chose to leave it. It used to take me about five minutes a day to find it. And sometimes this dialogue would accompany my search:

"What are you looking for?"

"My watch."

"Where did you put it?"

"On the bureau."

"Don't you know that nothing should be put on that bureau? If you want to find anything, put it in the drawer."

Pooh! As though I didn't know that somebody would tidy up the drawer in no time. Ha! ha! Let the hiders conceal my things! Let the neateners neaten! I now have a waterproof watch. I wear it in the bath, and on that particular subject there is now domestic harmony.

The waterproof watch, however, has one drawback.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The unanimous approval of 73 of the Nation's eminent dermatologists* makes Camay the outstanding complexion soap in America

CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE

Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

RIGHT here and now I'm going to give you the most authoritative beauty treatment ever prescribed!

I'm so emphatic about it because it comes from the only really scientific authorities on the care of the skin—73 of the most eminent dermatologists of America.

And it's so simple—the one essential is to *keep your skin clean.* "With water and a gentle, mild soap," say dermatologists, "there's no other way to cleanse your skin and to keep it clear and smooth."

These 73 dermatologists carefully examined Camay's chemical analysis. They tested it on all the various types of complexions. Then, they gave Camay their approval as a gentle and unusually mild complexion soap.

Just to assure you of the high standing of these dermatologists—fifty-six are professors in leading colleges of medicine; seventeen are consultants at metropolitan hospitals and clinics; all are leading physicians in their communities.

Now the only thing that remains is for you to discover that Camay is the gentlest, most fragrant friend your complexion *ever* had!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 of America's leading dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-20, 509 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

*What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

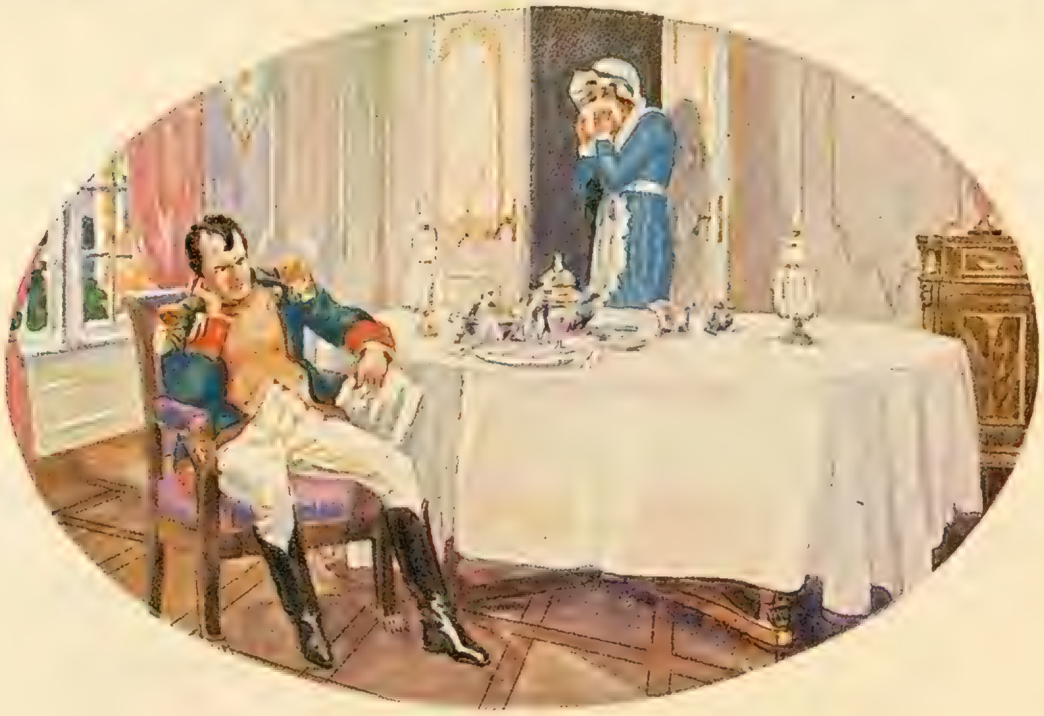
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

"UNLIKE NAPOLEON'S COOK—



I never have to weep over 'nothing new to serve' . . ."

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City.

Gentlemen:

Napoleon's cook, they say, broke down and wept, because in all the world, there was "nothing new to serve"—no untried delicacy to tempt the jaded appetite of the master. But that was before Mazola was ever heard of, otherwise, he would have had no cause for worry.

Mazola-made salads are tempting and tasty. Eggs fried in Mazola are tender and much more digestible than when fried in smoking hot fats. Fish fried in Mazola is almost as delicious as chicken, and vegetables sauted or fried in this oil cannot be surpassed—either in taste or appearance.

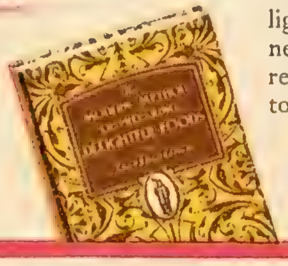
My biscuits, when made in the old way—"lay heavy on the stomach." Now, when made with Mazola—they simply "melt in your mouth."

My children used to eat the filling from their pie and the dog had the misfortune to get the soggy crusts. Now—with my Mazola made pies, the children eat every crumb of crust, and Pal, like Mother Hubbard's dog—gets none.

I use Mazola for every recipe which calls for butter and find it very economical. With the many tasty dishes which I can prepare from Mazola—unlike Napoleon's chef—I never have to weep over "nothing new to serve" to tempt my family's appetite.

Mrs. N. C. Andersen
174 Presumpscot Street
Portland, Maine

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S famous book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 new, helpful recipes. Write for your copy today. (See coupon)



MAZOLA
A PURE SALAD and COOKING OIL from CORN

This interesting letter quaintly describes the unusual adaptability of Mazola to 3 popular uses.

As an exceptionally fine salad oil that makes smoother, more delicious dressings, Mazola is equally fine for all frying. Mazola-fried foods are always tender, tasty and free from grease.

For shortening, many women prefer Mazola for its richness, convenience and economy as well as for perfect baking results.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. Y-2 17 Battery Place
New York City.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name..

Address..

City.......................State..............

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

You can wear one while you are playing tennis. Now, when we tennis die-hards get playing, especially in daylight-saving time, we become oblivious of the passage of time. And when we reach home at 8:40 P. M., with everybody waiting for dinner or, worse, nobody waiting for dinner and no dinner, our excuse used to be that we had no idea that it was so late. Now, able to see the time, we know perfectly well that we can't begin another set, a set that is likely to string out to 9—7, at 7:35, and finish it at 6:35. A waterproof watch is as broad as it is long.

Eddie Guest wrote a piece in the American Magazine about two years ago concerning his writing of a story or an article, and just as he was about to send it off, he discovered that the maid had thrown it into the wastebasket, the contents of which had been burned. Eddie had no carbon copy, and evidently he had written it right off on the typewriter, not being an old-fashioned longhand guy like me. He buckled right down and wrote the piece again, raising, as I recall it, no modicum of Cain with the idiotic neatener.

Eddie is a sweeter boy than I am. Once a year or so, a copy boy, on his way from my desk to the composing room, one flight up, loses a piece of copy—perhaps two four-line paragraphs, neither of them what even my admirers would call cosmic. You'd think it was the Gutenberg Bible he had lost, to hear me. Those lost paragraphs suddenly seem to me to be not only the most inspired stuff that I ever have written, but also that anybody ever has written, and the boy seems to be one of a body of conspirators to rob the public of its belles-lettres. I am a fiend about such things; and I envy Eddie Guest his composure under such torturing conditions.

NEXT WEEK—

On Your Back

The story of a modern mother

By RITA WEIMAN

Two Men

A strange tale of hatred

By WARWICK DEEPING

If You're Thinking of Flying

The FACTS about safety in air travel

By LORIMER HAMMOND

TAKE the cup that I won playing pool or, as the pool-table manufacturers want you to call it, pocket billiards. I had to win a certain club championship three times in order to own that cup. For thirty years I had engaged in tournaments of many kinds. This is the only prize of any sort that I ever won, and with all respect to Holworthy Hall, the donor of the cup, it isn't much of a cup. But I am a little proud of it, and it was my thought that it would adorn my library, and that visitors would glance at it. I would deprecate my prowess, and I would mean it, too, for I would rather win a match in the first round of a tennis tournament than be the best pool player in the world. Still, I did win that cup. And where is it? I saw it yesterday, way back among the party china—so called because we never yet have given a party important enough to warrant its use.

"Why is that cup secluded there?" I asked my wife.

"Well," she said, "I had it lacquered, and it's really too nice to keep exposed; it's so much trouble to polish it, and Mildred has too much to do as it is. Of course, if you want to hire a special cup-polisher—"

I didn't tell her that I didn't care if it never was polished, or that I liked to look at it once in a while, to revive my drooping confidence in my prowess. You can't make an issue of such things.

Why do the neateners, when they throw your dress shirt in the wash when it may still have another evening in it, leave the studs and collar buttons in, if they are really neat? My contention is that they don't neaten; they disarrange.

Why do they decide in April that a certain drawer is your socks drawer and unannounced put your socks elsewhere in May? Why do they dust all the books in the bookcase, and put them back just enough cockeyed to make it difficult to find what you want, but not enough cockeyed to make it impossible, so that it isn't a war cause exactly?

"Why," they say, "don't you dust your books yourself?"

"Because," I say, "I don't care whether they ever are dusted." Which I don't.

WHY do the neatening fanatics never replace the cap of the tooth-paste tube? Why are they the persons who own costly fountain pens yet never, never fill them, always dipping them into inkwells that are left exposed to the air until the ink grows thick and muddy? Why are they the people who forget railroad tickets, house keys, opera glasses, to empty the pan under the ice box, to close the windows when going away for three days (rain coming on the third day), and telephone numbers?

Why, do you know that 71.4 per cent of the calls for Information come from women?

I don't either, but I am basing this conjectural statistic on what happens in our Little Nest, whence such calls reach the conservatively guessed percentage of 100.

Look at the Lost and Found list any morning. Nine out of ten are things that women left in cabs, in trains, in theaters. I made a list of the things that women forget and I asked the darling Chief Tidier-Up what had become of it. I left it on my desk yesterday, to copy this morning.

"Oh, that!" she said. "I saw that, and it looked so absolutely fantastic and so utterly silly that I threw it away. I don't want you to make a fool of yourself unnecessarily. Besides," she added, "I can make you a list of those who don't forget, who always know where everything is—the ones who never forget."

"Proceed," I said, neatly.

"The elephant," she said.

Maybe there is something in her bitter satire.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the first book of the New Testament?

2—What body of water separates Asia from North America?

3—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase *modus operandi?*

4—What Dickens novel includes the character Uriah Heep?

5—What is tetanus?

6—What mountains are between France and Spain?

7—Who was the leader of the Green Mountain Boys?

8—What is a poltroon?

9—Which is farther north, Albany or Detroit?

10—What is a sexagenarian?

11—Who was the author of Canterbury Tales?

12—What fruit once was called love apple?

13—What is ornithology?

14—What does senescent mean?

15—A farthing is what part of a penny?

16—Who wrote Battle Hymn of the Republic?

17—What are male honeybees called?

18—What is the capital of Japan?

19—What city stands upon the site of old Fort Dearborn?

20—What does omnivorous mean?

(Answers will be found on page eighty-one)

One Fine Day

A Story of a Sentimental Gangster

By

RAYNER SEELIG

who was born and lives on Manhattan Island. At sixteen she chose work in a sculptor's studio rather than go to college, and a year later she wrote her first novel. She is unmarried and writes that her favorite animals are snakes.

Pictures by JOSEPH MATURO

TONY SIMONI wiped the empty Colt automatic with his chamois gloves and replaced it in his hip pocket.

He took a cigarette out of his case, tapped it on the fender of the car, and made light with a shining briquet of solid gold. His dark eyes roved, approved the desolation of the panorama, and seemed to smile. Smiling, Tony rubbed his chamois-clad hands together as if to brush away ultimate dust. That's that, his hands said.

Meanwhile Johnny stood in the road, staring at the ditch where they had thrown Malcolm " Whitey " Greenleaf's corpse.

" Come on, kid," said Tony.

But Johnny walked across the road and was sick.

Tony shrugged and helped their chauffeur lower the top of the convertible body and change the license plates. The sun was going down, and the wavering New Jersey fields veiled their lusty green in delicate mist. The country was empty of everything but the piping of crickets and the distant thrum of an airplane.

" Come on, kid," said Tony.

Johnny climbed into the car, wiping his forehead and his mouth with a spotted handkerchief. The driver put her in gear and they shot down the road toward the bloodstained western sky.

After a while Tony laid his hand on the kid's arm.

" Forget it, son. It's always like that a first time. I been there myself once."

" How many you done, Tony? "

" Oh, I dunno. Ten or a dozen, maybe. You get used to it."

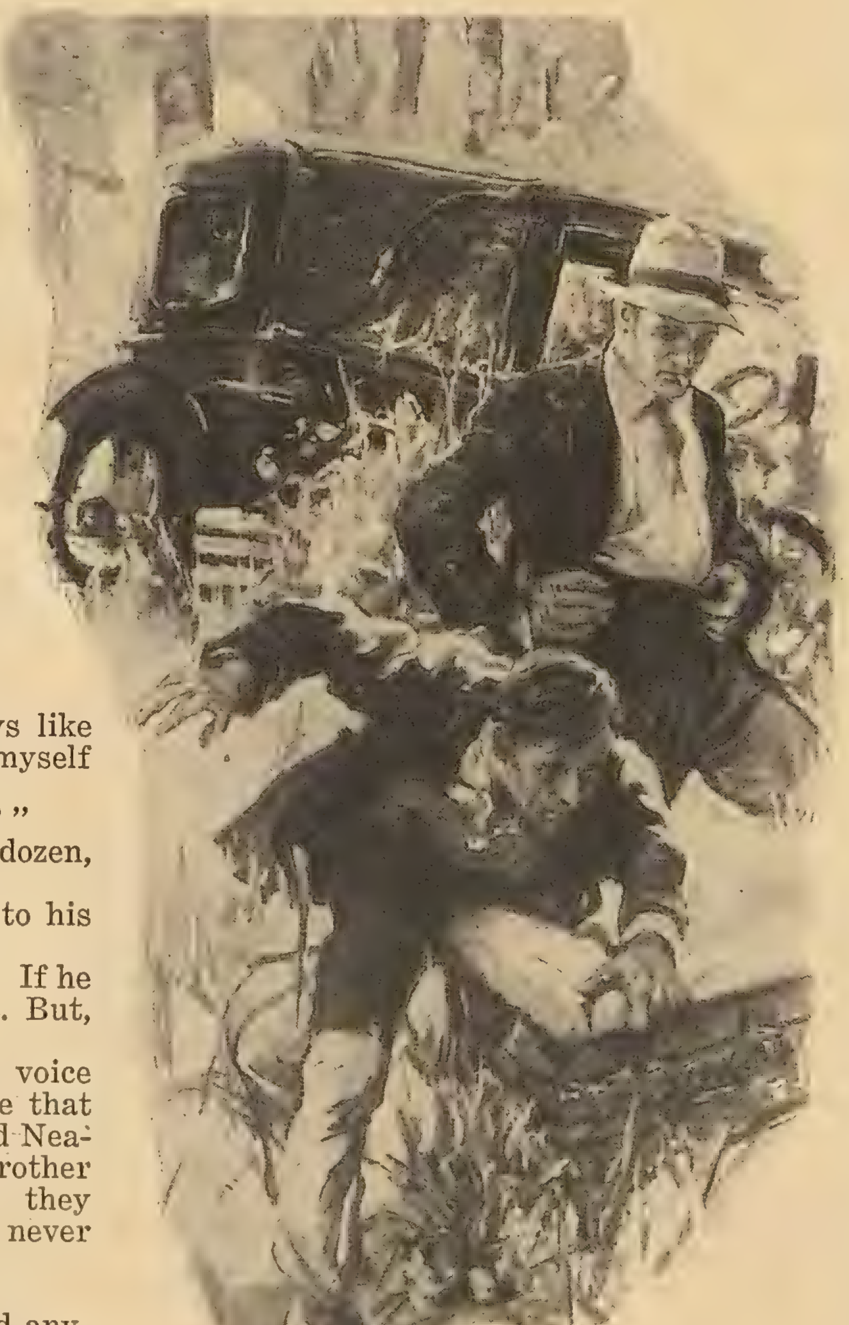
Johnny put a shaking hand to his head.

" It's a dirty business. . . . If he hadn't had guts I coulda stood it. But, Crise, he was game—"

Tony spoke in that soft voice which, without any accent save that of lower New York, still dripped Neapolitan honey. " I guess your brother Joe was pretty game when they bumped him off, kid. But he never come back to tell us."

" I guess that's so, Tony."

" Sure thing. Not that I had anything personal against Whitey, see? But it's him or us. Furthermore, kid, you gotta remember that business is business." Johnny groaned and gagged. Tony, who liked the sound of a pleasant voice, went on talking.



Johnny stood, staring at the ditch where they had thrown Greenleaf's corpse. " Come on, kid," said Tony.

" Only a couple nights ago," he said, lighting a fresh cigarette and inhaling appreciatively, " I'm discussing this, now, business with a friend of mine. Y' know—this guy Larry Murphy, the fight writer. It's Saturday, and the old woman and the kids is out at Sheepshead Bay. So I walk into the tavern for a bite to eat and there's Larry, his dame having stood him up, all alone and looking like he been run over by a truck. Well, we get together, see? And Larry asks me—kidding, of course—who I bumped off lately. And I—likewise kidding—say no one since I shot Rothstein.

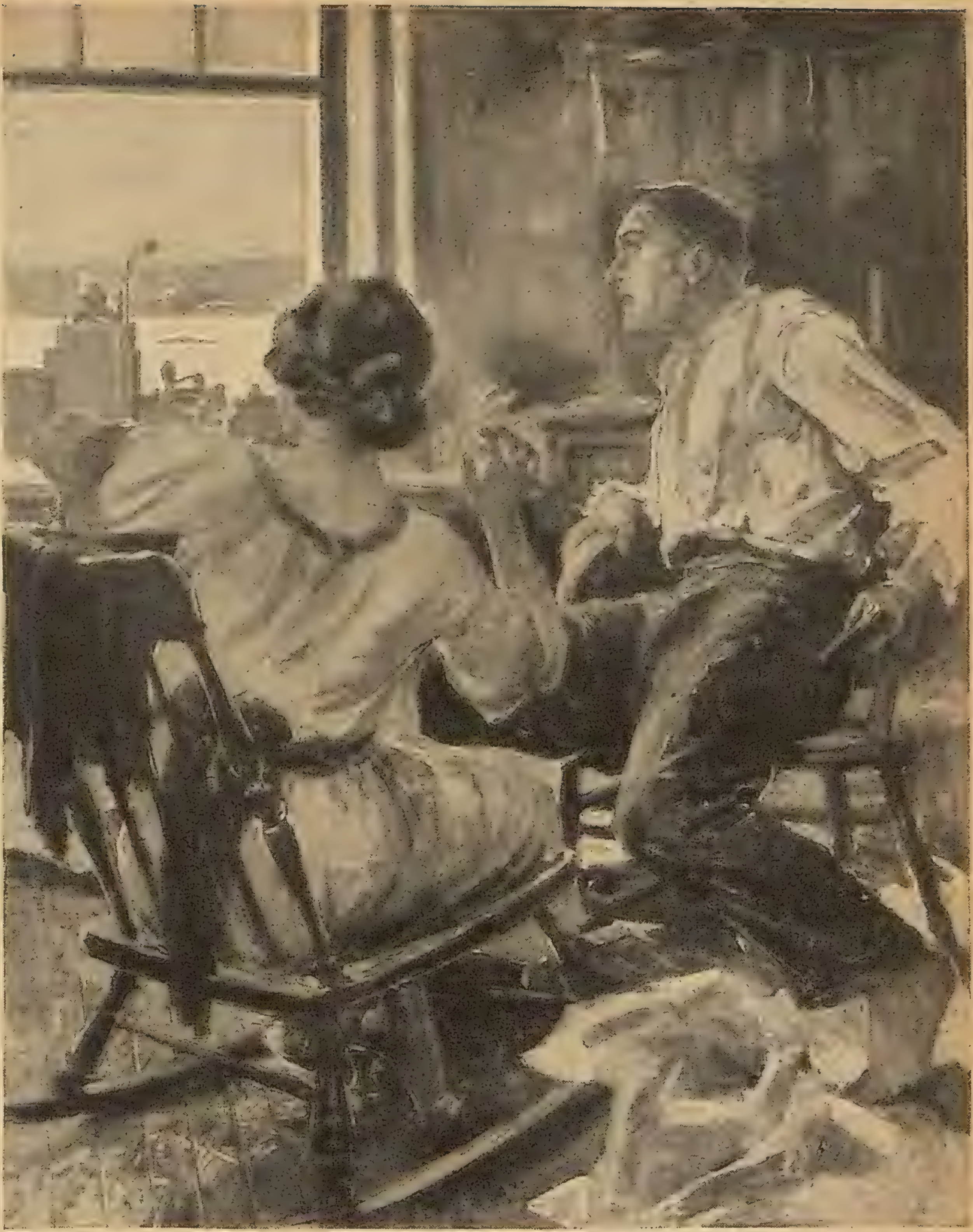
" So then he asks me to sit down, and I do so, and offers me a drink which I don't take, not liking anything but wine. So then he says, Tony, you're a heluva nice guy. Why do you stick to this racket of yours? So I ask him what's wrong with this racket, and he says just about everything, firstly it's against the law, and furthermore risky.

" SO I say, you know as well as I do, laws was made for suckers, see? I say, you carry a bottle on your hip, which is just as much against the law as packing a rod, see? And furthermore I like to know when you last paid your income tax? And Larry says he never made no return, but cheating the revenue guys out of a little dough don't hurt, and furthermore it ain't the same thing as murder. Well, I don't try to explain that taking a guy for a ride in a business way ain't exactly the same thing as murder. Larry's a good egg, but there's certain things he just don't understand. But I tell him that I done more murder in the American army in 1917 with no profit whatever to anybody concerned than I ever done in a business way.

" Now, I put it to you, Johnny"—Tony pointed a finger at his companion—" that human beings is queer. When two governments go to war for private and personal reasons—in any case, reasons that don't mean anything whatever to me and you—and they get hundreds of thousands of guys bumped off over a question of some farm country or some tons of coal, then that's all right, see? No matter who we fight and how many we croak, we're a hero, see? Secondly, I say to Larry, if I bump off a guy for private and personal reasons, then am I a hero? Certainly not, I say, I'm a dangerous criminal and get the chair if I get caught.

"Nevertheless, I say, I got a great deal more respect for human life than the United States Government, and wouldn't hurt a fly except for necessary business, and so forth and so on. Thirdly, I say, I need every cent I make. It ain't like I had no one but myself to consider; I got the wife and kids. One fine day when I've made my pile I want to see a little of the world, see the old country and so forth.

"Well, Larry seems more or less impressed by this. Anyway, he don't say a word till now. Then he says, yeah, that'll be swell if one fine day Whitey or one of them boys don't get you first. But how about the wife and the kids if you get croaked yourself? You're taken a mighty big chance. Well, I say, even Steve Brodie took a chance, and who don't? How about this guy I read about in your paper the other day, that's so scared he get hit by a brick or slip on a banana peel or something that he don't never leave his own house? And what happens? They do some blasting next door and his ceiling come down and he gets it inna neck right in his own bed.



Anna was silent. Outside a trolley clanged; an ambulance went past. There was a soft footstep. Tony stiffened.

"AND how about Buck Maloney? He has alla guys gunning after him for ten years and hardly gets nicked at all, and then one night he gets a cold inna head waiting for some dame, and forty-eight hours later the gang's turning out for his funeral. Larry, I say, I'll bet there's ten guys die of pneumonia for every one that gets bumped off for a good reason, so help me God."

By this time the car was nearing the outskirts of Hoboken.

"Well, kid," said Tony, "I'm leaving you here; gonna take a ferry home. Take a tip from me and lay low for a couple days—you got nerves. And keep offa liquor, see? Hey, Nick! Let me out down a street; I'll hoof it to the dock. So long, kid."

"So long, Tony. See you soon."

"Sure thing."

Tony got out and walked toward the ferry at a brisk pace. He was looking forward to the trip across the river, out in front, where the salty wind slapped your face. His mother had brought him from southern Italy forty-three years before, but he still had the acute senses of the Latin. He loved pure colors, pungent smells, harmonious sounds. A hurdy-gurdy playing *La Donna e Mobile* brought the tears to his eyes, and he always gave the old guy that pushed the music box a quarter, so that now, when he saw Tony, the old man made a grin without teeth, bobbed his head up and down, and exclaimed, "*Bona sera, signore,*" three times over.

From the ferry Tony got into a yellow taxi and gave an address south of Washington Square. The dusty streets of New York looked good to Tony. He appreciated the cubistic skyline, the clear sky that spread like a screen over the hot city, the first stars brilliant as holes piercing into another world.

He stopped in Fourth Street and bought a glass of peppermint sticks for Nino, and a bunch of big dark red dahlias for Anna. Maybe, he thought, Lucia would put one in her black hair. American girls, he knew, didn't wear flowers in their hair, but Lucia would look swell with a dahlia behind one ear.

Thompson Street was seething. Cars drove back and forth; children played ball in the gutters; women laughed and called to each other in high-pitched voices; whole families sat chattering on flights of brownstone steps. A thick odor of food and sweat and burned gasoline hung in the air; the heat seemed to pour upward, cooling itself on the transparent sky.

From a cluster on one of the stoops several figures detached themselves. Peter, who was the fairest one of the family, short for his eleven years, but stocky and already showing overdeveloped muscles, rushed along swinging a baseball bat, shouting, "Hey, poppa, poppa! What do you think? The boys is organizing a team and I'm to be ketcher!"

He was followed at a sober pace by fourteen-year-old Nicholas, whose mouth was the mouth of a girl

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

and whose eyes were the eyes of dreamers and poets. Nicholas smiled gravely and held up Jane the baby, who was his special passion, to be kissed by her father. Tony lifted her out of the boy's arms and held her up in the air, fat brown legs sticking out, curly head thrown back to give range to delighted crows and gurgles.

“Don't hold her so high, poppa; she just had her dinner. She'll be sick, poppa.”

“All right, Nicky, all right.” Tony lowered the baby to the crook of his right arm, and with his free left hand rumpled the boy's thick black hair. “Poppa wouldn't let his Janie faw down and go boom, boom, boom!”

Peter, who was a little jealous of the attention his father gave the girls—inferior creatures at best—turned sullenly toward the house, thumping the baseball bat on the pavement.

“So you're gonna be a ketcher for the new team,” said Tony in his most ingratiating voice. “Well, well! I guess poppa got to buy you a noutfit. What about it?”

“Aw, I don' care,” mumbled Peter, his neck turning red with pleasure.

“We better go in, poppa; mother's worried. She says she expected you earlier.”

“All right, kids, come on.” They went into the house, Peter leading the way, taking the stairs two at a time, and shouting, “Mom, mom! Poppa's home! What we got to eat, mom?” as he flung open a door.

Tony came next, supporting the delighted Janie on his shoulder, and exclaiming, “Boom! Boom!” at every step. Nicholas followed, his beautiful anxious eyes fixed on the baby, like the eyes of a bitch when a strange person plays with her puppies.

They went into the parlor-dining room, where very clean net curtains were pinned back, and chairs pulled up to a big round table under a droplight. A tall young man—Antonio, Junior—was taking the radio apart. He looked over his shoulder and said with careful carelessness, “'Lo, Pop,” before he returned to his work. Under the window, propped in a big chair, was the shrunken form of Giovanni, the crippled five-year-old who had been half of twins, and had clung miserably to life when his brother lay stiff in a white enameled coffin. He looked at Tony, and Tony felt a pain in his breast at the sight of the pinched, wise little face. Nino! Poor little crippled Nino, who gave no greeting of any sort. Who only asked in a thin, querulous voice, “Did you bring me a pres'nt?”

“Sure thing, I brought you a present, Nino.” Tony produced the glass of peppermint sticks.

“Candy makes me sick,” complained Nino, but took the glass and held it in both hands, looking about suspiciously as though he feared one of the others might take from him what he did not want himself.

“MOMMA! Hey, momma! Where you hiding?” shouted Tony.

Anna came to the door of the kitchen. A stout, fine-looking woman, with a soft black down on her upper lip, and dark eyes with much of the grave softness that was characteristic of her son Nicholas. Her sleeves were rolled up: there was flour on her hands. She had big coral pendants in her pierced ears, and when she smiled the room lighted up for Tony. When Anna smiled he fell in love with her all over again. He forgot that she was nearly forty and he forty-five—they were kids again, and he was telling her that her teeth were like great, big, smooth pearls.

He gave the baby to Nicholas and kissed his wife on both cheeks and then on the mouth, while she tried to pull away without touching his dark blue jacket with her floury hands.

“Well, old lady, how's the world been treating you? How do you like this nice hot weather?”

“I like all right,” Anna said in her slow voice—Anna spoke with an accent. “What a-keep you so late?”

Tony grinned. “I had a little business to attend to, honey, see? I brought some flowers. You can put 'em on a table.”

“Go on, sit a-down, children. Petie, go washa your hands. I ain't gonna have a dirty children like you at-a my table.”

Tony transferred something to an inner pocket and took off his jacket. It was getting dark and they switched on the lights. He liked the heat and the noise, all the kids talking at once. It was swell to be home, to have a good wife and fine children. It made him feel mighty proud. But something was missing.

“Where's your sister?” he asked the young fellow at the radio. “Where's Lucia?”

The young man shrugged and said, “Search me. This radio needs a new tube. Jeez, it's hot!”

“It's humid, that's what it is,” said Tony absently. “Anna, where's my Lucia?”

His wife, puttering about the big hot kitchen, pretended not to hear.

“Nicholas,” she called. “Put-a the baby in a crib. She tired.”

Peter, emerging from the hall rubbing his neck with a soiled Turkish towel, put in a trifle maliciously, “I see Lucia sitting in Washington Square with Thomas Leary.”

TONY colored. Lucia was his favorite—a white-faced, raven-haired virgin with arrogant manners and a beautiful voice.

“Anna!” he shouted from the kitchen door. “You hear that? My Lucia's out with that Leary. How often I gotta tell you I won't have her running around with that tramp? He's no good! That's what he is—no good.”

Anna set a steaming bowl of vegetable soup on the table, and turned up her madonna eyes. “Let-a Lucia alone. She only young once.”

“Yeah, I know. But I tell you I ain't gonna have her running around with that cheap Irishman. What's he do for a living? He's a bum! That's what he is—a no-good bum.”

Anna, smiling languidly, murmured, “Tony, when I was Lucia age my poppa say you're a bum, don't he?”

“Yeah, but that's different. Your poppa was a nice old guy, but he was terrible dumb, Anna. You gotta admit that. Anyway, I wasn't a bum, was I? I supported you, don't I?”

“Sure thing. No woman ever got a better husband than-a my Tony.” She slipped a plump arm around his neck, pulled his ear playfully. “You leave Lucia 'lone this-a time, Tony. Tonight I give her good a-talking to.”

“All right, all right. But I tell you I don't like it. My Lucia's too good for any cheap Irish bum. . . .”

They sat around the table. Steaming minestrone, thin slices of ham, white fennel with green feathery ends, a heaping bowl of spaghetti, two kinds of vegetables, roast chicken, brown outside. Nicholas helped his mother bring in the things. It was the hired girl's day out—a Thursday. Junior had a bottle of beer, but the others, even Nino, drank dark red wine that stood in a big gallon demijohn on the table.

“Nick,” Tony said to his son, “whassamatter with you? You ain't eating nothing. You sick?”

Nicholas looked down at his crowded plate, and shook his head.

“He worry about Dempsey,” said Anna with a warm glance.

“Aw, say, to let a cat ruin your appetite,” jeered Peter. But after an instant, “Dempsey ain't sick?” he asked with ill-concealed anxiety.

“I guess maybe it's only the heat,” muttered Nicholas.

“You bring um to poppa,” said Tony, suddenly pushing away his own plate. “I'd feel mighty bad if anything happened to Dempsey.”

“Nicholas,” said Anna, “you sit where you are. I won't let-a you move until you eat-a some dinner.”

“Aw, say, mom, it's too hot to eat.”

Anna made a clicking sound with her tongue, but no other protest. Nicholas went back to the room he shared with Peter and Nino, and after a while returned carrying very, very gently a tiny Manx kitten, coal black, with half-shut topaz eyes and the merest stub of a tail.

Tony took him and stood him on the table. Anna pro-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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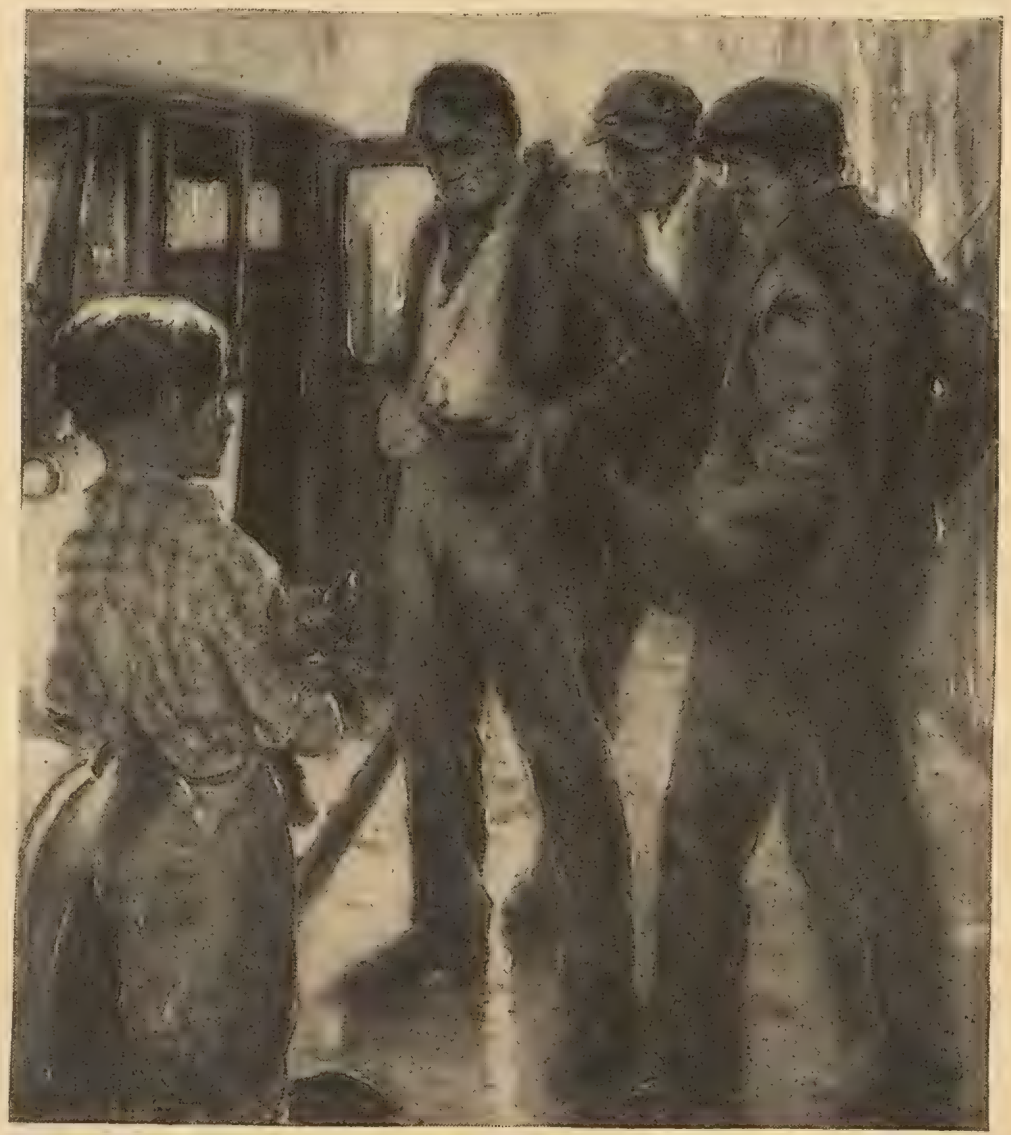
INVESTMENT SECURITIES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

tested feebly; they didn't let that interfere. Anna always protested feebly, but they knew that whatever pleased Tony or the kids would be all right with her. She was like a large, pearly shell which contained the family; the family was her heart and her brain.

Tony tried to lure Dempsey to play with the end of his finger, then the corner of a napkin, then a dahlia. But Dempsey, who often, for want of other toys, played with his own paws and tried to bite his own nonexistent tail, was indifferent tonight. He lay on his side, a stain of India ink on the red and white tablecloth, his tiny paws stretched out. His eyes never opened and never closed; they showed thin, clear, little crescents of topaz. He made weak, unhappy mewing noises.



“Say,” growled Tony, “what's the big idea?” At the same moment he noticed something hard pressing his ribs.

They were all concerned; they tried to do things. But Dempsey never moved more than an inch, and after a while Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, went off to bed carrying the kitten tenderly in his cupped hands.

Anna was still clearing the table. Junior had got the radio fixed, and he turned it on loudly and blaringly, while Tony, shoes off and feet on the window sill, studied the evening paper and sweated.

All the children were in bed now, and after a while Junior put on his hard straw hat and went out. Tony let the paper slip, and grunted with satisfaction. The wine and the heat and the strain of a hard day's work made him feel his happiness keenly. The noises in the street blurred.

A car back-fired, and Tony, half asleep, automatically shot his right hand to his hip pocket, then grinned and dozed again. There was a regular clatter-click, clatter-click in the kitchen. Anna was putting the dishes away. The water ran with a rushing sound. Anna was washing her hands, rubbing the soap up to her elbows with long, graceful strokes.

THE kitchen light went out with a snap. Anna came in and sat down opposite him, slipping on her rings—four gold rings with diamonds in them. Her hands in her lap were the quietest things on earth, the kindest and most restful—hands that knew how to work, how to caress, and how to lie as still as two white lilies in a field.

They talked commonplaces. The weather, what the papers said, the heat wave, having the kitchen repainted, Junior's approaching marriage to Mary Caponi. They talked about the vacation they were going to take next month—Tony had promised to ship the whole family to Atlantic City for a holiday.

“I dunno about Atlantic City,” Tony said thoughtfully. “I got a hunch on some other place. Not Jersey, see?”

Anna was silent. After a while she got up and turned off the droplight. Long jade-green shadows painted the wall and the ceiling. Outside a trolley clanged; an ambulance went past, ringing its bell; a party of people from uptown moved noisily down the street; the clock at Jefferson Market Court struck eleven.

There was a soft footstep. Tony stiffened. A shaft of light was flung in from the hall, and in it he saw his boy Nicholas, dressed, sneaking toward the doorway, holding something in his cupped hands.

“Nicky!” called Anna. “Nicky, where you going?” The child stopped, trembled.

“Whassamatter, son?”

“It's Dempsey, pop.” Nick's voice cracked. “Oh, pop, he's terrible sick; he's crying. I gotta take him to a hospital, pop. He'll die if I don't.”

The little group met in the hall. Tony could see that Nicholas was right. Dempsey was pretty sick, pretty sick.

“Thass aright, son. You go back to bed. Poppa'll take him to Doc Walsh.”

“Oh, pop! Gee . . .”

“Now, Tony,” Anna protested feebly. “You make ayourself tire out. You leave a-cat until tomor'.”

Tony saw her eyes yearning over the small black bundle.

“I'll handle this, kid. Beat it now; get back to bed.”

WHEN Nicholas had gone, Tony and Anna exchanged a glance, shaking their heads.

“*Povero bambino.*”

“Nicky's too soft, thass what he is,” Tony muttered.

Anna only smiled. “*Povero* . . .”

Tony put on his shoes and his jacket. He tucked Dempsey in his breast pocket, and laughed low at the bulge made by the round furry rump.

“You come aright back, Antonio? You don' stop tonight fool around witha boys?”

“I'll tell the cockeyed world I won't. I'm a tired business man and I want my beauty sleep. So long, old lady.”

Anna watched him until he turned and waved from the bottom step. She sighed. He was a good man, a good husband, her Tony. God had been very kind to Anna Simoni. . . .

It was cooler outside, and the crowd in the street had thinned. There was only one taxi across the way, waiting for people to come out of Bozo Blum's speakeasy; on this side a couple of parked cars, the nearer one wearing a single bleary headlight. Three doors away some young people sat crowded on the front stairs, laughing and singing. Someone strummed a ukulele. Tony guessed it was that tramp Tom Leary. He thought he recognized his Lucia's mellow contralto. Well, as Anna often said, you was only young once, and furthermore girls would be girls.

At the end of the block a blue uniform stood out for an instant in the glow of a street lamp, then disappeared around the corner. That would be Patrolman Simmons making the rounds.

It was such a grand night. That sky looked like a strip of green glass with light behind it. Someone had plugged the glass fulla holes, and the light showed through. If every star was a person, Tony reflected happily, that old sky would make Coney Island look as empty as Wall Street at midnight.

People could talk about the country being quiet—the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

country, with those crickets whistling to beat hell and birds starting to chirp at four A.M.! Give me the city, Tony said to himself. This was real quiet, just the sound of an L train purring up Sixth Avenue, maybe a boat blowing its warning out in the harbor, and, right here, young folks singing close harmony.

Over there, in front of Bozo's place, three or four kids hung about. Two girls and a little short guy came out unsteadily. The taxi pulled up; the kids made a rush for the door and helped the dames in. What kind of parents did these kids have, anyhow, letting 'em hang around halfa night, making bums outa them? Nicholas would go to college one of these days. *His* kids would be regular. . . .

Tony sauntered toward Washington Square. It was Lucia's voice; he knew it now. Swell. . . . Swell. . . .

Two guys leaning against the second of the parked cars moved up as Tony, hugging the kitten, strolled toward them.

"Hello, Simoni."

"Hello, Mike. Hello, Ikey. What you guys doing over here?"

"Jussa little business."

"Thasso? Anything new?"

"Yeah," said the little one, called Ikey. "Johnny squealed."

"Thasso?" Tony was elaborately casual. "Too bad, ain't it?"

"Yeah. Too bad for him."

"Well . . . Glad to seen you. I gotta get a move on."

"SAY, we been waitin' just to see you, Tony," said Mike. "We don't often get a chance to talk to a big fella like you. What'sa hurry?"

"Well, boys, my cat's sick. I gotta get her around to a doc."

"Thassa hot one. Ya cat? Where ya got her—in ya pocket?"

"Yeah." He moved, and before the attentive eyes of the two men produced Dempsey's round cramped body. Dempsey whimpered.

"Say, can ya beat that?" Mike sounded awed as he took the little creature in his own large hand. "Say, if she ain't the cutest thing! Damned if she ain't a bobtail."

"Manx," murmured Ikey, who knew everything.

"Where's this, now, doc?" Mike still stared at the kitten in naïve amazement. "Far?"

"He got a hospital on Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue. Walsh's cat'n'dog hospital it's called."

"Cat'n' dog hospital! That's a new one on me, brother." Mike whistled shrilly, and two of the kids from across the street came trotting over, calling, "Taxi, mister? Taxi-i-ee?"

A MAN sitting at the wheel of the closed car straightened up and pushed the door ajar.

"You, big boy," said Ikey to one of the kids. "Comere."

Big boy slouched up. Mike handed him a dollar. Then held out Dempsey.

"Now, big boy, take this here tiger to Doc Walsh, Tent' Street and Sixt' Avenoo. Tell him—"

"Say," growled Tony, "what's the big idea?"

At the same moment he noticed three things. One was something hard pressing his right ribs. One was something hard pressing under his left arm. One was the steady narrow stare of the man at the wheel of the closed car.

"Tell him," Mike went on in his amiable Celtic voice, "to give her the best, see? She's Mister Simoni's cat."

The door of the car was open now.

"Say, son," said Tony. "Tell him Mister Simoni'd a brought her himself, only he run into a couple a guys he knows from Jersey, and they're taken him for a ride."

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

To Althea, from Prison

By RICHARD LOVELACE

[Richard Lovelace was an English Cavalier, born in 1618. He was educated both at the Charterhouse and at Oxford, and was twice imprisoned on account of the active part he took in the affairs of the times. After he was set free, he found that his estates had been confiscated. He died in great poverty in London in 1658.]

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

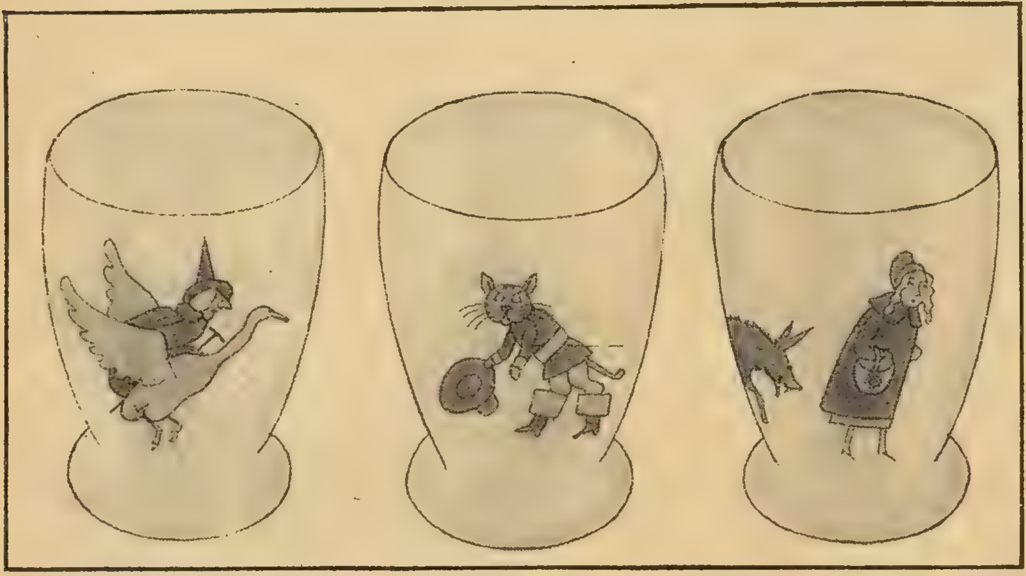
When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

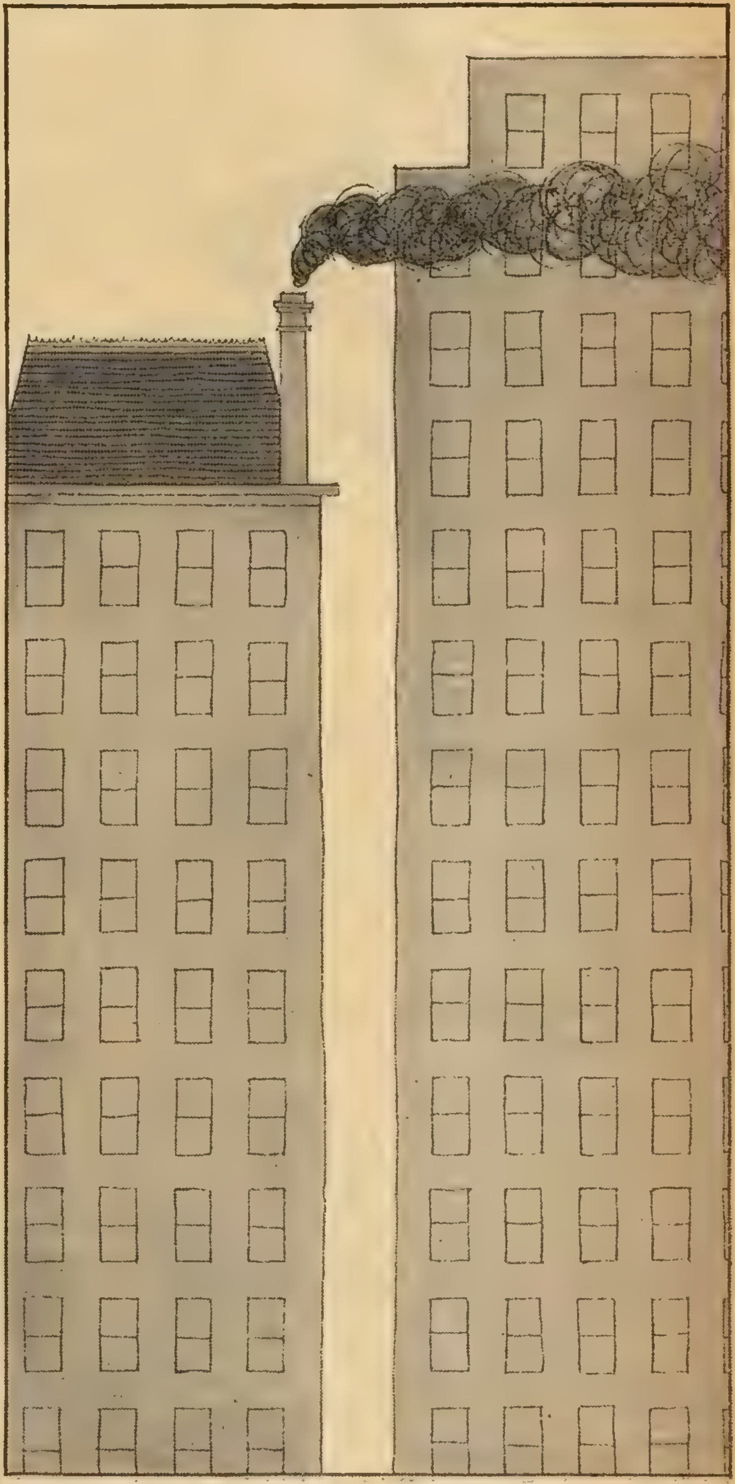
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

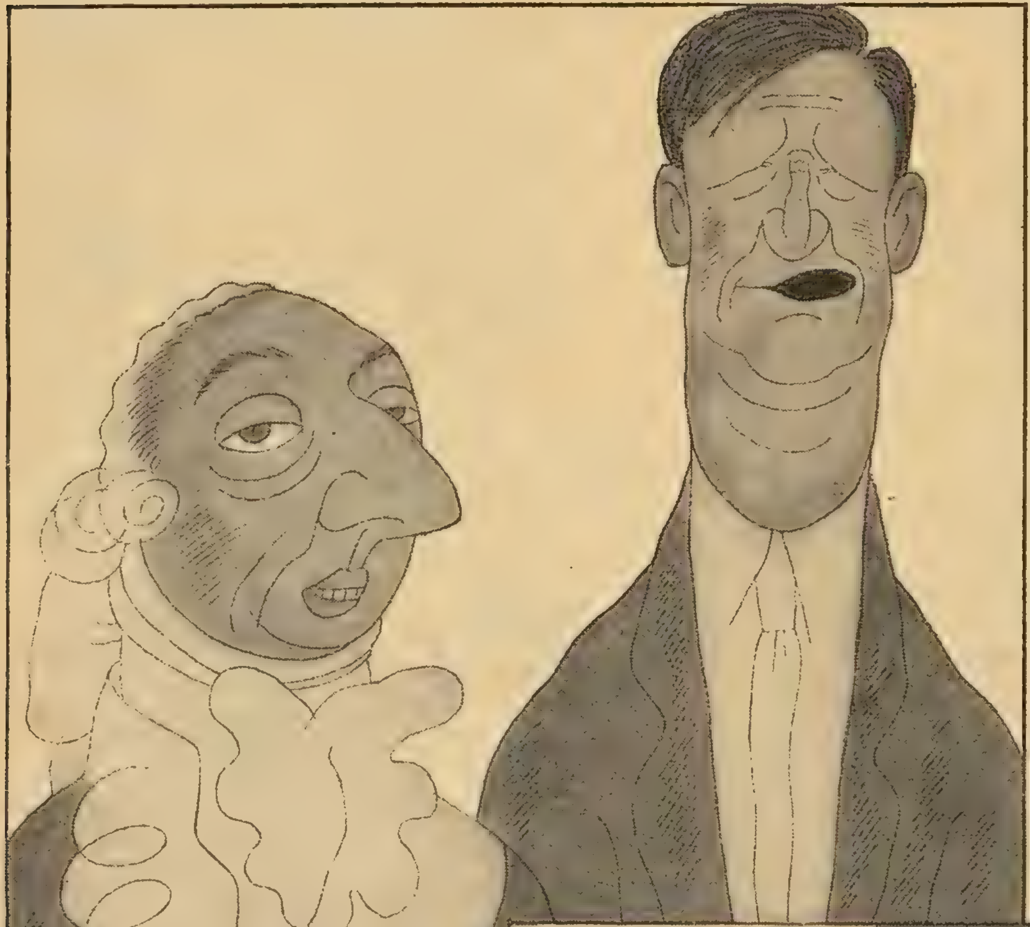
By RALPH BARTON



SEEN IN THE SHOPS. A cute set of cocktail glasses, especially designed for the use of the kiddies in the nursery.



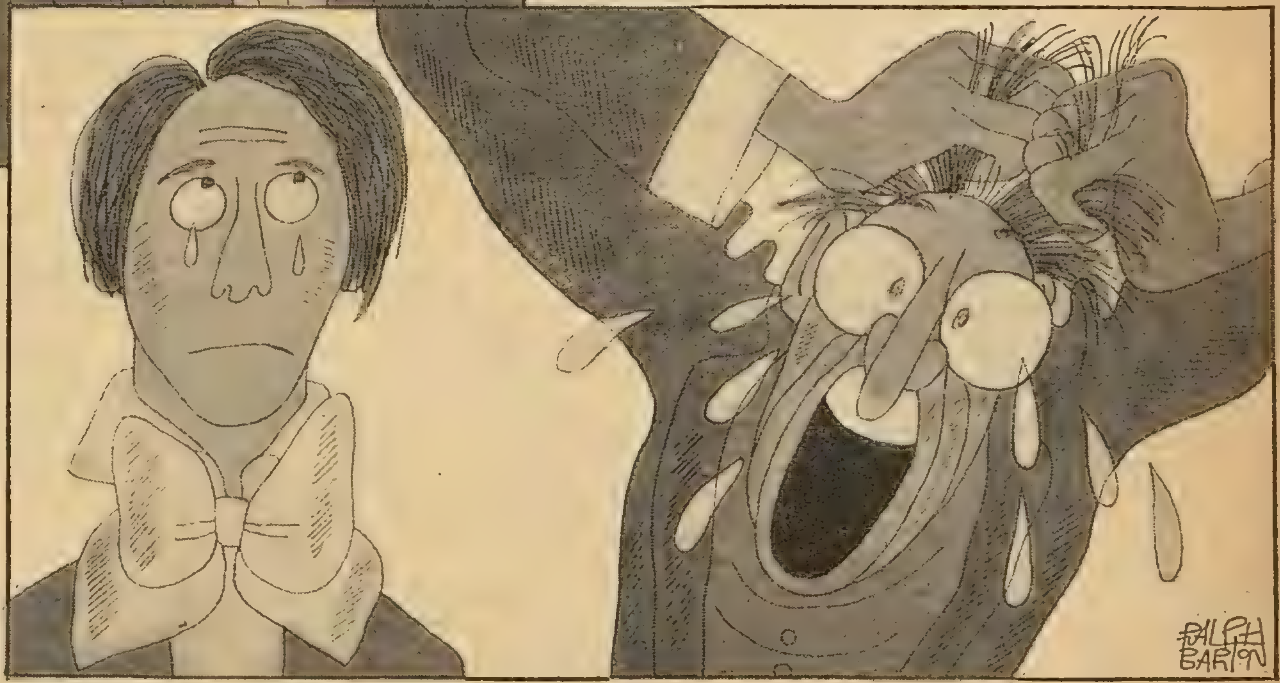
THE FAMILY THAT TOOK AN APARTMENT on the ninety-eighth floor to get away from the smoke and dust.



ADD TO FAMOUS LAST WORDS.

King George III (in 1765): "No one in his right mind will take seriously the recent demonstration by a mob of ruffians, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, against the Stamp Act."

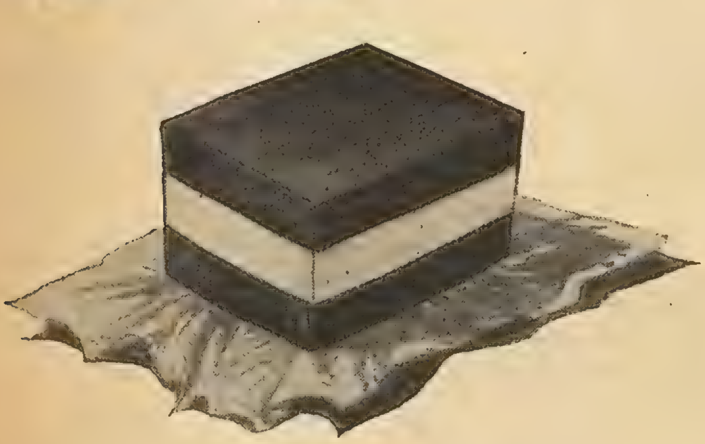
F. Scott McBride (in 1930): "No one in his right mind will take seriously the recent demonstration by a mob of ruffians, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, against the Volstead Act."



THE EMOTIONAL TYPE. Studies of a poet who has just lost his sweetheart, and of a business man who has just lost a thousand dollars in the stock market.

Hobson

The Portrait of a Zealot



A Hobson Kiss, natural size, as the candy stores sold them.

By

M. R. WERNER

(Author of Bryan, Barnum, etc.)

IN the night of June 3, 1898, Richmond Pearson Hobson, a young naval constructor from Alabama, sank the collier Merrimac in the entrance to the harbor of Santiago de Cuba—and thereby made himself the outstanding national hero of our war with Spain. Mr. Werner's account of Captain Hobson's career began in last week's Liberty. It left him in the act of making, in New York, the first of his now innumerable public speeches, after his return from Santiago to enjoy the early frenzy of an ovation the like of which has been accorded since to but one man, Lindbergh.

PART TWO—THE LIPS THAT NEVER TOUCHED LIQUOR

THE next day a mania started in America which spread throughout the land. Hobson at the time was twenty-eight years old, extraordinarily handsome, tall, and moral. The New York World on its front page on Saturday, August 6, 1898, chronicled the first kiss, which started the young women of America kissing Lieutenant Hobson, and which won for him the earned sobriquet, "the most kissed man in America." The World's story ran:

"Lieut. Hobson was the hero of Long Beach last night, where he went as the guest of Lawyer Edward J. Gavegan, of this city.

"His reception was such as to test the modesty of any hero, but the Lieutenant bore himself with graceful composure until Miss Arnold, of St. Louis, the prettiest girl at the hotel, ran up to him and cried impulsively:

"'May I kiss you?'

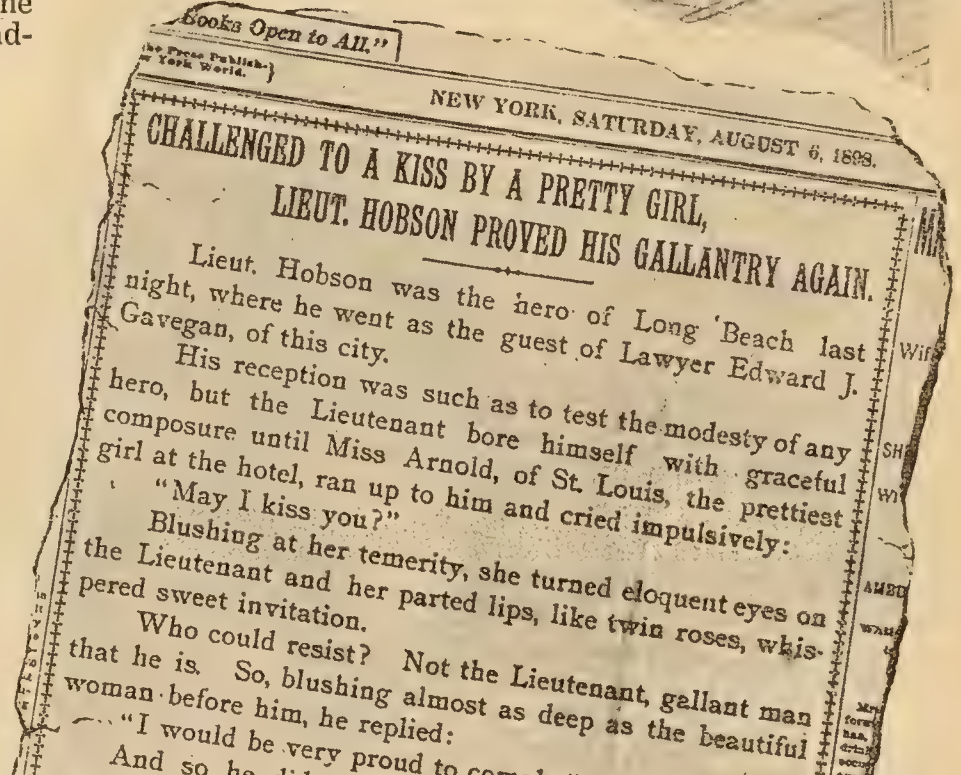
"Blushing at her temerity, she turned eloquent eyes on the Lieutenant and her parted lips, like twin roses, whispered sweet invitation.

"Who could resist? Not the Lieutenant, gallant man that he is. So, blushing almost as deep as the beautiful woman before him, he replied:

"'I would be very proud to comply.'

"And so he did. As their lips met the people who were pressing around clapped their hands with delight. Thus Lieut. Hobson's gallantry was proved again."

This began the wave of kissing Hobson, and wherever he went in public women rushed up to him and kissed him, and it was noticed that he did not discourage them. One enterprising newspaper reporter recorded that in Kansas City alone 417 women had kissed Hobson at one meeting, but the number was denied indignantly by a Kansas City woman, who wrote to the editor about it. During the fall and winter of 1898 Hobson went about the country and was kissed, or he kissed, wherever he went. The reporter of the Philadelphia Inquirer insisted that Hobson "kissed fully two hundred women on the platform at Topeka."



"Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.

CHALLENGED TO A KISS BY A PRETTY GIRL, LIEUT. HOBSON PROVED HIS GALLANTRY AGAIN.

Lieut. Hobson was the hero of Long Beach last night, where he went as the guest of Lawyer Edward J. Gavegan, of this city.

His reception was such as to test the modesty of any hero, but the Lieutenant bore himself with graceful composure until Miss Arnold, of St. Louis, the prettiest girl at the hotel, ran up to him and cried impulsively:

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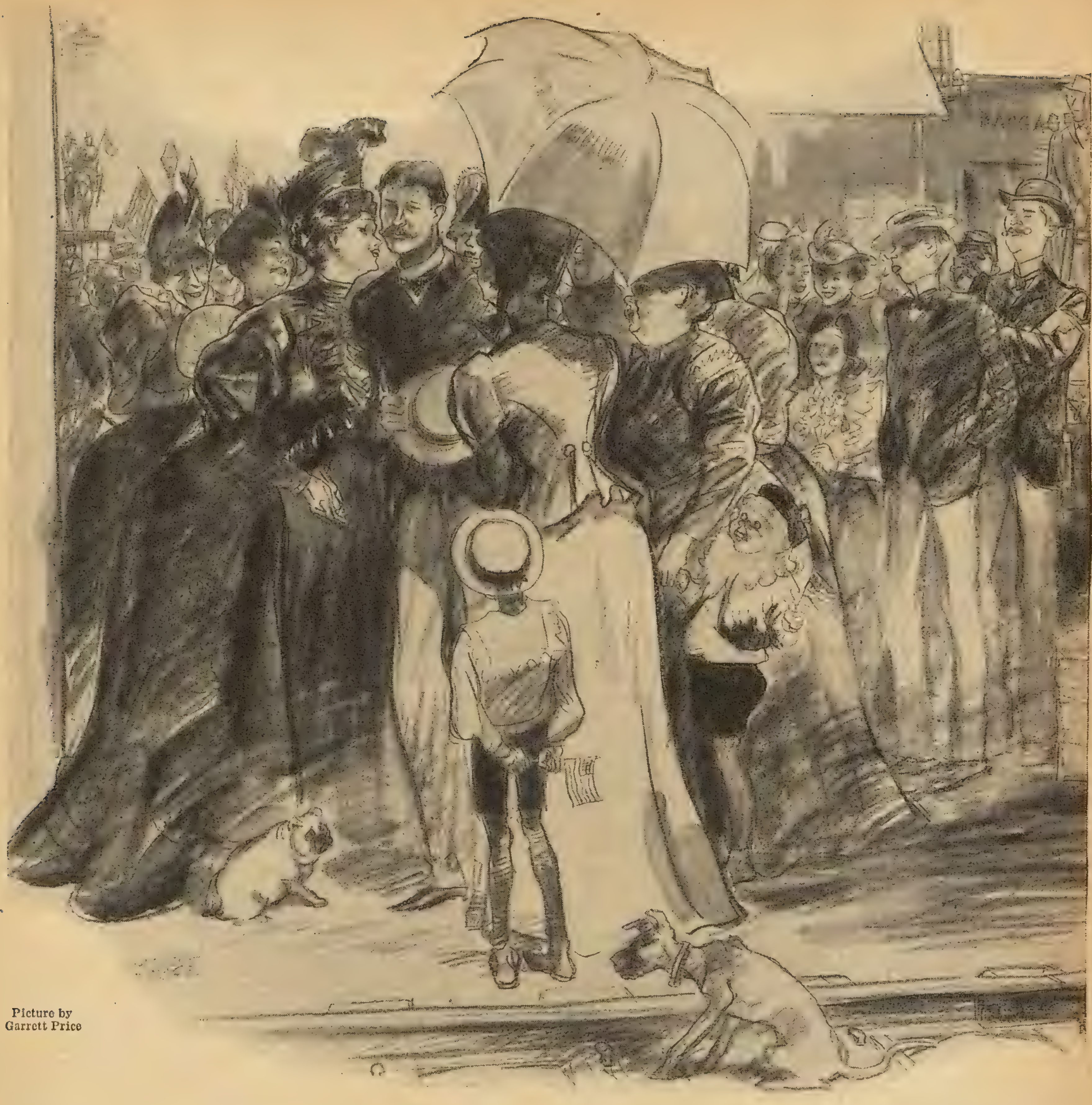
"I would be very proud to comply."

And so he did. As their lips met the people who were pressing around clapped their hands with delight. Thus Lieut. Hobson's gallantry was proved again.

The New York World's report of the first of the real kisses.

From all over the country for several years there came reports that he was engaged to be married. Portland, Oregon, had him engaged to a Miss Lulu Lobdell of that



Picture by
Garrett Price

Wherever he went in public women kissed him, and it was noticed that he did not discourage them.

city, and Augusta, Maine, insisted on the same day that he was to marry one of its girls. Bloomington, Illinois, Winona, Minnesota, Dayton, Ohio, Waco, Salt Lake City, and Macon were some of the cities each of which sent out a flowery report on July 28, 1902, that Hobson was engaged to a local beauty. He was finally married in May, 1905, to Miss Grizelda Houston Hull of Tuxedo Park, New York, and among the wedding presents was the key which had locked his cell in the Morro and a piece of wood from the Merrimac.

"NOW what can the United States do for the young hero?" asked a writer in 1898. "Very little. He did not do it for money, like a soldier of fortune, nor for glory, like a Frenchman, but for the prosaic yet heroic reason that he wanted to do a good service to his country. It was mere duty. Yet his country will want to reward him. We have not any legion of honor in which he could be made commander and whose button would everywhere advertise his distinction. We cannot gazette him a baronet, nor even give him any order or decoration, for we have no such things and ought not to. Congress can thank him; it might even order a special medal, but it could not give him a ribbon or a grant of money."

Congress and the writer did not need to worry. Lieutenant Hobson and the public took care of the rewards. The public worshiped him for a short time, and since then Lieutenant Hobson has been using that worship to further various causes which he sincerely believes to be of transcending importance, and in the course of those efforts he has also managed very well for himself.

After the women stopped kissing Hobson, and after the newspapers began to forget him, he was raised ten numbers in the ranks of naval constructors, and was made a captain. But naval constructors in the United States Navy were not paid by rank, but by length of service, and therefore Hobson received no increase in pay. The man who sank the Merrimac was put in charge of raising the wrecks of Spanish ships, and in the course of this duty he went to China to superintend the repairing of the Spanish ships incapacitated by Admiral Dewey's fleet.

While in China he had trouble with his eyes, and when he returned to the United States he was attacked by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Barber Shop in the famous
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Philadelphia, Pa.
and many other leading barber shops now use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

"No more *tender*face from shaving"

say Bellevue-Stratford barbers

"IN ALL our long experience we have never found a shaving preparation that gave such complete satisfaction as Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

"Lifebuoy brushes quickly into a rich, heavy, creamy lather. Our barbers say it softens the beard better than anything they have ever seen. And even our most discriminating customers marvel at how comfortable their faces feel after a 'Lifebuoy Shave'."

JOSEPH PESSANO & SONS, PROPRIETORS,
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel Barber Shop,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Double-dense lather lubricates

Men everywhere are turning to Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Its lather is so different from ordinary light, bubbly lathers. It is rich, creamy, double-dense. It *lubricates* the skin thoroughly. The razor *glides* over your face—gets off every whisker clean—yet you never feel a trace of pull or friction.

Soothes and heals

Then, too, Lifebuoy Shaving Cream gives the same antiseptic protection as Lifebuoy Health Soap. Soothes and heals. Get the big red tube today. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

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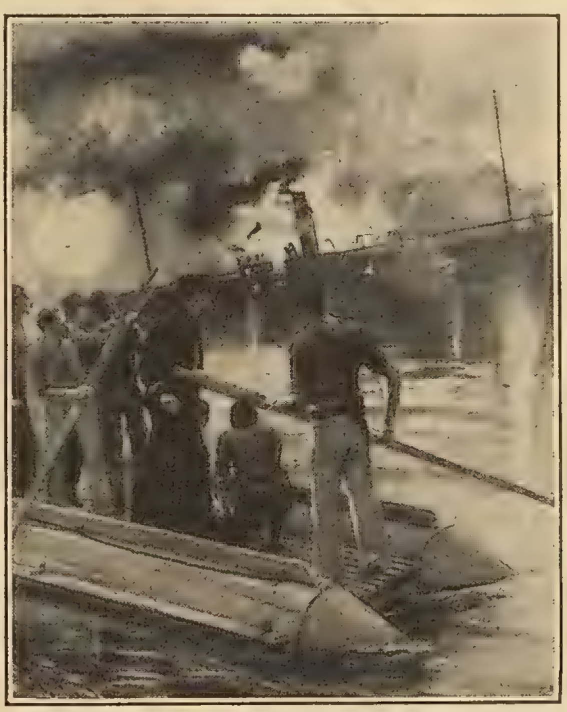
Dept. 132, Cambridge, Mass.
Please send me a 12-day "Show Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

Name..................................
Address................................
City.................State..............

[HOBSON
Continued from page thirty-one]

typhoid fever. After his return he made a statement that was interpreted as a reflection on Admiral Dewey's feat in sinking the Spanish ships, and this caused embarrassment to him and the Navy Department as well as a slight diminution in his popularity, which was already beginning to wane from the height of its extravagance. He was told that if he used his eyes on mathematical calculations and mechanical work he might go blind, and therefore he asked to be retired from active service as a naval constructor.

Captain Hobson has told me that the main reason why he left the navy was that he was convinced that a world war was coming, and that he wished to go to Congress where he could preach preparedness.



Courtesy Harper & Bros.

Corking the Bottle, a picture of Hobson's exploit drawn at the time "from descriptions received." The artist's idea of the scene is all wet, as the heroes actually were.

In 1902, when Captain Hobson applied for retirement from the navy on account of the condition of his eyes, the newspapers, reflecting the public's satiety, had already turned against him. The Staunton, Virginia, News did not see why Captain Hobson should not "hustle for a living like the rest of us," and the New York Times remarked: "The Merrimac affair has no appreciable bearing on the question of retirement. Of course the Captain behaved with striking gallantry when, in the execution of those never-to-be-understood orders, he made his memorable failure, but it was strictly in the line of duty, and hundreds of young officers, and not a few old ones, looked after him with bitter envy as he steamed under the Morro guns. What he did has already been rewarded, not ungenerously, and if Capt. Hobson wants to get out of a service of which he is tired, we . . . would prefer to see him go by the gate of resignation than that of retirement on account of a disability concerning which there seems to be something more than doubt."

IN other words, a deed which, upon its accomplishment, had been hailed as immortal now was a "memorable failure," and the man who had been compared with every one from King Olaf to Cushing of Civil War fame was now viewed as trying to get a pension under false pretenses. Hobson's request to be retired was denied, and in 1903 he resigned his commission.

Captain Hobson's eyes having suffered, he has devoted himself since to the effective use of his vocal powers of persuasion. He had, he told me, foreseen the World War while he was a student in Paris, and from the alignment of the powers in Europe he felt that it would be inevitable. He therefore thought that America must have a huge navy, and that was one of the first causes he devoted himself to after his resignation. In September, 1902, he published in the North American Review an article which he called America Mistress of the Seas.

WHERE Captain Hobson got his statistics he did not mention, but he offered these statements unsupported by evidence: "The average American man is an inch taller than the average Englishman, who is the tallest man in Europe, and the average American eats about twice as much strong food as the average Englishman, who is the best fed man in Europe. The average American wields about 2,000 foot-tons of mechanical energy per day; the average Englishman about 1,500; the average Frenchman and German about 900; and the other averages in Europe are below 500."

From these and other statistics of a like nature Captain Hobson concluded: "Every test goes to show that Americans, with a few generations of free life in a free continent, are already, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, a race of giants." And he summed up: "Thus, with a heavy preponderance of numbers, great superiority of vigor, and matchless natural resources, the United States, compared with other Powers, has stupendous elements of world influence. This world influence can rest only upon sea power." He then pointed out that our markets overseas, as well as our share in the new markets to be opened eventually in the Far East, required a large navy to defend them. He also insisted that we needed the largest navy in the world in order to protect our South American interests and to enforce the Monroe Doctrine.

And then Captain Hobson took up the White Man's Burden in the following words:

> The white race, in possession of the truths of science and the forces of nature, now controls the destinies of the yellow and black races, though these

number nearly three times the entire white race. In the action of the great white nations, controlling the happiness of these hundreds of millions, the United States should have a strong and determining influence. Would it not be selfish and cowardly in us to stand off and see the destinies of these myriads of helpless people dominated by the harsh methods of European monarchies and despotisms? . . .

We are the only completely liberal nation on the earth. Europe has been evolved by series of conquests, the processes of which have left its society stratified, men and women living and dying where they are born, the vast bulk being born peasants. We have been evolved by free processes only, never ruling over others, and never being ruled over ourselves, producing in our body social and politic a homogenous medium, in which men and women rise and fall and seek their levels, according to their relative weights, according to individual force and usefulness, according to individual attainments and worth. Being the only completely liberal nation of the earth we are constituted the champion of free institutions, and the advocate of human liberties for the whole earth.

THEN Captain Hobson suggested that we extend the Monroe Doctrine to make it apply to the Chinese Empire. "It is best for China and for the world," he wrote, "that life and property should be secure and Western methods have free course throughout the empire; but we propose that China shall be opened up as Japan was opened up, by the American method—not as India was opened up, and as Africa is being opened up, by the European monarchical method."

Captain Hobson thought that the United States should take all the yellow and black races by the hand. "In advancing such a doctrine," he continued, "we should render a service not only to the belated races themselves, but to the white nations and the world at large, ourselves included, increasing the industrial productiveness and thereby the commerce of the world, and adding to the intellectual and spiritual progress of the races, which would be a moral asset for the world."

Having made the rest of the world productive on the American plan, Captain Hobson thought we should be in an excellent position to extend the enforced brotherhood of man by giving the rest of the world "our wonderful system of government." But in order that the rest of the world should be taken care of for its own good, we required a huge navy.

Captain Hobson concluded:

As pointed out above, the world influence of our country must rest upon the Navy alone; it is only through a great Navy that we can extend our Monroe Doctrine to China, through it alone can we give effect to our general advocacy of free institutions, to our advocacy of peace, and of the brotherhood of man. Our forefathers and fathers were nobly

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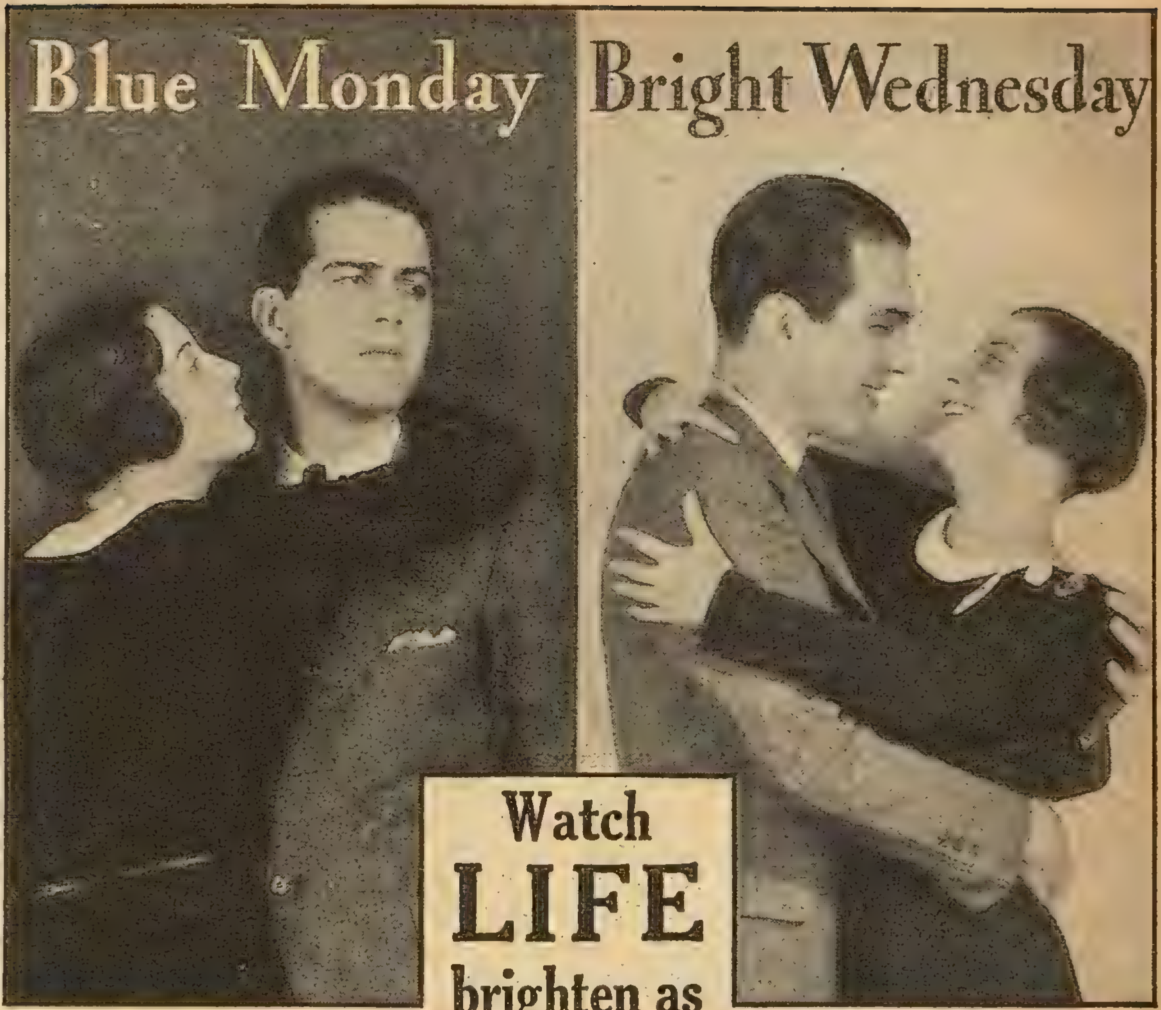

Blue Monday Bright Wednesday

Watch LIFE brighten as

TEETH WHITEN 3 shades in 3 days

when you remove Bacterial-Mouth

DULL teeth that are ugly, yellow and decayed, and receding gums are enemies of beauty, health and happiness. They are telltale signs of a condition offensive to all of us—and inexcusable. Germs sweep into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. They cause the condition known as Bacterial-Mouth. But Kolynos quickly conquers this foe by killing the germs that cause it. The result is astonishing.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. *It multiplies 25 times when it enters the mouth—thus a half-inch of Kolynos is equal in effectiveness to 12 inches of the ordinary toothpaste.* It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the tooth-brush unnecessary.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 10 seconds, 424 million in 60 seconds.*

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay . . . neutralizes acids . . . washes away tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, gums will be firm and healthy.

Look for results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter —fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—sent free.

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Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
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HOBSON
Continued from page thirty-three

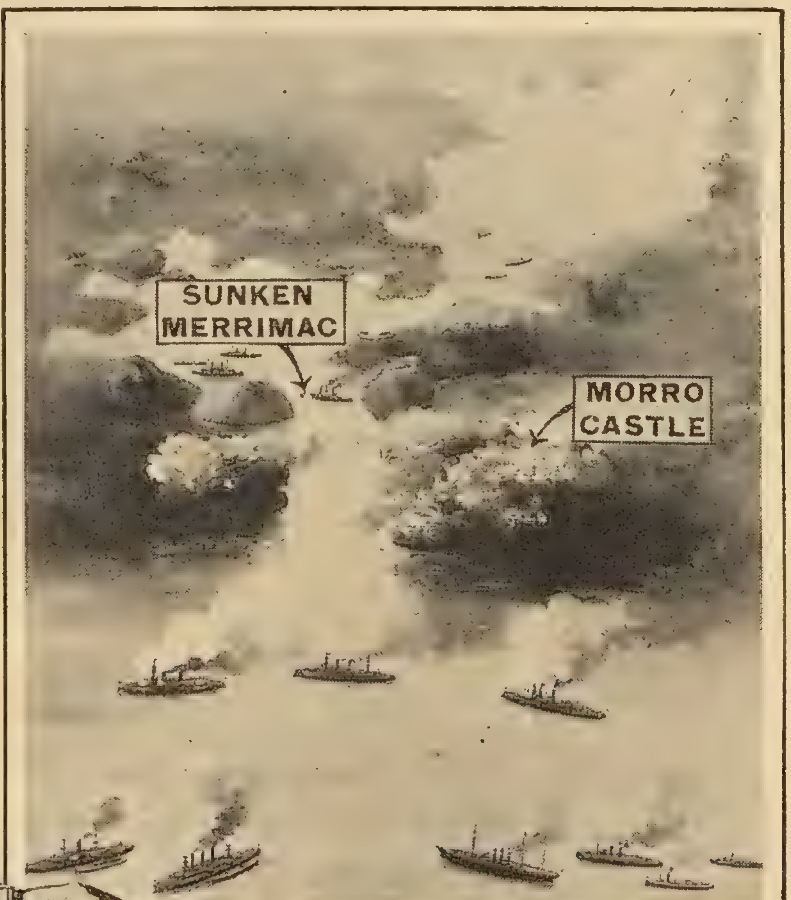
engaged and showed a splendid devotion when they colonized our country, won its independence, founded the government, perfected its institutions and perpetuated the nation. Our country has now graduated, and we of this generation are called upon to shape its course as it steps forth into the world to play its part as a World Power, to inaugurate its career of world service. . . .

To meet these demands of sacred principles that appeal to the conscience, as for those of material interests, the United States should have the largest navy in the world; indeed, the proportions would not be strained if the Navy of the United States equalled the combined navies of the earth.

One can imagine Admiral Hobson, commanding the navy equal to the combined navies of the earth—for he might be induced to command—putting into a Chinese port on his flagship the Busybody. With a megaphone he might shout from the bridge to the startled inhabitants who happened to be yellow: "Good morning, have you used Pears' soap?" And if perchance they had not, a broadside of shells tied with the white ribbons of the W. C. T. U. could demolish the filthy place immediately. What an opportunity, Captain Hobson may have thought as he wrote this essay, to enforce the world-wide prohibition of alcohol and to compel the benighted nations of the earth, in the name of brotherly love and at the point of the bayonet, to give up their opium—for Captain Hobson was already intensely interested in these two evils.

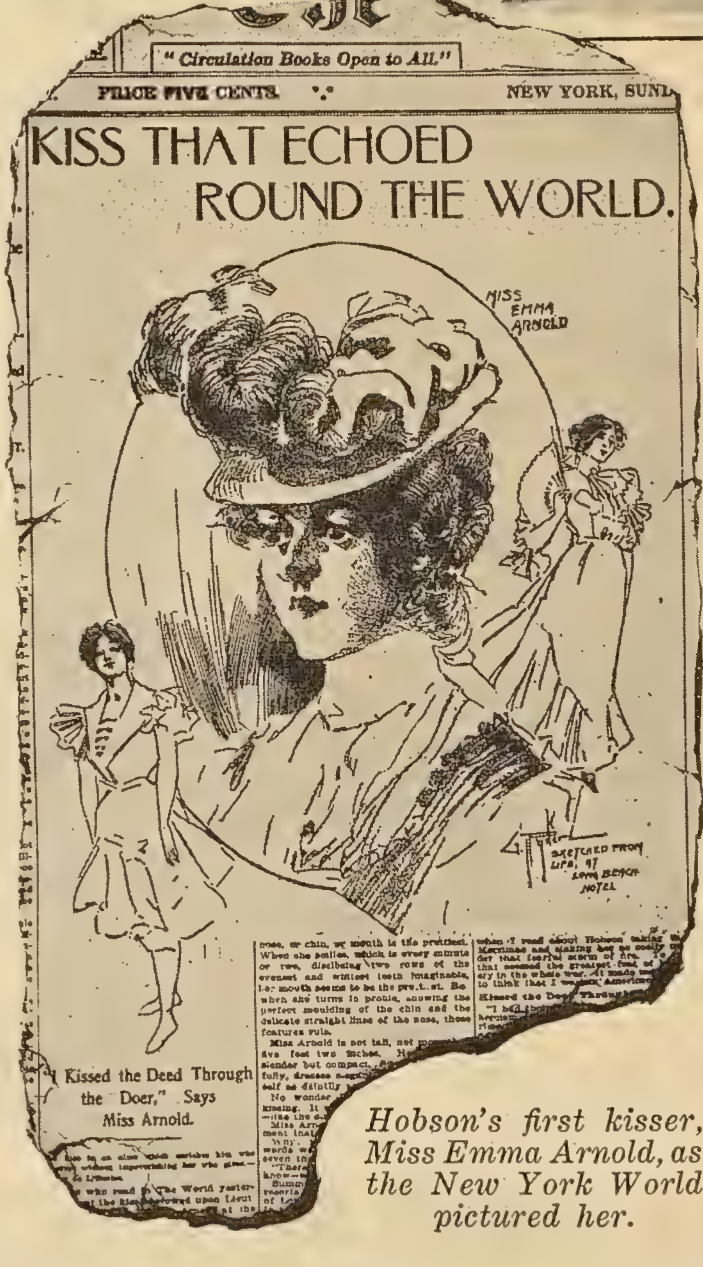
HE concluded his essay by offering practical plans for the consideration of Congress. He urged an appropriation of $30,000,000 each year, beginning with 1903, for new ships, and he urged that this appropriation be increased by $5,000,000 each year until the United States should have a navy larger than the combined navies of the earth.

He admitted the possibility that European nations would not stand still and let our navy surpass theirs, but he calculated that, with the superior wealth and energy and size and force of the American, the United States would be able to surpass any nation on earth in the number and size of its ships by the year 1930, when Congress would be appropriating $165,000,000 each year for the navy.



International photo

A contemporary and fanciful drawing of the shelling of the Santiago defenses by Sampson's fleet.


MISS EMMA ARNOLD
SKETCHED FROM LIFE, AT LONG BEACH HOTEL

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PRICE FIVE CENTS. NEW YORK,

KISS THAT ECHOED ROUND THE WORLD.

"I Kissed the Deed Through the Doer," Says Miss Arnold.

nose, or chin, or mouth is the prettiest. When she smiles, which is every minute or two, disclosing two rows of the evenest and whitest teeth imaginable, her mouth seems to be the prettiest. So when she turns in profile, showing the perfect moulding of the chin and the delicate straight lines of the nose, those features rule.

Miss Arnold is not tall,

Hobson's first kisser, Miss Emma Arnold, as the New York World pictured her.

Captain Hobson's peroration read: "The finger of fate is pointing forward. America will be the controlling World Power, holding the sceptre of the sea, reigning in mighty beneficence with the guiding principle of a maximum of world service. She will help all the nations of the earth. Europe will be saved by her young offspring grown to manhood. The race will work out its salvation through the rise of America. I believe this is the will of God."

THIS essay was written in 1902. I saw Captain Hobson in October, 1929, and he happened to be staying at the same hotel in New York with the British Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, who had come to America to discuss the limitation of naval armaments. I asked Captain Hobson whether he still believed in a huge navy.

"Man's foresight is limited," he answered with a genial smile. "And sometimes it is better to be wrong. I still believe that we ought to have a navy as large as any in the world, but the World War has changed the problem. Now America is industrially so predominant that any nation would hesitate before going to war with the United States and destroying the commerce built up between the two nations. Therefore, there is not so much need of a navy larger than the combined navies of the world. The other nations know that America is not interested in aggression, that all we want is a fair chance. They also know that our industries can be turned rapidly to war purposes if necessary, for we sent 2,000,000 men to Europe in the World War rapidly. They will therefore hesitate before going to war with us, but still for protection against self-interest we ought to keep a navy as large as any other nation. And," he added seriously, "we ought to keep an eye on the Pacific."

After he retired from service in the navy, Captain Hobson made more than 1,000 speeches throughout the country advocating a large navy, and he also spoke in more than 200 cities in favor of an international peace congress. In 1906 Hobson was elected to the House of Representatives from his home district in Alabama. For eight years he remained in Congress and he was a member of the committee on naval affairs. Captain Hobson told me that his main reason for going to Congress was to urge preparedness for the war he had foreseen. He begged Congress to appropriate huge sums for ships larger than any previously built, and he also urged the need for an auxiliary merchant marine.

When he saw the large ships scrapped after the Washington Conference, he told me, he was sad, because he felt that at last, after years of propaganda on his part—and on the part of others—America had a chance to become the mistress of the seas, and that, at the instance of Great Britain, she was throwing this chance away. However, the importance of our becoming mistress of the seas was not so great now, he said, for he realized that air power had become an important factor, and that America was developing to a tremendous degree industrially, partly as the result of the removal of the curse of alcohol.

While he was in Congress there were two other subjects on which Captain Hobson was always ready to talk. One was the war with Japan which he predicted that this country would be engaged in, and the other was the curse of drink. Hobson began to get excited about a possible war between the United States and Japan when he made a private study of the Chinese-Japanese War. He once predicted in Congress that by December, 1911, at latest, Japan would strike the first blow against the United States, and he urged that we prepare. The war, he predicted, would last from five to ten years. On February 20, 1911, he made a speech in the House predicting that war with Japan would come within twenty months. He had written a worried open letter to President Roosevelt on November 21, 1908, in which he urged Roosevelt not to withdraw the fleet from the Pacific Ocean and scolded him for giving in to the Japanese in several instances. Hobson traveled all over the country telling Y. M. C. A. and other lyceum audiences that war with Japan was coming soon, and he urged the Democratic National Convention in 1908 to put something about it in the platform.

HOBSON first became interested in alcohol, he told me, while he was doing research work in connection with his training for the navy. He had always been abstemious personally, he tells us in his book Alcohol and the Human Race, but "the thought that intoxicating liquors were really built up of the excretions of living organisms removed all glamour from the cup, and produced a reaction of loathing." Alabama was considering adopting an amendment to its constitution enacting prohibition when Hobson was first a candidate for Congress, and he was asked for a statement of his views. At first, he told me, he thought that the constitution should contain only fundamental principles, and that such laws should be left to the police powers of the state, but he soon came to the conclusion that alcohol was such a dangerous menace that it should be prohibited by the constitution.

Ethyl alcohol, Captain Hobson assured me, was almost as much a poison as her sister methyl, and the poison was so gradual and deceptive that the victim of it did not realize how it was working its way into his germ plasm and undermining his vitality. When Captain Hobson realized this, he came to the conclusion that in order that the human race might be given a chance, at least in young America, to grow, this danger to its development must be eradicated by the removal of the saloon. For ten years Captain Hobson was one of the principal speakers of the Anti-Saloon League, and for his undying interest in the cause he received from that organization, between the years 1914 and 1922, $171,250. He was one of its most popular speakers, for people were still anxious to see and to hear the Man Who Sank the Merrimac and the Most Kissed Man in America; also, Captain Hobson's delivery is effective. In Congress he kept introducing the Hobson resolution which called for an amendment to the United States Constitution making the sale of alcoholic drinks illegal.

Captain Hobson's use of statistics in his work for prohibition was peculiar. "Last year," he told Congress on February 2, 1911, "on an average, each saloon in the United States was the cause of the death of three men. This year each saloon, on the average, will kill three men." He concluded: "In the full light of the facts, I cannot look upon any saloon otherwise than as an assassin, the most barbarous, atrocious of assassins. It is vain to plead that the men who drink are responsible for the slaughter. They drink because the drug is kept in their presence. No amount of suffering will cause them to stop, or will warn others away. Meat with strychnine placed along the streets will kill the dogs. No terrible examples will have any effect. The fact of the poisoned meat being placed on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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We told men, as we tell you here: "Don't buy—yet. Let us prove our product's outstanding merit by sending you enough for a fair test at our risk. *You* be the judge."

Millions took us up and Palmolive Shaving Cream is today the world's largest selling. For 86% of those who tested it found what they had long sought. They became wedded to this remarkable new shaving cream.

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Now we ask you to mail the convenient coupon for your test. Even if you usually do not send coupons, please mail this one. We promise you great things. But *we* take the risk of convincing *you*. Clip it now.

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S. S. Pennland and *S. S. Westernland,* carrying Tourist Third Cabin as the highest class on board in former Cabin accommodations. No higher class carried. *S.S. Minnekahda,* carrying Tourist Third Cabin exclusively. The ships of democracy.

*Quoted from a passenger's letter to us.

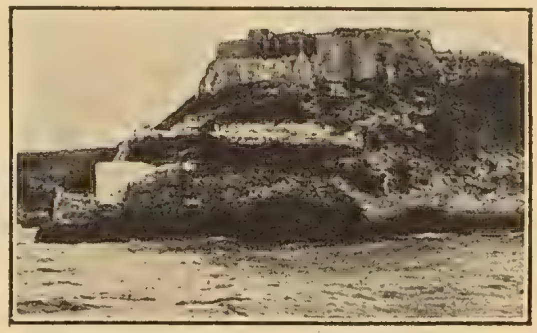
30 Principal Offices in the United States and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
International Mercantile Marine Company

[HOBSON
Continued from page thirty-five]

the street is the cause of the destruction. When this remarkable seductive poison of alcohol is placed along the streets in saloons, men will take it. The fact of its being in the street is the real cause of its being taken. Irrespective of the question of the responsibility for its existence, the saloon is fundamentally an assassin."

The opinion of Captain Hobson and his Anti-Saloon League associates is that men are forced into the liquor habit by the selling of drink, rather than that drink is sold because men wish it. Their attitude is hit off very well by that American song known as Charlie Case's Song:


The Morro Castle at the Santiago harbor entrance.

There was once a poor young man who was leaving his country home,
And going to New York to look for work.
He promised his old mother that he'd shun all evil companions
And never take a drink in all his life.
When he got to New York he accepted a position in a quarry,
And while there he made the acquaintance of some college students.
He little thought that they were demons, for they wore the best of clothes,
But clothes do not always make the gentleman.

One night he met the friends and they invited him to drink,
But he thought of his promise and said "No."
But they laughed and they jeered and they said he was a coward,
Until finally he drank a glass of lager beer.
When he saw what he had done he dashed the glass to the floor,
And staggered to the door with delirium tremens,
And while crazed with the liquor he met a Salvation Army lass,
And savagely he broke her tambourine.
All she said was "Heaven bless you," as she placed a mark upon his brow,
With a kick she had learned before she had been saved.
So, kind friends, take my advice and shun the fatal glass of beer,
And don't go around breaking people's tambourines.

STUDY of authorities throughout the world led Captain Hobson to conclude in his book concerning alcohol that "the result of all averages and estimates known showed it to be the greatest single cause of death." It also, he insisted, had a destructive effect upon the glands of reproduction, and he wrote that the experiments on guinea pigs which Dr. Charles R. Stockard of Cornell University had made proved undoubtedly that "if one parent is an alcoholic, no matter if all the rest of the ancestry is free from the taint, nevertheless the family may become sterile and extinct with the fourth generation."

"Temperate drinking," Captain Hobson insisted, "in the family multiplied many fold the cases of miscarriage, early abortion, and of children born dead. . . . Evidences of increased degeneracy, of weakness of mind, of body, and of morals, continued to appear in the children which survived.

"No normal person," Captain Hobson concluded, "would knowingly or carelessly strike a death blow at the chain of life for which he is trustee."

Alcohol, according to Hobson, interfered with the education of children, because their parents, under the influence of the drink habit, conformed only to the minimum compulsory educational requirements. He also maintained that it had been proved by statistics that the children of temperate drinkers learned their lessons with more difficulty than the children of total abstainers.

ALCOHOL, Hobson wrote, was also a great factor in the antagonism between capital and labor, and was the cause of much political corruption. Liquor also banished religion from the life of the people, he claimed, and he attributed the fall of nations to the curse of drink, and was readily convinced that "the supreme tragedy of human existence has not been due to the antagonism of nature's cold or heat nor of wild beasts, jungles, storms, volcano, earthquake, war, or pestilence; but overwhelmingly more than all these combined, to alcohol and its certain fruit, degeneracy." Alcohol, weakening his powers, prevented the advance of the white man in the tropics and in the polar regions, according to Hobson.

"The only other poison," Hobson wrote, "which approaches alcohol in its direct, persistent, deadly assault upon the germ plasm is syphilis; and this scourge is the boon companion of drink. Alcohol prepares the way for its infections by deadening the moral sense, unleashing the lower passions, suspending self-respect, judgment, and prudence, and lowering the resistive vitality of the body. Alcohol is the original, inflammatory cause of the infection of most of those who are carriers of this and kindred diseases, the primary cause of the condition of feeble-minded, unbalanced female sex-perverts, and of those women and girls who, though of sound mind, were taken advantage of through the temporary suspension of their higher faculties as the result of drink. This cannot be questioned."

To support these large statements

Hobson gave the estimates of Dr. Douglas White of England, Dr. Forel of France, and Dr. Haven Emerson of the United States, who stated respectively that 80 per cent, 76 per cent, and 75 per cent of all cases of venereal diseases were acquired under the influence of drink. But he did not say how the doctors arrived at their estimates. The estimates were sufficient for Captain Hobson, who thereupon came to this conclusion: "As the chief fundamental cause of immorality, alcohol is the mother of venereal disease. Mother and whelp are continually stalking through the land and, not in the slums alone but in tens of thousands of good homes, are tearing to pieces with foul fangs the holy weft of which nature weaves new lives."

Not only did alcohol, according to Hobson, degenerate the mind, kill the race, and breed disease, but it also made man a bad breadwinner and led to bachelorhood. "Alcohol," Hobson wrote, "by its brutalizing effect on man's nature, tends to turn him back from the natural normal inclination in a Christian civilization to mate with, marry, and live in wedlock with one woman, toward a lower civilization and toward a promiscuity like that of the lower animals. Of course, there are many striking and some noble cases of self-sacrifice in the single life, arising from other causes, but, on the whole, alcohol is the principal cause of bachelorhood, resulting in the voluntary ending of so many chains of life that God and nature intended to go on till the end of time yielding blessings to the world."

But even if a man should not be prevented from marrying, as a result of his indulgence in beer, wine, or whisky, Hobson offered this as his confirmed opinion of the result of such indulgence: "The general effect of alcohol is the same even when it does not prevent wedlock. It tends to incapacitate a man for the highest reproduction, debases love to the level of lust, removes the restraints of reason and conscience, and causes most of the marital infidelity of the world." Under the circumstances Captain Hobson believes "that no human being can have any natural or inherent right to drink liquor."

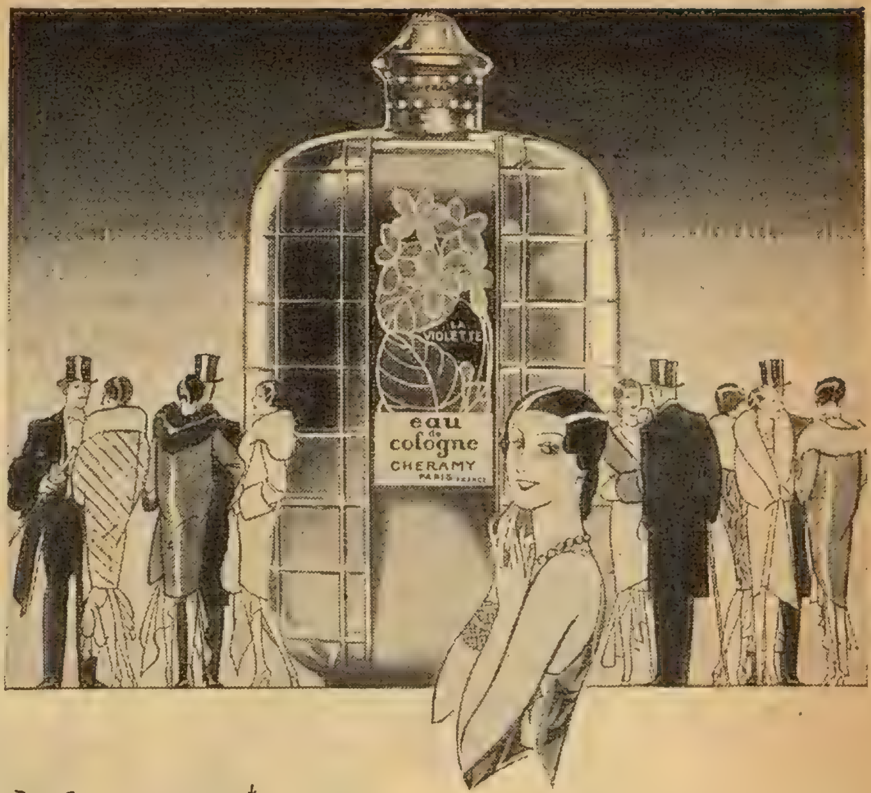
I ASKED Captain Hobson whether he had any ideas concerning how prohibition could be enforced. "Education," he answered. "I broke with the Anti-Saloon League because they were not stressing education sufficiently. The saloons have been removed, and that is a great help, but the important thing is to educate people, and especially the young, so that they will no longer desire to drink, and to give them the proper fear of alcohol. President Hoover has said that four-fifths of the drunkenness has been eliminated, and I would put it even higher; I should say seven-eighths. The saloon is no longer present to stimulate drinking."

While he was in Congress, Captain Hobson wrote one million and a half letters to boys in schools on the dangers of alcohol, and sent them out under his franking privilege as a Congressman. He also sent out to the youth of the land more than two million copies of his main speech on alcohol, which he entitled The Great Destroyer. Some Congressmen hinted that Representative Hobson was abusing the franking privilege.

In that speech Hobson said: "The enemy by ruse attempts to shake the spirits of our forces by saying, 'Prohibition does not prohibit.' . . . Shrewd word is also passed along our ranks, especially to the worrying, that 'Prohibition cannot prohibit.' Let us fling this back in the teeth of the enemy. It is nothing less than a boast that the nation is already lost. Let us put it before our ranks as the cry of pirates who have boarded the ship of state. . . .

"We can all go forward in the great war with a song in our hearts, each to do his full duty, whether as an officer or as a private in the ranks, knowing that whatever betide, whether the heavens fall or the earth melt away, whether we see the victory or die in the conflict, that 'the Lord of Hosts is with us,' that 'the God of Jacob is our refuge.'"

In next week's Liberty Mr. Werner will conclude his account of Captain Hobson's career with an outline of his current activities as a foe of the drug evil.



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That you may know the magic of this Body Lotion, send for a free generous flacon of Cheramy Eau de Cologne. Simply mail the coupon below—designating the parfum you desire.

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At Horsehead

Hoffman
N. MEX.

A Love Story of the Old Southwest

By

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

who didn't begin writing fiction until he was thirty-three and had back of him a varied experience in the Klondike gold rush, as a "hard rock" man on the Cascade Tunnel, and with the cowboys on the Montana ranges. He is an authority on the history of the old West. His wife, he says, is also his teacher and collaborator.

Pictures by FRANK HOFFMAN

IT was a spring evening in San Antone. Beside the veranda of the long adobe house there was a strip of garden; beyond the garden, a wall of sun-dried bricks which shut away the street. Here the air was heavy with the grateful scents of water, fresh grass, and old-fashioned flowers. The rising moon brought a half light, as faint as the throbbing of a guitar which some Mexican was plucking under his inamorata's window over in the next square. One of those magic evenings back in the late seventies when the old town was still an outpost, a point of departure for bold adventurers.

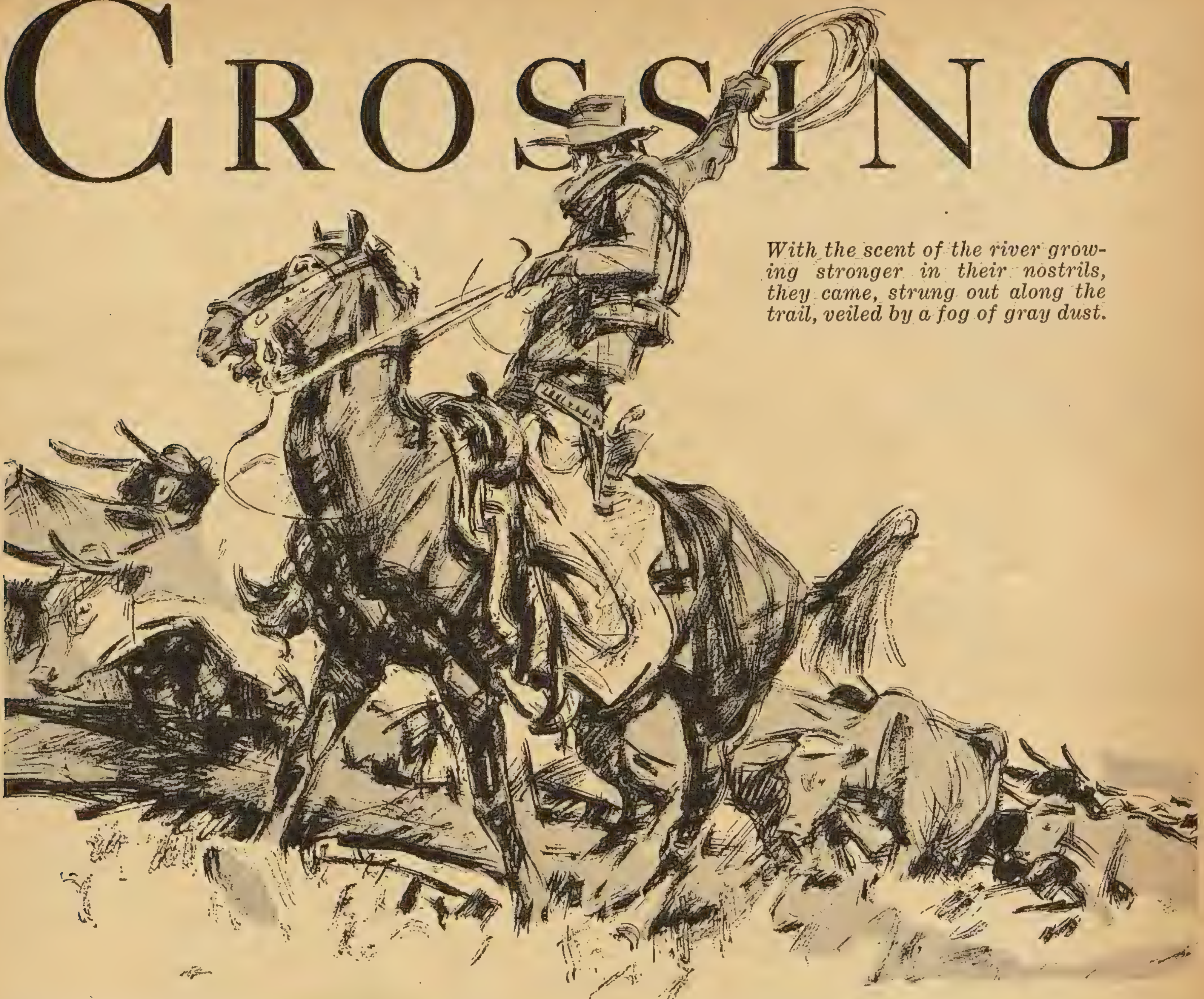
The shadow which enwrapped her hid the softness of Barbara's eyes, the warmth of color which had come into her cheeks, the rising and the falling of her breast. It inclosed her like a veil through which her vivid beauty made its presence felt, the more alluringly because its details remained obscured. The moonlight was upon Bill Savage, sitting bolt upright as in the saddle, a rigid figure, with the misery of his suspense written upon his features, and with the pain of great longing in his eyes.

Over in the Big Bend country his men were gathering his herd for the long drive to Arizona. In a few days he would be in the saddle, with his face turned toward the west, with the lowing of the cattle in his ears, the pungent scent of dust in his nostrils, and the unexpected always waiting somewhere ahead, to be conquered or to overwhelm him. But on this evening an issue larger than any of the hazards of that trail through no man's land confronted him. For he had just asked Barbara to be his wife. And, while he sat there waiting for her answer, his chest had tightened until it did not seem as if he could take another breath.

He was thinking—what he had not realized before he said those words—how much this was that he was asking of her. To wait for his return from Arizona in late summertime. Then to set forth with him beyond the Pecos, where, as men said, there was no law; across the White Sands desert and the lonely Journado del Muerto; on through the sun-flayed valleys and the savage mountains where the Apaches lurked and bleak-eyed renegades from all parts of the Southwest had found sanctuary. To make her home at the long journey's end in a land where every man went armed that he might live. And he was thinking how fresh her beauty was; how harsh the sun and wind and the ordeals of daily life out there where he was asking her to go.

During this moment while she was withholding her answer, Barbara was thinking of that harsh and silent land—of tales that had come back from those lonely reaches when Bill Savage had ridden there before. Tales of cattle thieves who had looted the herds of other drovers; of outlaws who had gone where they pleased and done their wills unchallenged. Until this tight-lipped man, whose narrow eyes always softened with dumb tenderness

CROSSING



With the scent of the river growing stronger in their nostrils, they came, strung out along the trail, veiled by a fog of gray dust.

when they met hers, had crossed their paths; had sent them on their journeys to hell or exile. Tales which had brought her pride when she had listened to them. The pride which helps to pave the way for love. But now, with the fullness of that love, she looked ahead.

"Before I promise to marry you, there's a promise I want from you."

He leaned toward her and hope shone in his eyes.

"You've done your part in cleaning up the country, Bill. Now let the others handle it. I love you too much to have you leave me and I not knowing whether I will ever set eyes on you alive again."

"I never hunted trouble in my life," he told her swiftly.

She shook her head.

"You've fought more than one fight for others," she said firmly. "While you were single it was right. But if you want me for your wife, you've got to promise not to fight unless the fight is forced on you."

So, in the softness of the moonlight, he gave his promise.

ONE morning, two weeks after he had made that promise, Bill Savage left his three thousand longhorns in charge of the foreman and struck out ahead for the Horsehead Crossing. Some one back in the Big Bend country had told him the trail was fenced near by the ford this year. A fence meant the likelihood of trouble; and trouble in those days was very apt to be accompanied by powder smoke. With the idea of avoiding such complications he was riding on to reconnoiter. It was his intention to spend the night at Toad Jackson's store beside the river and, having gathered such information as he could, to ride back to meet the oncoming cattle on the morrow.

Morning was wearing on toward noon when he came down from the lonely plateau to the second bench land where Tom Fenton's cabin stood, hard by a little lake. Sod walls and a dirt roof and a two-year-old baby playing before the door. Bill Savage's tight lips relaxed and his eyes grew softer as they fell upon the child.

Then the mother appeared upon the threshold. A girlish figure and a pretty face; such a face was meant to be alight with laughter or with love. But the light in the eyes was the unmistakable flicker that is born of dread. She was holding one slender hand, palm outward, before her brow. So she came hurrying to the doorway at the sound of the hoofs; but when she saw the rider the hand dropped to her side; relief erased the terror, and the color returned to her cheeks.

"Howdy." Bill Savage reined up his pony. "I hope I didn't scare yo'."

"I didn't think it was a stranger; there's so few come."

Her answer left him food for speculation, but, in this country where every man's business was peculiarly his own, to indulge in conjectures of that sort was dangerously ill breeding.

In those days, throughout the lands west of the Mississippi, when you alighted from your horse before a cabin, it might be for an hour or for a month. You were not asked, nor did you tell unless you chose. The drover dismounted.

"Nice water yo' got here." He nodded toward the little lake. She smiled and now her eyes were soft with the pride of ownership.

"There's another pool five miles north." If she had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

been long in the Southwest, he told himself, she would have called it a *laguna*. He dropped the reins and dived to seize the two-year-old, who was making for the pony at a staggering run.

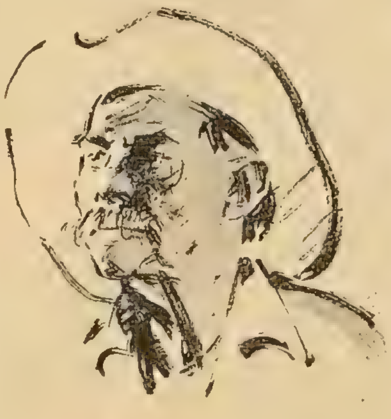
"Dinner," she announced from the doorway, "will be ready directly. I'm afraid you won't make out much of a meal. You see, my husband is away looking for some stray horses and I don't expect him back before tomorrow. I wasn't looking for visitors." With which apology she retired within the sod cubicle, leaving her guest prostrate upon his back and her small son astride his chest.

"He's going to make a rider some day," Bill Savage called when she reappeared on the threshold for a bit of fresh air. "Look how he clamps down his laigs when I go to buck him off."

Her smile was radiant.

"That's what his daddy says. Look out, Tommy! Mustn't touch that pistol."

Bill Savage unlocked his grim lips—which was for him a considerable outburst of mirth—as he unclasped the little fingers from the revolver butt.



"Some day yo'll wear a gun of your own, Tommy, and learn to handle it," said he. By the manner of her speaking that word horses—and by her naming the weapon as she did—he was now certain that she was newly come and from the north. Some time later, while he was eating his dinner in the close room, with the two-year-old opposite him on a homemade high chair and little Mrs. Fenton alternating between the table and the hot cookstove, he mentioned his errand at the Horsehead Crossing.

"They tell me some fellow has fenced the trail and yo' got to swing off to make the drive down to the ford." As he was speaking he looked up. Her color had fled; the girlish features were all pinched; and the light of fear was in her eyes again.

"It's Harding." She spoke the name in a whisper. "I wish—" The whisper died and she looked over her shoulder toward the doorway, as if in dread of seeing some one there before the threshold. And then Bill Savage knew whose arrival she had been fearing when she heard him riding up a half an hour before. But he said nothing more on the subject and the color gradually returned to her cheeks.

She told him how she and her husband had come from Iowa last fall; how they had bought the brand and the range that went with it. She spoke of their high hopes and of the loneliness of the long days on these tawny uplands. Later, when he rode away, he turned in the saddle to wave good-by and saw her standing in the doorway with the baby clinging to her skirt. His lips were clamped down tighter than usual as he traveled on toward Horsehead Crossing.

AFTERNOON was growing late when the beaten way on which the herds traveled came down to the river bottom and he found the fence. A flimsy barrier of poles, it barred the trail. Here, where he drew rein, the fresh tracks of vehicles and stock swung off at a sharp angle, to follow it for half a mile, then to round its corner and approach the river. An unpleasant light shone in the drover's eyes as he studied the abandoned road, which stretched straight as a die to the banks of the stream where the store of Toad Jackson was visible under the cottonwoods. He was thinking of what those three thousand longhorns would have done to this obstacle if he had not been forewarned.

"Why in the hell," he asked his pony, "did he build it, anyhow?"

By way of answer the inclosure furnished nothing, save the shallow scars where some one had plowed a patch of the hard earth. Bill Savage shook his head and started on by the detour for Horsehead Crossing. As he was drawing near, he saw a horseman who seemed to be awaiting him before Toad Jackson's store. Closer approach revealed the stranger's face, with its bad mouth and blue eyes.

"This," Bill Savage told himself as he pulled up, "is him, all right." Aloud he said, "Howdy. I reckon that's yo'r fence acrost the trail."

"It's mine. What of it?" The shallow eyes had grown hard and there was a feline twist in the thin lips which set the drover's trigger finger to tingling.

"Got title to the land?" the latter asked.

"What business is that of yourn?" The rotund figure of Toad Jackson appeared within the doorway as Harding made his retort.

"The's a law agin fencing the public range." Bill Savage answered quietly. The forefinger of the other straightened until its tip rested on the butt of his six-shooter.

"This is my title. Any time yo' want to see it, leave me know." There was a histrionic flourish in his manner of making the declaration, which was perhaps due to his audience of one within the doorway of the store.

THE memory of his promise to Barbara occurred to Bill Savage; but there was that in the face of this other which made meekness doubly hard for him.

"I'm drivin' through day after tomorrow," he drawled gently, "and those cows of mine have been neglected when it comes to fences."

"Take my advice"—the eyes of Harding were like two blue marbles now—"an' drive careful when yo' come. For I will be on hand." With which he rode away across the river.

"As to the plowing," Toad Jackson told Bill Savage when the latter had unsaddled, "Harding claims he aims to raise a crop of corn. As to the fence, he says he is going to file on that land some day." He spat and there was that in the manner of his doing it which proclaimed his disbelief. "Supper," he added, "is ready. I put on a place for yo' when I seen yo' comin'."

After the meal they stretched themselves out with their backs against the wall of the house, and the eyes of Bill Savage remained for a long time upon the plowing, turning to a black smudge, half a mile away.

"This Harding bad?" he asked at last.

"One of the kind," Toad Jackson said, "that likes to organize the play before he starts. In Fort Sumner he killed a feller by the name of Roberts. I was there an' seen the body. The bullet went in from behind. Over at White Oaks he shot King Daniles—after throwin' a glass of whisky in his eyes. But I have an idea he will fight if he is crowded."

"I don't get that fence yet," the drover mused after some time had passed.

"When yo' drive through next year," Toad drawled, "it won't be there to bother yo'."

"How come?" The voice of his auditor betrayed awakened interest.

"By then," his host explained, "Harding will be holding down Tom Fenton's place."

Bill Savage's mind went back to the shrinking little figure in the cabin doorway when he had ridden up that noon. He swore softly to himself.

"Harding range," Toad Jackson went on, "lays acrost the river, but he used to run his cattle this side too, before Tom Fenton come along. Then Harding built the fence. When Fenton's cows come down to drink at the river, they break through. Harding shoots them, if he happens to be around; or else rides over to Fenton's and claims damages. If Fenton had good sense—him with a wife an' kid—he would clear out. But he is green an' he is stubborn. The's been hard words. Last time them two met was in front of the store. Harding give Fenton ten days to pay the damages that he allowed was due, or leave the country—or get killed. Yesterday the time was up."

The vision of the frightened woman in the cabin doorway recurred to Bill Savage.

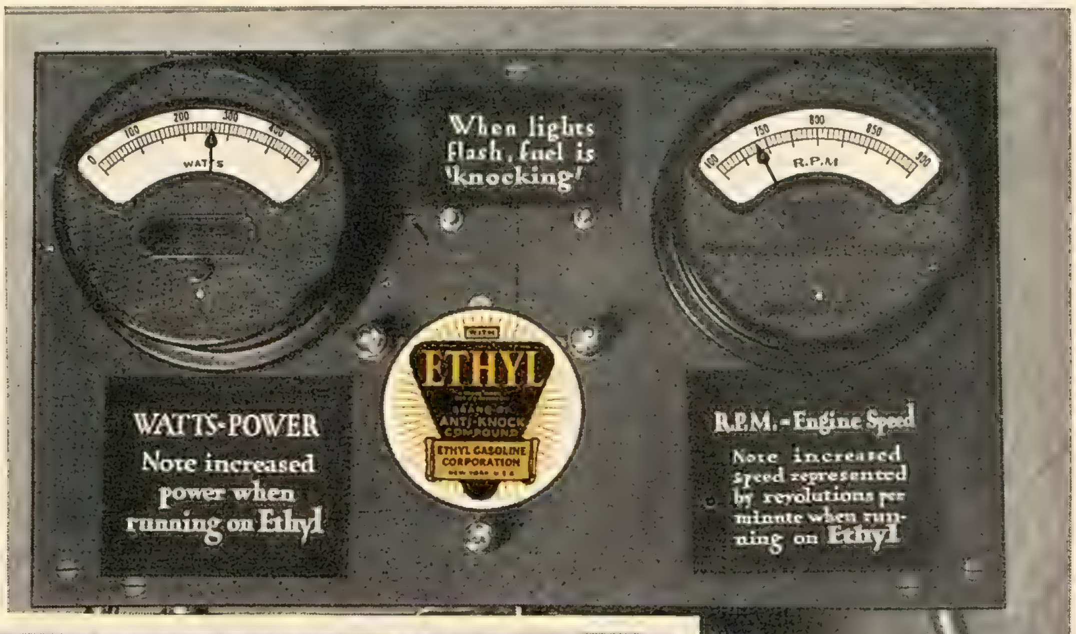
"Fenton stand any show when the play comes up?" he asked.

"No more show than that kid of his," the storekeeper declared quietly. "Don't know how to handle a six-

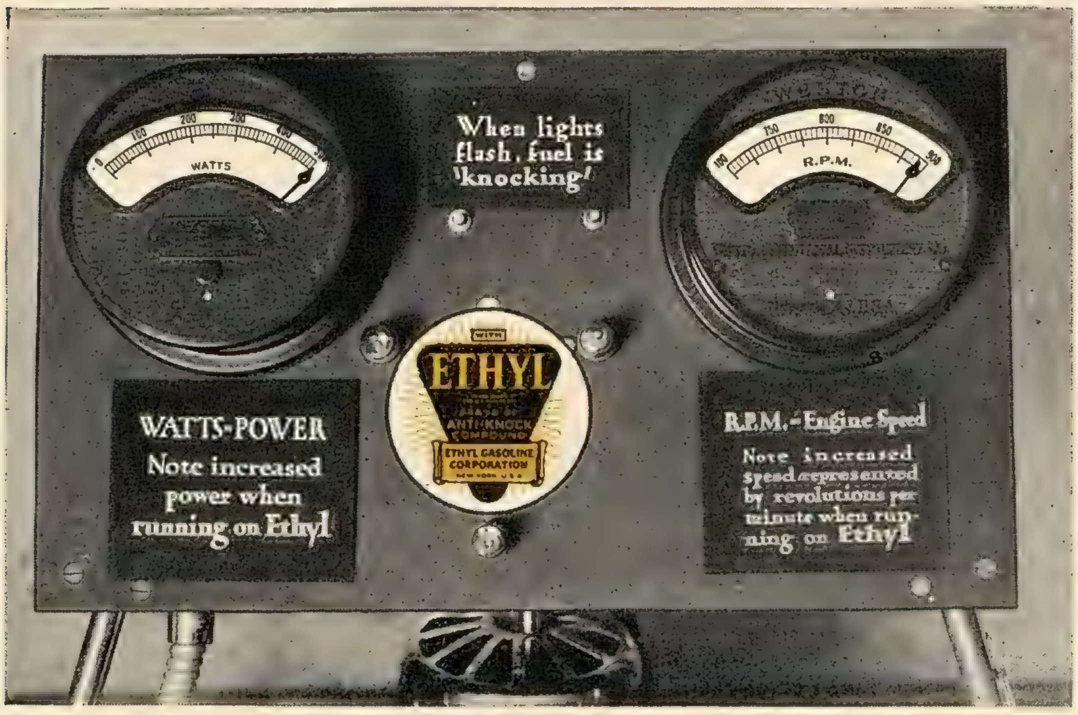
[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

The *proof* that Ethyl develops more power

Right: This is the instrument board of a knock-demonstration machine. The wattmeter (at the left) registers power. The tachometer (at the right) records engine revolutions per minute. When this picture was made, the engine was running on ordinary fuel.


WATTS
When lights flash, fuel is 'knocking'
R.P.M.
WITH ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK U.S.A.
WATTS-POWER Note increased power when running on Ethyl
R.P.M.-Engine Speed Note increased speed represented by revolutions per minute when running on Ethyl

Below: When the lower picture was taken, Ethyl had been fed into the carbureter. The wattmeter shows that the power has risen to the maximum; the tachometer shows a corresponding increase in revolutions per minute.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GOOD GASOLINE *plus* ETHYL FLUID *equals* ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL
GASOLINE

"SEEING is believing." These pictures of a knock-demonstration machine let you *see* how Ethyl Gasoline will increase the speed and power of your motor.

A simple valve switches the fuel from ordinary gasoline to Ethyl and back again. When Ethyl goes in, "knock" goes out, R.P.M.'s (engine revolutions per minute) increase, power goes up. That is how Ethyl improves motor car performance.

It is the Ethyl anti-knock compound in Ethyl Gasoline that makes the difference. This remarkable fluid was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after years of experiment to find an ingredient which would make gasoline a better fuel. Make this convincing experiment in your own car. Use up the ordinary gasoline in the tank; then drive to a nearby Ethyl pump and fill your tank. You'll see and feel the difference.

* * *

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or the brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

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PERFORMANCE

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Here is the brilliant successor of a brilliant forerunner. In every performance test it challenges. The challenge is in speed, in fast get-away, and in hill climbing. It challenges in smoothness and in long car life.

These challenges are made for you to know the facts. Then you, as thousands already have, will tell your friends about this wonderful car.

The reason for this sweeping challenge is its more powerful motor and stancher chassis. Many new design features are included. The lively, nimble action you will experience is intended to continue throughout long hard service. Entirely new is the design and construction of the frame. A rolled edge on the lower flange adds 30% to its strength.

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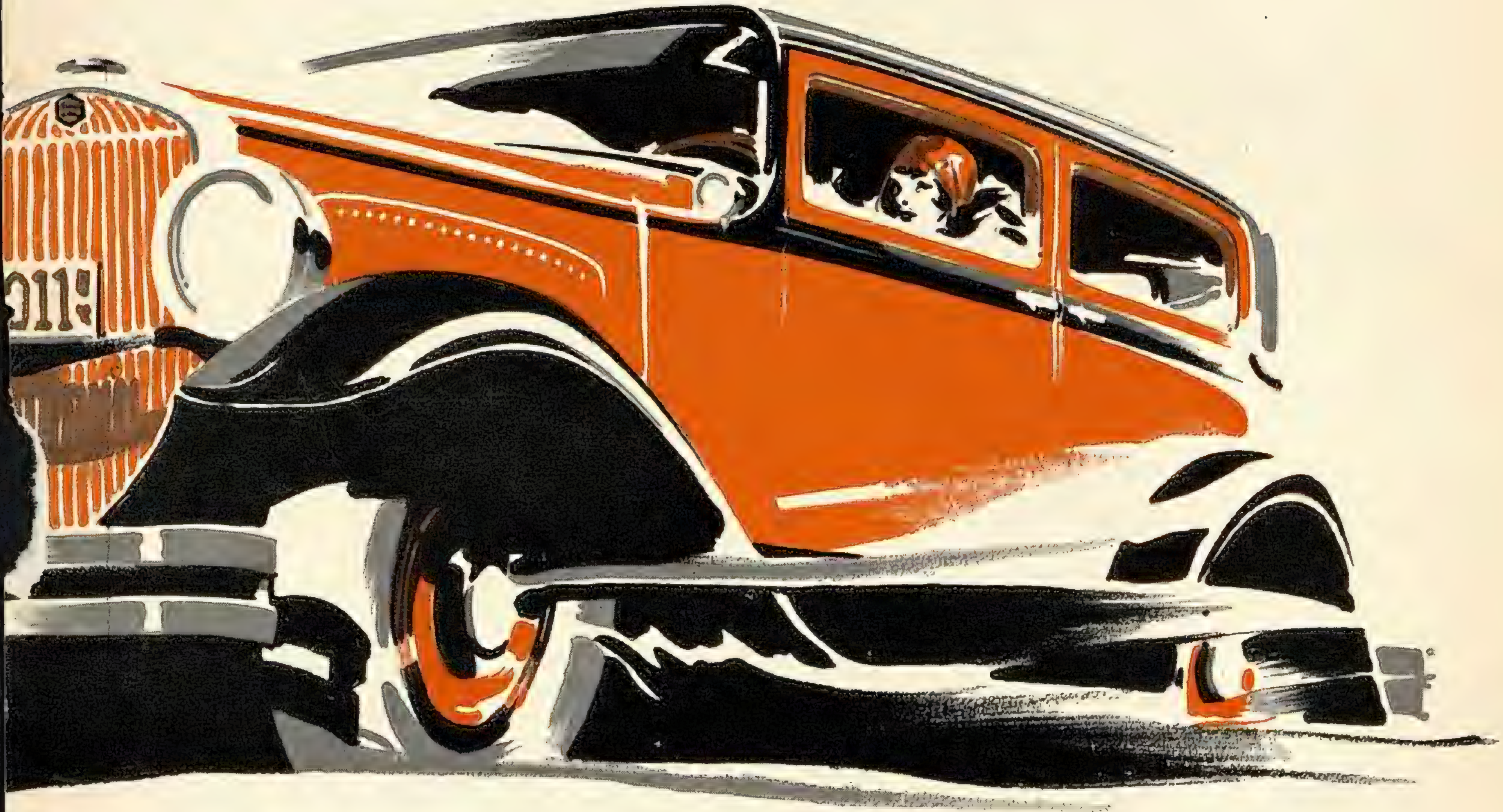
Larger Bodies; Greater Power;—Faster Speed—Added economy. Wide Choice of Colors to Suit Your Own Taste. New Art Body Designs. Four Two-way Shock Absorbers. Radiator Shutters, Electrolock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge.

The ***NEW*** E S

AGAIN !



and VALUE

New axle design overcomes braking stresses and tendency to shimmy. A newly designed manifolding system has increased power without adding to motor size. Other improvements provide for greater smoothness, more quiet operation, easier handling, more comfortable riding.

It challenges too in distinction and well dressed detail. From every point of view, it is totally different and gloriously beautiful. Fittings and upholstery repeat the motif of the exterior. And all is done with infinite care.

You will be proud of the accounting it will make for itself when you put it to the test. Most of all you will be impressed by its low cost. The price is within the reach of everyone.

Challenging

With greater power — quicker get-away — faster speed — more economy.

In distinctive good looks — real values — equipment — reliability — price.

Eight body types — your own choice of many colors. Lowest finance terms available.

SEX *Challenger*

"Sir . . . . we have consolidated our position!"

. . . . precious ground has been won—and held . . . neighboring units have been contacted . . . the new line presents a unified front . . . the weary major of infantry breathes freely again and despatches a runner to Headquarters . . . "Sir . . . we have consolidated our position!"

* * *

Consolidation—it meant so much in modern warfare . . . it means so much in modern business.

Liberty during the past year has made tremendous advances in its field: assimilated circulation gains whose very proportions are of commanding economy. This additional circulation is consolidated —made one with the old.

Publishers know that the occasional announcement of some world-famous contributor or some unusual feature will often cause a temporary upheaval along the graph-line of their circulations. But such few issue gains have not the sustained value that an advertising campaign needs.

For some time prior to 1929, Liberty had been over-sold (not enough copies to supply the demand) at newsdealers across the land. Liberty decided to print more copies and its circulation curve went upward *steadily.* In September it exceeded the 1930 guarantee of 2,250,000 average net paid.

Liberty holds what it has gained.

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

BIGGEST NEWSDEALER
CIRCULATION OF ANY MAGAZINE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

shooter and don’t savvy such skunks as Harding nohow. When the killin’ comes off—an’ yo’ can gamble it won’t be a nice one—the woman will pack up an’ take the kid back to her folks in Iowa. Then Harding he will have the range on both sides of the river once more.” He tossed away the cigarette which he had been smoking. “Me, I never have burned powder in a fight, an’ I am getting old an’ stiff. But sometimes I hone to take a chance.”

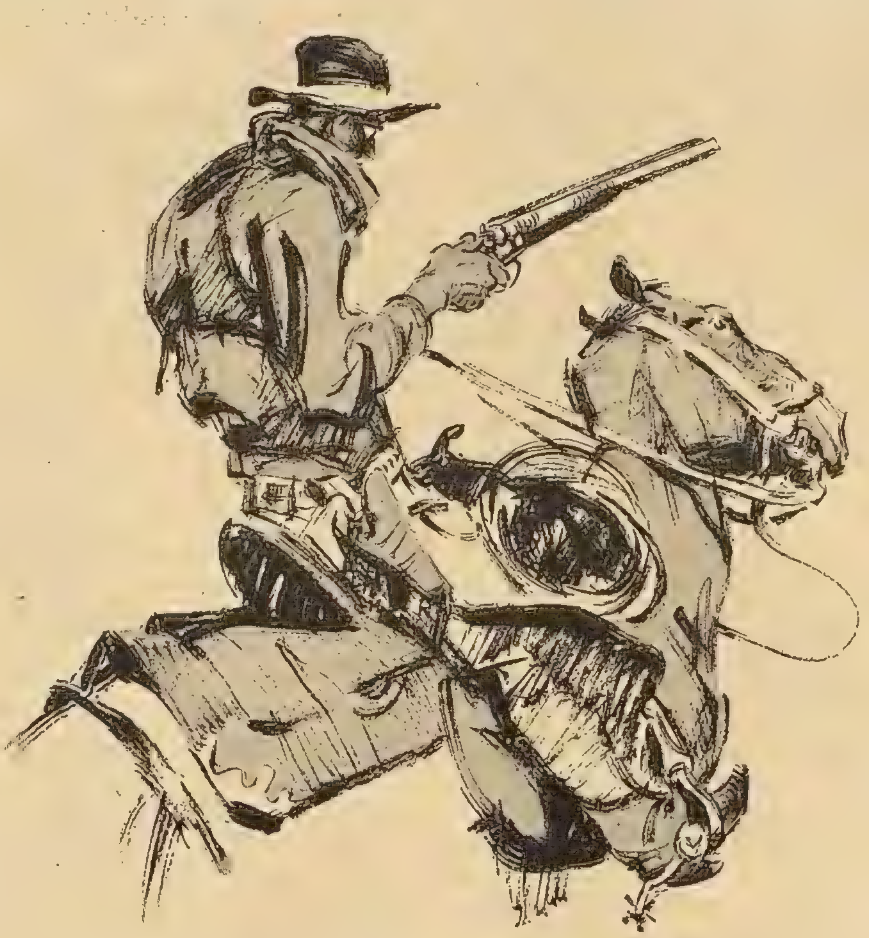
Soon after this they made down their beds out in the open, for the night was warm. During the next two hours Bill Savage, to whom insomnia had heretofore been a stranger, lay looking up at the stars. Always before during this drive, when he had lain in his blankets, the face of Barbara had been vivid in his thoughts. But tonight those faces of the mother and the two-year-old kept coming in between.

“Not to fight unless the fight is forced on you.” He was repeating the words to himself when he dropped off to sleep.

In the morning, when he awakened, they were on his lips. That day, as he rode back to meet the oncoming herd, he said them many times.

“And this,” Bill Savage reminded himself as he passed Tom Fenton’s cabin late that afternoon and saw the baby playing before the door, “ain’t any affair of mine.”

The next day was waning when the herd came on toward the Horsehead Crossing—three thousand lank Texas cattle, gathered from the mesquite bottoms, wild as deer. Ten hours had passed since they had watered at the little lake. Now, with the scent of the river growing stronger in their nostrils and the fervid heat of the long day on the dry uplands behind them, they came, strung out along the trail, veiled by a fog of gray dust which rose before their van and hovered over them. A mass of undulating bodies surging forward like the turbid current of a stream, topped by a froth of gleaming horns, pliant as water, giving forth a deep moaning audible for miles. About its flanks the riders hovered, shrouded in the dust clouds; their voices rose at times, high notes penetrating the uproar of the animals.



Now the shotgun leaped from the rider’s lap toward his shoulder.

SO they came on, with reddened eyes and uplifted muzzles as the grateful odor of the distant river reached their widened nostrils. Where he was riding on the point, with his hat drawn low over his eyes, Bill Savage saw Jesse Fisher, the foreman, whom he had sent on ahead to drive away range cattle and to get the lay of the land, returning at a slow lope from the crossing.

“’Pears like that feller Harding means business,” the foreman announced as he ranged his pony alongside the drover’s buckskin. “He’s down there in Toad Jackson’s store with a sawed-off shotgun; and he said for me to tell yo’ he’s ready to prove title to that patch of land.”

The face of Bill Savage remained unchanged.

“These cows,” he said, “are getting thirsty. We got to handle ’em mighty careful to ease ’em round that fence of his. Me—I am going back to the drag. Nine times out of ten when there is trouble, it starts from crowdin’ ’em too fast at that end.”

As he galloped his buckskin along the flanks of the oncoming herd he was thinking of Harding with his sawed-off shotgun down there in Toad Jackson’s store. And of that promise he had made to Barbara in San Antone. So, when he passed a cowboy on the swing, he drew up long enough to say a word or two of warning, lest some of the thirsty cattle break by their guards to take the short route to the water whose scent was already causing them to increase their pace. Reaching the rear he sent the drag man on to help the flankers and let his pony drop well behind where he could urge on the more reluctant stragglers without disturbing those in front.

All of that long day the faces of little Mrs. Fenton and the baby had remained in his mind. Passing the cabin early in the morning he had kept to the other side of the herd that his eyes might not fall on them again. But through the hours that followed he had been seeing the two of them, just the same: the mother with the light of fear in her large eyes; and Tommy, radiating eagerness. Now, at last, the vision ceased to trouble him. The ticklish job of easing three thousand longhorns along that fence and round its corner was filling his thoughts to the exclusion of all else.

THEY were coming down the breaks of the last bench land; through the dust clouds he could see the fence a half a mile ahead across their path, the river far beyond. The bellowing of bulls, the trumpeting of mothers calling to their calves, the lowing of the timid steers—all of these sounds arose, united in a deep moaning through which the voices of the cowboys came, high-pitched and penetrating, as they urged the bolder truants back into the packed ranks.

A haze of dust; beneath, a mass of tossing backs and the gleam of the long, widespread horns; a torrent of half-wild brutes, held to its course by the slim-bodied riders about its edges, striving to surge forward more swiftly as the smell of the water grew stronger; checked by the constant efforts of the men ahead.

Among the dust clouds at the drag, the stragglers hung—small calves, sore-footed cows, and, here and there, one of those stubborn animals of either sex which are forever lagging on the drive, seeking to break back whenever opportunity presents itself, ready to dive forward in blind panic at the least excuse. Behind them all Bill Savage hovered, weaving back and forth from side to side upon his buckskin horse.

A bald-faced roan steer, lean as an antelope, with more than three feet spread of horns, had dropped rearward. The drover’s eyes fell on it and he touched the buckskin with his spurs. As he came opposite, his quirt flicked the roan back. There followed the swift clicking of split hoofs, and a sudden surge of bodies as the laggard leaped forward among the others. The movement spread until it reached the body of the herd, and the riders on the swing were racing their ponies back and forth to crowd the more panicky brutes back into place. Then it subsided and Bill Savage gave vent to his relief in quiet blasphemy directed at the trouble-maker’s head.

“A little more,” he told his buckskin, “and that roan would have the whole herd on the run.” He swore again in a hushed voice and dropped a little farther back. And as he reached the place where the fog of gray dust thinned, he heard a sound behind. He turned his head and saw a light wagon coming slowly down the trail. Three figures on the seat. Two of them had been in his thoughts a good deal during the day’s drive. But it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

AT HORSEHEAD CROSSING
Continued from page forty-five

was not on little Mrs. Fenton, nor on the two-year-old Tommy, that his gaze was directed. He was looking at the broad-shouldered young fellow with the bright blue flannel shirt and the new, wide-rimmed hat beside them. Even from this distance he could tell that slow moving, northern farmer breed. And the words of Toad Jackson recurred to him:

"No more show than that kid of his."

He recalled Jesse Fisher's tidings of Harding, waiting with his double-barreled shotgun in Toad Jackson's store. He scowled and turned his face ahead. Just a few minutes more and this fence would be behind them; another hour and the Horsehead Crossing would be in their rear. And what was to happen would happen in its own time.

"And, anyhow," he told his pony, "it ain't my business." He devoted his attention to a pair of weary little calves, and the work of gently harrying them on caused him to drop back for some distance. The wagon was near enough now to let him see the three faces on the front seat. Tommy's face, all bright with eagerness. Chances were that Toad Jackson would give him a lump of brown sugar from the barrel, the drover reflected. The face of the young mother, with the lines of dread upon it and the flicker of fear in the large eyes.

Well, he could understand that—coming down to Horsehead Crossing with the knowledge of Harding always in her mind. Probably it was mail day. They had to get their letters. And, anyway, what difference did that make? Harding could ride out to the cabin, if he chose to arrange the affair along those lines. Some time, sooner or later, it was going to come. He knew that breed with the bad eyes and the thin lips.

"Then the woman will pack up an' take the kid back to her folks—" Bill Savage swore under his breath.

The face of Fenton—he could see it plainly now. Perplexity was there, the puzzlement of one for whom the country's ways are strange. Perplexity and determination. To the drover there was something pathetic in that mixture. The face of one just emerged from boyhood; one who would not give up. And he was coming down to Horsehead Crossing, where Harding waited with that double-barreled shotgun.

Bill Savage turned away and urged the little calves back. The bald-faced roan had lagged again. The drover's eyes became two black slits as they fell upon the animal. Then he raised himself in his stirrups. His long quirt whirled with a buzzing noise and, with a report like a pistol shot, its tip found its mark under the roan steer's belly.

TOAD JACKSON was sitting in the doorway of his store, his folded hands between his widespread knees, his shoulders sagging, his eyes upon the break of the low mesa where the herd was coming down to the flat bottomlands. His fat face was emotionless. What complications might rise from the coming of these cattle meant nothing to him, who had been selling whisky and cartridges to all comers in this wild valley long enough to be well calloused when it came to quarrels of other men. Furthermore he had an idea that Bill Savage was going to respect that fence—an idea which developed toward a certainty as he watched the distant cowboys easing the three thousand longhorns on toward the detour.

Not being a warlike individual, he had no desire, as a rule, to look upon his fellow beings in the act of burning powder with deadly intent, but as he witnessed the orderly handling of the herd a sigh of regret passed his lips. After what had come and gone—and in the light of what seemed very likely to take place in the near future—he could not for the life of him forbear from thinking how pleasant it would have been to sit here on the doorsill as an audience of one, while that Texas drover engaged Harding in mortal combat.

Within the store there came—monotonously as the ticking of a clock—a footfall. Catlike in softness, with the suggestion in its sound of a feline springiness, as if the one who made it were walking on the balls of his feet; six steps, then halt, and then six steps. So it persisted, back and forth across the floor. Toad Jackson did not turn his head. At such times as he had gone to the whisky barrel to serve Harding with liquor this afternoon, it had been necessary for him to look upon his neighbor's face, to see the thin lips growing just a little crueler with every drink, the eyes a little harder, the nostrils just a little wider. The memory of those glimpses was more than enough. Of all the vices which write their presence upon the faces of their addicts, none leaves the most case-hardened observer so unpleasantly cold in the depths of his being as the vice of killing.

So Toad remained sitting in his doorway with his plump hands folded between his knees. And Harding continued his pacing back and forth across the floor. And the herd came on, with the dust signal rising gray-brown into the cloudless sky and the deep-toned lowing of the cattle growing louder.

SUDDENLY the fat face of the storekeeper changed; phlegmatic indifference vanished; little lines of worry squirmed around his lip ends; and an uneasy light shone from his eyes. The steady pacing ceased; Harding came to a stand behind him. The two made no movement; no sound came from them, save the thick breathing of the man who always organized the play to suit himself before his killings.

The wagon of Tom Fenton was upon the sky line behind the herd. The three figures on the seat were visible, tiny with distance. The voice of Harding broke the silence.

"Gimme another drink," said he. Toad rose and went to the barrel. While he was drawing the whisky: "I wisht," he told himself, "there was about a half a teaspoonful of strychnine in this here cup." Aloud he offered no remark. Harding swallowed the liquor with a noisy sucking of the breath. The storekeeper resumed his seat on the doorsill. A queer feeling of weakness had come over him, as if his limbs were unable to move. He had seen a killing or two in his day and they had left him without a qualm, but those were fair fights. His head sank a little lower. And then, abruptly, he raised it. The little wrinkles of worry departed from his features; a new light sprang into his eyes. An exclamation sounded behind him.

The movement of the herd was changing. It was very much like the passing of a wave across the surface of the water. The disturbance came from the rear—an undulation of brown backs under the dust cloud, a tossing of white horns. The undulation grew in violence as it swept forward; the horns were gleaming like whitecaps. The cattle in the van increased their pace; the yells of the riders rose above the uproar of the animals, as they urged their horses against the mass to check them.

The walk had become a trot; the trot was becoming a run. Now the voices of the cowboys were drowned; there was no sound of lowing; only a shaking thunder of hoofs, overwhelming all other noises. A torrent of brown bodies and shining horns under a swirling cloud of dust through which the splintered poles of Harding's fence were visible for a brief instant, flying like bits of chaff. The dust grew thicker as the stampede passed across the plowed land, and a moment later, with a roar that made the earth tremble, the mass came by, within a hundred yards of Toad Jackson's store.

Where the river checked their onrush they slackened their headlong run; the stream was full of animals; out of the ruck upon the bank, the forms of the scudding ponies became visible. The voices of the riders reached the pair in the doorway. But the eyes of both were on the uptorn field. The dust was subsiding; through the thinning fog of brown, a solitary horseman was revealed. Now he dismounted and stood beside his pony. It was Bill Savage.

Of his own accord, for the first time that afternoon, Toad Jackson turned his eyes on Harding's bad face. "'Pears like he's waitin' for yo' to prove title," he said.

The horse of Harding stood trembling at the hitching rack before the store; now and again the animal snorted from the fright of what had gone before. The owner answered the storekeeper on his way to the pony, with his double-barreled shotgun over the crook of his arm:

"He won't have long to wait." His voice had the flatness which comes when rage had grown to the point where utterance is difficult. Toad Jackson's face became complacent as he watched the speaker swing into the saddle and ride away with the shotgun across his thighs. Where he was waiting beside his buckskin horse, Bill Savage saw the man approaching as fast as his horse could carry him. His tight lips moved slightly into a grim smile, then settled into a straight line once more. Such arrangements as had been made were to his satisfaction; if Harding found them to his liking, he was ready to go ahead.

So he remained, immobile as a statue, with his rifle in his two hands and his eyes like two black slits. Now the advancing pony was within a hundred yards and the shotgun leaped from the rider's lap toward his shoulder; and in the instant which that movement took, the drover's Winchester came to his hip, spitting a thin streak of flame. Rider and weapon clattered to the earth; the plowing gave forth a small cloud of dust where they had fallen. Bill Savage stood stock-still beside his buckskin until the haze had settled on the dead man. Then he mounted and rode away.

"Man afoot always has the big edge when it comes to straight shooting," he remarked to Jesse Fisher when he reached the herd. Otherwise he said no word concerning what had passed; and that evening, when his foreman presumed on long friendship to ask, "Whatever was it started them cattle to running, Bill?" he merely answered with a grunt.

IN San Antone some months later, he was more generous with speech. For, when he had recited the story to Barbara, telling the cause of that stampede in full detail, she remained silent for a long time.

"If that bald-faced roan had not dropped back, would you have found another way to make him force the fight?" she asked at length.

His reply was prompt:

"I would have tried. But, if he hadn't forced it, there'd have been a fight, I reckon, anyhow."

They were sitting on the long veranda behind the high wall of sun-dried bricks. When he said that, she rose and came over to him; placing her hands upon his burly shoulders, she kissed him.

"It is a hard country for the women, out there where we are going, Bill." Her voice was soft and there was something like sadness in it—the gentleness of renunciation. "But I am willing to do my share. That promise stands no longer."

THE END

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They CAN Come Back

Miss Westover Does It Superbly;
Some Old Plays Try It
with Varying Success

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The virtuoso and the drudge: Ben Lyon and Winifred Westover in Lummox.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ LUMMOX

FANNIE HURST'S novel of a kitchen drudge, Lummox, offered distinct motion-picture pitfalls. Yet Herbert Brenon's talkie adaptation emerges from the United Artists' studios a superior and in many ways a remarkable character study.

Moreover, it offers Winifred Westover, Bill Hart's ex-wife, in an astonishing performance of the drab and inarticulate Bertha Oberg. Miss Westover has been absent from the screen for nearly eight years. According to gossip, she read Lummox and determined to play the rôle—if it ever came to the screen.

When Herbert Brenon announced his plans, she crossed America to see him and to persuade him that she fitted the part. Eventually she got the rôle, but not until a hundred or so actresses had been considered.

Just why so many actresses would care to encounter all the demands of the part is beyond me. In order to meet the pictorial requirements of the buxom Bertha, Miss Westover went on a diet and added forty pounds to her weight. Then, throughout the picture, she wore a costume leaded to weigh thirty-five more pounds. Her shoes alone weighed fifteen pounds. In this direct way, Brenon aimed to catch the lumbering stride of the tired and worn servant girl.

The result is a heavy (no pun intended) and somber study—and yet a vibrant portrait of a simple, drab soul, rooted in the earth. She is seduced by the poet son of the household in which she is employed, has a baby, and

Myrna Loy and J. Harold Murray as they look in the musical talkie Cameo Kirby.

gives the child up for adoption. She moves on from job to job, sometimes upward and more often down, until her employment-agency card carries the single word, "Undesirable."

But she lives to see her boy become a great pianist and a public idol.

Director Brenon has developed his character panorama with skill. Thanks to his sincere direction and to Miss Westover's photographic portrayal, Lummox has many highly moving movements. I recommend Lummox with certain reservations. If you like tears, this is your picture.

Ben Lyon is the mooning poet seducer, Dorothy Janis is the faithless Chita, while Willie Collier, Jr., and Edna Murphy play a bickering young couple who briefly employ the drudge.

★ ★ ★ The Laughing Lady

The Paramount-Famous-Lasky studios have been going in for sophisticated fare lately. The newest effort in this field is The Laughing Lady, written by the veteran British playwright, Alfred Sutro, and played behind the footlights by Ethel Barrymore.

The comedy, as acted by the expert Ruth Chatterton, is smart and intelligent entertainment. Its heroine is another of those déclassée divorced wives, wholly innocent but pinioned by society.

The Laughing Lady features two experts of the screen: Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook.

Alexander Gray tries it on his piano, and Bernice Claire shows her gift of giggles, in No, No, Nanette!

This one selects her ex-husband's suave lawyer for her vengeance, oddly enough. How she brings him to her feet is the story.

The yarn is full of holes, but it is so adroitly played by Miss Chatterton and Clive Brook that it is lifted into high interest. Victor Schertzinger's direction is well above average.

★ ★ No, No, Nanette!

All the musical comedies of the last generation are coming to the sound screen slowly but surely. First National Pictures has built No, No, Nanette! into a fairly amusing musical farce.

A prim Bible publisher is a gay Lothario after business hours. He backs girl shows and gets into all sorts of difficulties.

The leading rôles are handled by Alexander Gray, who is colorless, and by a newcomer, Bernice Claire, fresh from musical comedy. Miss Claire has possibilities. The entertainment value of No, No, Nanette! however, lies entirely in the buffoonery of Lucien Littlefield, Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, and Bert Roach.

Mildred Harris, once Charlie Chaplin's wife, plays the small rôle of a gold digger in pursuit of the rakish Bible magnate.

★ Cameo Kirby

Years ago the late Dustin Farnum starred as the picturesque Mississippi River gambler of the glamorous '50s in Cameo Kirby. Jack Gilbert once starred in a silent film version of the same story. Now it is a musical melodrama, with J. Harold Murray and Norma Terris as the lovers. Myrna Loy appears as a naughty gal of color.

With songs tacked on, the situations of Cameo Kirby appear sadly absurd.

Short Subject

The best of the last month's shorter films is a Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy effort, Night Owls, in which the two comedians play amateur burglars with amazing results.

Do you know that—

Nils Asther is no longer with Metro-Goldwyn? . . . Dialect trouble is the answer? . . . Jack Kirkland, Nancy Carroll's husband and an ex-newspaper man, is in the Paramount scenario department?

Vox

In the Matter of Mr. Thrasher's Cat: We Are Roundly Taken to Task

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Leslie Thrasher's Liberty cover for January 11, showing a boy pulling a cat's tail, seems most unworthy of your magazine. Out here we will never forget Hickman, who, as a child, fiendishly tortured dumb animals, thus developing his criminal tendencies which resulted in his fearful murder of a little child.—*Herbert H. Hallett.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The Board of Commissioners of the Los Angeles Humane Department wishes to protest against the type of picture used on the cover of your magazine for January 11, 1930. The mind of young people is greatly influenced by picture illustrations, and a desire for cruelty can easily be planted in the mind of a child by the simple suggestion of a picture.—*Mrs. E. M. Waddell, Secretary.*

DENVER, COLO.—We regret extremely that a U. S. publication would send out a cover that would bring pain to many.

The picture depicted the making of a criminal. The boy was enjoying the torture inflicted on a cat. It is such influences as this that keep alive the savage instinct.

Hoping you will not permit any more pictures that sow the seeds of cruelty—*(Miss) Ivah Dunklee.*

ASTORIA, L. I. — Silly, indifferent mothers allow their children to torment animals enough as it is, without Liberty extending a public lesson in cruelty.—*L. M. Clarke.*

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—I suggest another cover picture with Junior in tears over hurting his tiny kitten. What do you think of it?—*N. E. Wolf.*

Warning to Those About to Undergo the Ordeal of Matrimony

ITHACA, N. Y.—Have just read Vox Pop of January 11, and I'm grinning at the tempest in a teapot caused by Grace Robinson's calculation, in her article "The Job of Being a Wife," that the work a wife does would be worth $385 a month if paid at the rates prevalent in the open market.

I'm fifty, the wife of a college professor, and mother of four children. May I be heard? I can make my point by telling about an incident which happened before the World War. I was invited to a party by an elderly spinster who was head of a school of home economics. She was wildly enthusiastic about this fine new idea of the cash value of the wife in a home.

She turned to me for praise. I had just come through two grueling experiences of scarlet fever and paralysis, and was too astonished by her maidenly innocence to be anything but vehement and brutally blunt.

I told her there wasn't enough money under the canopy of heaven to compensate a woman for being cook, cleaner, dressmaker, laundress, chambermaid, telephone girl, nurse, nursemaid, wife, hostess, and companion to any man and set of children.

It isn't a salable commodity. Nothing but love could command or inspire all that, since marriage is no end unpleasant when indulged in by poor sports and selfish people.—*Jane Gray.*

Meeting of Minds

LUBBOCK, TEX.—You win. I used to think that no one could write a story so that I couldn't get at least an idea of the main theme, but Loretta King did it with her spiel, "Pay Station." I puzzled over it for an hour and was saved from insanity when my wife made me throw away the magazine.—*H. A. Kilson.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Pay Station," by Loretta King, was only one-fourth written, and the other three-fourths depended entirely on the imagination of the readers. This being true, I think you should give each of your readers three hundred dollars for reading it.—*Raymond Craddock.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—I've been waiting eagerly for another short short story as good as "Testimony," by Paul Gallico.

I didn't have long to wait. I found what I'd been looking for when I read "Pay Station," by Loretta King.

Boy, she can write!—*Ben.*

You Alarm Us

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Somehow, Mary Brush Williams' article, "The Capital Climbers," makes my blood boil. It seems to me this race for social supremacy in Washington, D. C., Newport, New York City, etc., is all against the traditions of our American nation.

What was the social status of the soldiers at Valley Forge, at Gettysburg, in the Argonne Forest; of our pioneer fathers and mothers who crossed the great plains and deserts in the covered wagons during the '60s and '70s?

It seems that, more and more, certain classes in this country are trying to create castes as they existed in France immediately prior to the French Revolution; as they existed in Russia, Austria, and Germany prior to the recent World War, and which are positively at variance with the Jeffersonian principles of American government.—*An American.*

Discovered!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—You sure put it over for a long time, my dear Vox Pop editor, but I'm wise now.

Bert Green writes all your stuff under various aliases.—*Floyd A. Ozburn.*

Didn't They Ever Do Anything Without Telling You?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I am reading and enjoying Mr. Doherty's serial, "The Diamond Eye." However, I note that in the issue of January 18 the statement was made that the girl's father was branded in South Africa with the initials I. D. B.

I. D. B. (Illicit Diamond Buying) and I. G. B. (Illicit Gold Buying) have always been serious offenses in South Africa and mean long prison sentences, but having been born in South Africa and being well acquainted with its laws and its modern civilized methods, I cannot recollect of ever having heard of a case where the inhuman practice of branding these initials on any person ever occurred. I think Mr. Doherty should explain, as it gives your readers the impression that South Africa is still living in the Dark Ages—which is not the case.—*Theo. Behr.*

Yessir

ARKANSAW, WIS.—Hooray for Liberty! One count scored for you birds again, for starting Doherty's serial, "The Diamond Eye." Now you guys are using some judgment. — *Doherty Booster.*

He Probably Just Put Them In to Make It Harder

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I never miss an issue of Liberty, and I am always willing to be fair and "go along with the boys," to keep the peace. But when Elliott White Springs, in his story "Confirmations," puts a lot of glaciers and dirty old volcanoes in my beautiful Allegheny Mountains, I just must Vox Pop. As if anticipating a dispute Springs had one of his characters say that he could "prove these facts by government records." Nowwhatchaknowaboutthat?

Honestly, Mr. Editor, my footprints are on every one of them thar mountains, and the nearest thing I ever saw to a volcano was a Pennsylvania coke oven. Dig up those government records, Elliott. Your "Confirmations" are not yet confirmed.—*A Pennsylvanian.*

What, No Expletives?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Just read "Tak," by Lorimer Hammond. I am not a Bolshevik. I do not care to use expletives to emphasize my point, but my sense of justice and fair play compels me to protest vigorously against this article.

Hammond does not speak or understand Russian, and has built up this story from what he heard from the translators. He uses a word which catches his imagination—"Tak"—and builds up a cock-and-bull story around it. I write this as a protest in the name of your readers whose intelligence you are insulting by such articles.—*Louis Henryson.*

Pop

We've Touched on the Subject, Sir, and Doubtless Will Do So Again

SEATTLE, WASH.—One of these days, when the spirit seizes you, will you not sit down and apply your transcendent logic and profound judgment to an editorial on the subject of overpopulation and the attendant remedy, birth control?

I am not a birth-control advocate and know nothing about it, but the facts are rather convincing.

In China and India, most flagrant examples of overpopulation, is it not a fact that human labor has been reduced to the financial status of thirty cents per day?

In Japan, in a short five-year period, where close statistics are kept, I have noticed an increase of birth rate over death rate from about 500,000 to 980,000.

The rate of increase figures as compound interest, so that in a short period of twenty years they will have about 25,000,000 more people to take care of and they are already overcrowded. Their people are shut out, now, from most countries for purposes of emigration and are they not now trying to dump the surplus in Brazil?

Have we not, here, the most potent incentive of all for future wars?

Is it not a fact that for years Europe has been trying to dump her surplus population in the United States? Has not England millions of unemployed with no hope for improvement? And is it not a fact that in France, where men and women are wise and large families are practically unknown, there is no unemployment and a good deal of real prosperity?

In spite of the fact that the world has room for many more millions of people, does not science show that the rate of population increase is far in excess of the ability of industry, agriculture, and commerce to absorb? Not a pleasant subject for an editorial, but an important one. Let prosperous gentlemen make all the peace treaties they can—the economic pressure of the masses will give those treaties a comfortable final resting place in the wastebasket.—*F. R. Burke.*

And Let You Grade 'Em?

SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.—I'm for you. You've got a good little magazine. But I'm wondering if you couldn't improve on it by grading your stories in the index. Thus: Good—Bad—or Positively Rotten.—*E. O. Andrews.*

Pacifist Logic

CHICAGO, ILL.—Either I am a cephalic moron, incapable of grasping the idea that two and two make four, or the shouters for preparedness—and foremost among them is Liberty—are kidding themselves. They are trying to convey the idea that preparedness or adequate defense is an insurance, if not against war itself, at least against some of the ravages of war.

In the war of 1914-1918 participated all of the best prepared nations of this globe. The best prepared nation of them all, having at its command the most deadly destructive organization of war ever known or seen on the earth, was Germany.

Thanks to its almost perfect preparedness it held at bay the rest of the world for four years.

Had Germany been better prepared than it was, no doubt the war, with its satanic cruelty and insane butchering, would have lasted still longer.

Moral: The better prepared you are, the longer the war.—*N. N.*

Well, If You Agree with Them They'll Agree with You

BOSTON, MASS.—Where did you find Mr. Frederick James Smith? Wherever you found him, it was a happy day for Liberty.

I was getting very sick of reading the sugary blurbs about pictures and players that drip from the pages of so many of our movie magazines. So when I found unbiased reviews that socked the ones that needed to be socked and praised the ones that needed to be praised—well, I just ate 'em up.—*J. Adams.*

Now We Know Exactly—

DIXON, ILL.—Help! Help! I give up! You fellows must consider all humans to be chemists, scientists, agriculturists, bankers, lawyers, ministers, coin collectors, archæologists, research workers, historians, dietitians, doctors, geologists, linguists, astronomers, engineers, sailors, physicists, druggists, journalists, aviators, psychologists, and walking volumes of Mr. Webster!

I'm not exactly dumb, but after trying to work some of your cross word puzzles I feel exceedingly "under-vocabularized." Please make them a trifle easier in order that they be more enjoyable.—*Crossword Andy.*

—What to Do

FORT WAYNE, IND.—In times past, when solving Liberty's difficult cross word puzzle, it required a whole day's time plus an unabridged dictionary, an encyclopedia, an atlas, a work on mythology, the Holy Writ, and some brains. Today a lead pencil and a few minutes' time suffice for the difficult one and I never look at the easy one.

If you will give us some harder ones I will feel like I am getting a bigger nickel's worth.—*L. W. Brown.*

Wise Crack for the Week

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I enjoy all of your magazine but the cover, stories, departments, pictures, and articles.—*An American.*

Broad-Minded, Eh?

DENVER, COLO.—Wish I could slap you on the back for printing Colonel Givens' story, "Tiny," in your January 18 issue. It was satiric. It was exciting. It was rare, rich, and racy. It was one of the best stories in the country's best magazine.

We're up approximately 5,280 feet here, and can get perspective. So when a man from Denver tells you a thing is so—well, it's so.—*Denver Pete.*

Somebody Is Going to Be Terribly Disappointed

HARTFORD, CONN.—Thank Grace Robinson for her instructive article, "Whoopee as a Career." Thank God I read her article, for I have decided the single life for a man is ideal. And just when I was figuring the cost of a diamond. I sure am happy now!

No matter how women's styles change —me for the gay life of the bachelor!

I thank you, Miss Grace Robinson.—*I Am Single.*

Oh, All Right

SOUTH ST. PAUL, MINN.—A lot of the old Michigan grads up here are considerably burned up because of the statement in Mr. George Trevor's recent article, "Famous Bonehead Plays," to the effect that in the famous 2 to 0 game in 1905 Chicago had succeeded in smothering Willie Heston.

Willie Heston did not play football at Michigan in 1905. His years were 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904. It might be advisable to add that in his collegiate career Willie Heston was never stopped by an opposing team.—*R. R. B.*

Don't Get Us Wrong, Rollin

OSHKOSH, WIS.—Liberty? Terrible, terrible. I wonder what you're coming to. You ask me why I keep spending my nickels on you since it's evident your style doesn't appeal to me? Well, Liberty dear, I'd much rather not commit myself on so personal a matter. But since you insist I'll tell you. It's because I love you, even with all your apparent faults. But won't you try and reform a bit for my sake? Remember, it's never too late to mend, dear.

Your devoted boy friend.—*Rollin C. Bridge.*

How Do You Explain It?

FRESNO, CALIF.—In your Vox Pop columns of January 4 I read with interest a letter from Alton, Illinois, captioned "Crazy About Us, Eh?" which states that more than 95 per cent of the inmates of the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane, in a straw vote for the most popular magazine, voted for Liberty.

Now, my point is that said inmates couldn't have been *that* crazy.—*J. D.*

But This ISN'T ENGLAND

A Defense of American Athletics

By PAUL GALLICO

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of this article was himself a distinguished college athlete. He was acting captain of the Columbia crew of 1921 that beat Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania, and he was a varsity crew man in two other years, and in one of them also a member of the football squad. Since then he has taken up writing. He has been a motion-picture critic and is now an extremely successful sports editor. So he knows his subject. Liberty believes that his contribution to the current discussion of college athletics is a very valuable one.

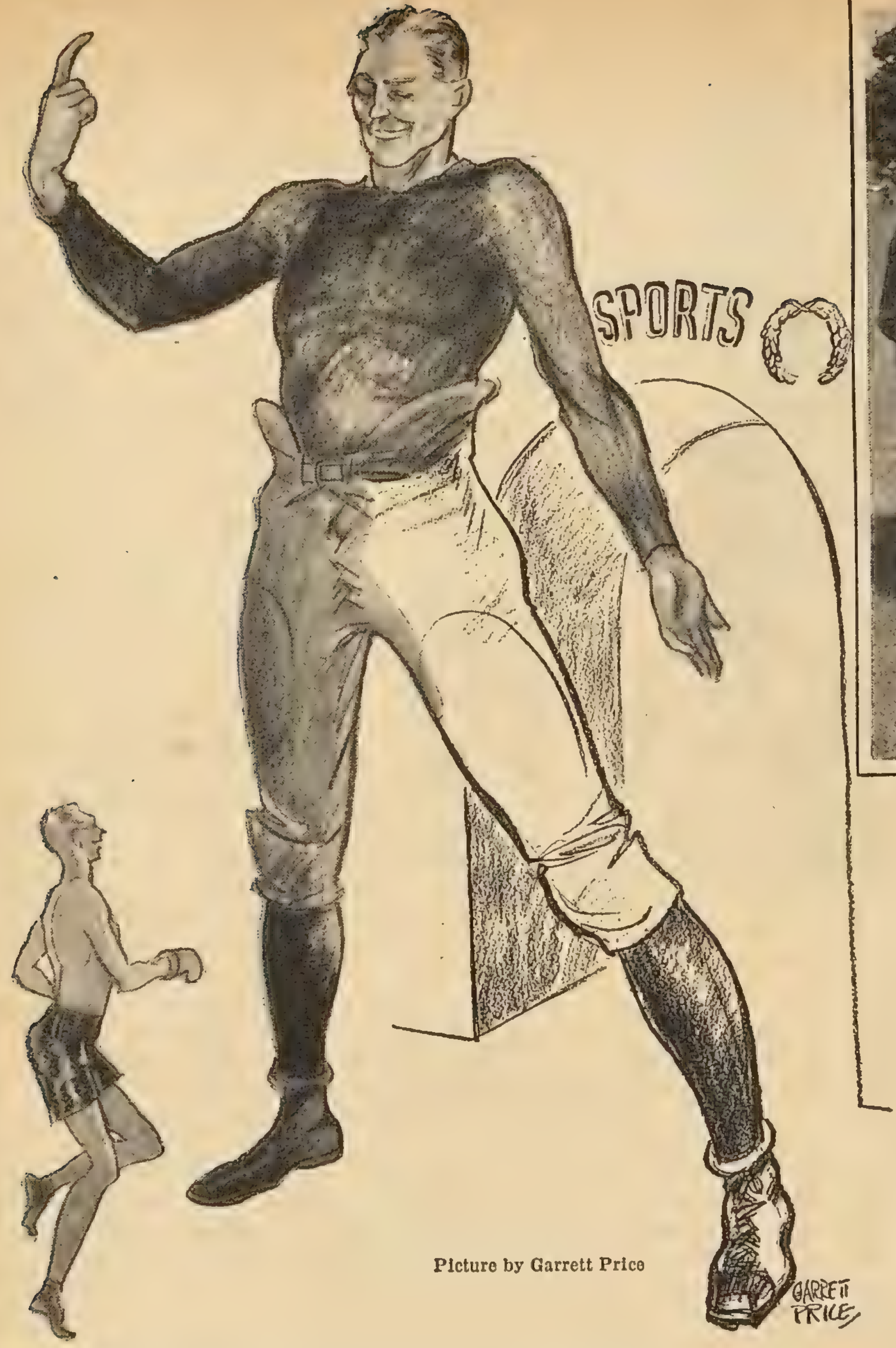
ON a Thursday morning, October 24, 1929—two days before Army played Yale with 80,000 in the Yale Bowl—the famous Bulletin No. 23 of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, entitled American College Athletics, splashed on to page one of practically every newspaper in the country. It was a wholesale indictment of sport as conducted in American colleges, with especial reference to intercollegiate football.

It was the fruition of three and a half years of extensive research work by staff members of the Foundation. It was written by Dr. Howard J. Savage from the investigations of Harold W. Bentley of Brigham Young University, who bore the brunt of the field work and who was a member of the track team at that school, John T. McGovern, another former track star and Olympic official, and Dean F. Smiley of Cornell. It carried a rather formidable foreword by Henry S. Pritchett, former college professor, now president of the Foundation—a foreword in which the colleges, the players, the coaches, the college heads, and the press come in for a sound scolding, with occasional references to the fine and care-free spirit that prevails at dear old Oxford and Cambridge.

It charged that from 25 to 50 per cent of football players were subsidized in one form or another; that universities were awarding athletic scholarships — in other words, giving free tuition — to athletes who had not the means to attend college; that commercialization had caused the abandonment of the game for the game's sake; that press exploitation had brought "demoralizing publicity"; that alumni inveigled stars into college; that we were departing the intellectual life; that universities had countenanced the concealment of every evasion of the amateur code; that too much attention was given the general public's whims in schedule making; that high-school students were solicited by letter or by per-

International photo

University of Washington football players keeping up with their studies while traveling in a special Pullman.



Picture by Garrett Price

Football pays the bills for all the other college sports.

sonal appeal. It demanded that a stop be put to the paid coach, the training table, the traveling in Pullman cars, and the publicity.

It was designed jolly well to tip over the intercollegiate apple cart.

Ironically, it had to depend for public dissemination upon one of the factors most heartily condemned—the press; and it had to appear in competition with the very thing it was attacking—football and personalities.

As noted, Yale was preparing to play the Army in the Yale Bowl, a contest that was to draw 80,000 and to occasion the clash of two of the outstanding personalities of the game, a red-headed cadet officer by the name of Christian Keener Cagle and a pint-size Yale halfback, Albie J. Booth, Jr.

AH, yes! And the market went kerflop! The report of the Carnegie Foundation made a one-day furor. Digests of the charges and indignant denials from offended colleges crashed page one, editorials were written the trend of which was, " Well, well, well, so this is what has been going on. Maybe it ought to be stopped. . . ." And then the report went under. It had missed completely the American scene. It had found nothing good to say of something that brought pleasure and relief and excitement and entertainment to millions, and it had judged the entire spectacle in accordance with standards which no longer obtain. The crux of the matter is that with relation to the conduct of universities the attitude of the staff of the Carnegie Foundation is inclined toward the Anglophile.

P. & A. photo

A modern football " water wagon " in use at West Point. Eight men at a time can spray themselves refreshingly.

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching administers an original endowment fund of $17,000,000 left by the late Andrew Carnegie and a reserve fund of $13,000,000 for the purpose of providing retiring pensions for college teachers and professors and for furthering the science of teaching and education. The recent inquiry into college sport was undertaken at the suggestion of the Association of American Colleges and the N. C. A. A.—National Collegiate Athletic Association. The work was conducted by the fine educators connected with the Foundation professedly without bias, and yet a bias was there, a fact rather completely overlooked in the discussions of the report's condemnations.

THE bias is on the academic side. The report and its conclusions are completely out of sympathy with the greatest of our national spectacles and safety valves; there is a leaning toward the standards of the British and a total ignoring of the human and American aspect of the whole business.

In 1927 the Carnegie Foundation published Bulletin No. 18, entitled Games and Sports in British Schools and Universities. It is a reading of this work, also written by Dr. Savage, which might be taken as the key to the Foundation's failure to recognize the change that has taken place in American university life, and the individuality of the American sport system, coupled with the special requirements of American games. For one finds Bulletin No. 18 written with a certain warmth and occasional sympathy which is wholly lacking in No. 23, however neutral the writer wished to be in the former instance. The picture he draws shows his subjects intrigue him—for instance, rugger practice at Oxford:

" Practice for a university Rugby team appears a somewhat haphazard affair. Perhaps twenty-five men are out, kicking, running, and passing. Although this particular team may be weak at tackling, no attempt is made to improve this department of the game. Indeed, the use of a dummy is felt by some players to be ' not quite sporting,' and tackling a runner for practice is regarded as dangerous and productive of little real good. On another part of the field [are] about fifteen candidates for the university soccer team. . . . Practice in both sports is unorganized and certainly unscientific, and the field is clear of players by a quarter to four. Nothing could be more casual."

The sympathetic attitude in the following excerpt,

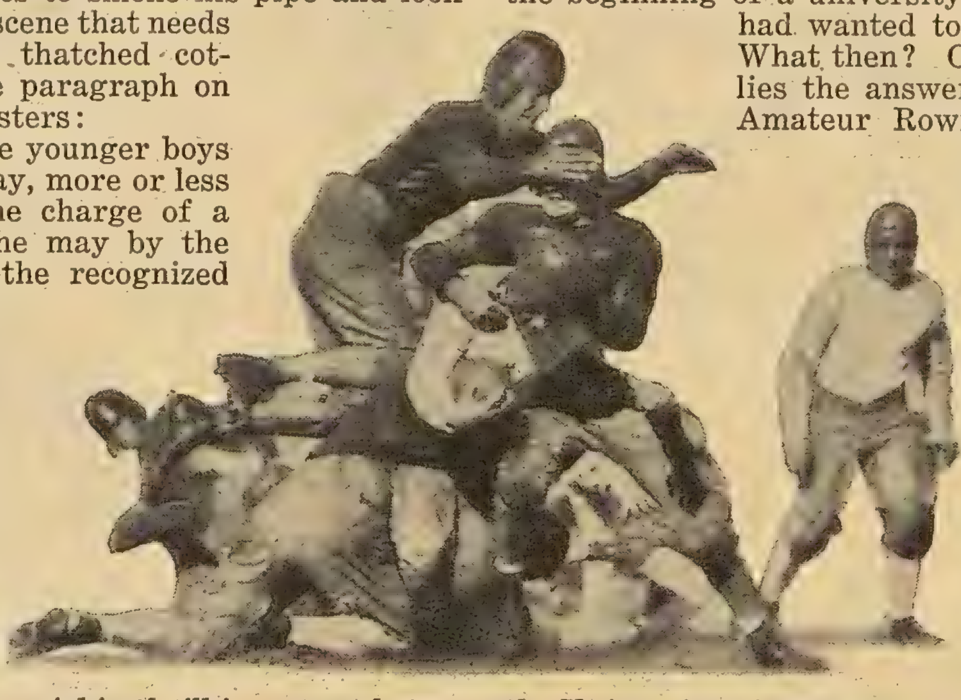
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BUT THIS ISN'T ENGLAND
Continued from page fifty-three

dealing with sport in the great English public schools, is apparent:

"The average afternoon's games are witnessed by very few spectators. Here and there a boy, hurt some time before, hobbles on crutches up and down the field as the play shifts, or a parent, sometimes conducted by a master, watches his son as he steps to bat or bends in the 'scrum.' Or an old townsman pauses to smoke his pipe and look on. . . ." An engaging scene that needs only English hedgerows, thatched cottages, and sheep. Or the paragraph on Coaching of Teams by Masters:

"A master may help the younger boys with their sports, or he may, more or less automatically, come to the charge of a house or form team, or he may by the same token find himself the recognized coach of one of the several teams representing the school. . . . Probably the pleasantest way is that which now obtains once more in Eton school rowing. Each morning during the season the Captain of the Boats calls in person upon the rowing coach and requests his presence at the river for the afternoon's practice. The master, who has won increased regard through his revival of this tradition, would not think of attending practice without the courtesy of an invitation."



A big thrill in a game between the University of California and St. Mary's.

Shades of Jim Rice, the great old Columbia coach! I can just see myself wandering through the stuffy underground caverns of the gymnasiums and finding him playing handball with Frank Fackenthal, the university secretary, in one of the hot-box courts off the running track, and saying:

"My compliments, Mr. Rice, and the men have decided to do a little practicing today and would deem it a pleasure if you would honor us with your presence on the Harlem River at three this afternoon. Tea in the boathouse at four. . . ." Apoplexy, to say the least!

Shades, as a matter of fact, of my own bright college years! A personal turn, to be sure, to take in such an article. But how many thousands of Americans are annually in the position in which I found myself upon finishing high school, with a desire to go to college—to receive a college education, to win a letter, perhaps to be a hero—and no funds?

Picture by Garrett Price

At Eton the captain calls on the coach and requests his presence at the river.

UNDER the indictments of the Carnegie Foundation, I was a subsidized athlete. In the summer before I had entered college, I had gone to work in a factory on a machine lathe, tooling shrapnel primers. I made the freshman crew and then the varsity. I supported myself and paid my tuition through jobs on the outside which ranged from working on the docks to ushering at the Metropolitan Opera; I did tutoring, translating, teaching, and work in a library. Most of the positions were obtained through the college employment bureau, where I most certainly received a preference. I received "costly sweaters," traveled in Pullmans, and ate at a training table where the nominal sum I was charged did not pay for one-tenth of the food I consumed.

I rowed four years, I studied four years, and I worked four years. I took my degree. What would have happened to me under the English system? I quote again from Bulletin No. 18: "One thing should be borne clearly in mind: there is no such thing as a man's working his way through Oxford or Cambridge, although several undergraduates have expressed the opinion that it would be well for both universities if such a thing were possible. The undergraduate subsists upon his own or his parent's resources, or upon scholarship aid, or upon a combination of the two."

Automatically, this would have cut me off from two great schools. I had no resources beyond a willingness to work to obtain an education. But supposing I had worked in an English factory for a year to gain funds for at least the beginning of a university career. And supposing I had wanted to row and win my "blue." What then? On page 186 of the Bulletin lies the answer. Under the rules of the Amateur Rowing Association of Great Britain, "No person shall be considered an Amateur Oarsman, Sculler, or Coxswain . . . who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan, or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty."

TRUE, the amateur rules for oarsmen represent the extremes of the British amateur code, but the trend runs through all the British sports—only a gentleman may be an amateur. No gentleman works for a living.

Under the British system, I might have wound up as a draper's clerk or a day laborer, or a fair mechanic or a chauffeur, or a copy reader, an ad writer, a bookkeeper, or a hack. . . .

Under the American system, at least I had my opportunity.

But the standards applied by the professors of the Carnegie Foundation in their indictment of American university sports are these same English standards—that rigid caste system whereby the good things of the country are for the aristocracy and the sons of the aristocracy.

The higher delights of rugger, cricket, rowing, tennis, and golf are only for the wealthy and leisure class and so is the twig bent in the early school days. The original intent of the distinction between amateur and professional, a distinction designed to place the amateur who was a dilettante in similar company, has become lost (at least in England) in the notion that only a gentleman can be a true amateur and no workingman can be a gentleman.

The English amateur code, years ago, was adopted bodily in America. And bit by bit, one by one, the huge universities scattered throughout the country have discovered that it won't do. That it isn't of this country. That geographically, politically, and socially it will not work. That a system that is a religion on a compact island with major universities with immemorial traditions cannot be used unmodified throughout a vast democracy. Apparently the only educational body that has not recognized these differences and the necessity for changes has been the Carnegie Foundation. And where the Foundation hits the American university in a weak spot is the fact that, while in effect and practice our colleges recognized the changes, they were morally uncertain about such drastic and American departure from the sacrosanct British regime, and they resorted to concealment.

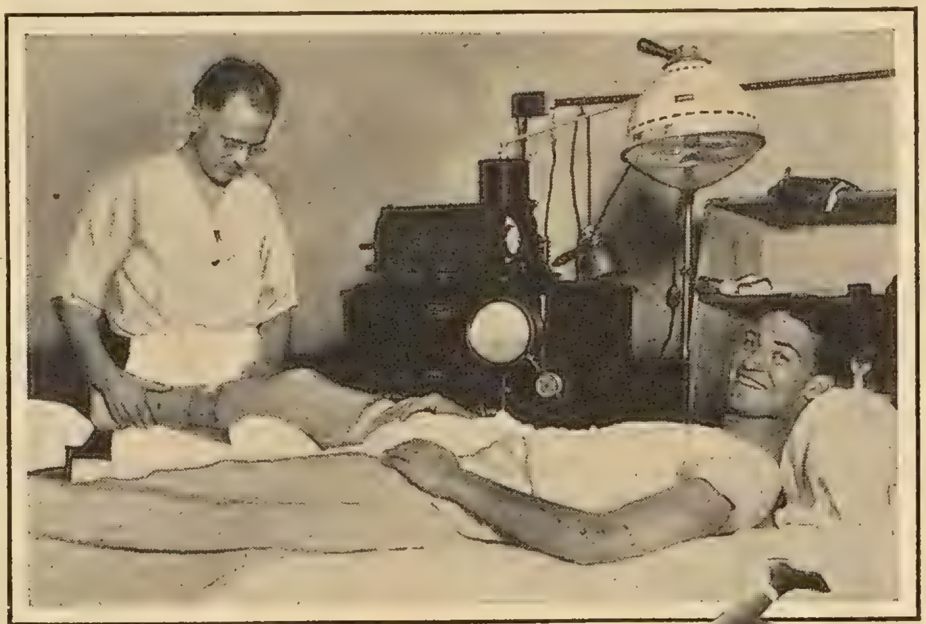
Whenever we develop anything truly American, such as our football, our universities, our architecture, or our music, we have a tendency to run a temperature worrying over whether our British cousins will approve, and we are always a little afraid it may not be quite all right with them. There is nothing really shameful in any part of our intercollegiate athletics unless it is the spectacle of great universities pretending to be something they are not and have no wish to be. The English caste system has collapsed and the American system has taken its place. But a lot of the prexies were caught by the Foundation making believe that the institutions they headed were Oxfords and Cambridges.

None of the magnificent, stirring show aspect of intercollegiate football managed to creep between the brown-paper covers of the Foundation's report. It seems unwise and unkind somehow to stack up the serious labors of four scientists against the gay, living flesh in all its cleanest and sunniest colors, because against the utter happiness and vivid excitement of the football crowd the volume of the report becomes dry ashes.

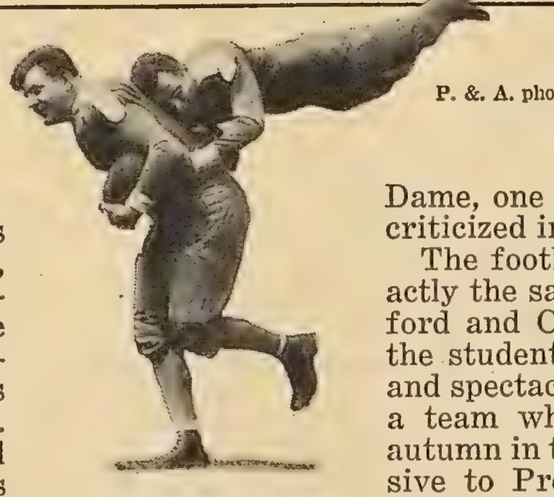
Walk down Elm Street, New Haven, the day of the Army-Yale game. Here come the fat trolleys, their sides bulging with happy freight. From curb to curb beside the crawling automobiles the spectators swing along out to the Bowl. Wherever you turn are the loveliest girls in the world, fine, wonderful, healthy animals of such freshness and beauty that they catch at your throat as they pass, radiant with excitement and laughter. Their lips are parted, their color heightened; jaunty feathers of blue or of gray and gold are stuck in their hats.

The men who are with them are the ones to whom the country will turn in time of trouble, long-limbed, clean-cut fellows with firm chins and steady eyes. On they sweep to the arena, fathers with small sons tugging at their hands in an effort to hurry them just a little more. Not a moment must be missed. Here are no neutrals. Every one shows colors—blue or Army gold and gray, in banners, ties, and scarfs. It is a day of such utter triumphant magnificent youth that time for once appears to be defeated. Families who have returned to see their sons or their sons' friends look no older than those they have come to visit.

Now the military band outside the Bowl crashes into its entrance tune—the Hell-cats sweep in, and behind them the cadets swing along their graceful and liquid squares until they fill the field with their phalanxes, and through their ranks thread the jerseyed figures of the football players, weaving and running and catching and throwing, and the happy crowd rises to its feet and with a titanic roar gives them greeting. It is a sweeping, moving moment that is comparable to no other; veritably, an American ecstasy. . . .



The Chicago football squad is kept limber by application of electric heat.



P. & A. photos

Early September practice at New York University is no joke.

I READ through the Foundation's report. It turns my mind to football, calls up thrilling and isolated memories—the spirited high-stepping leader of the great 120-piece University of Illinois band sweeping down the field, the orange facets of his cape flying in the breeze; the stirring and lovely refrain of Lord Jeffrey Amherst sung by the sharp, ear-splitting bark of the Michigan Wolverines; delirious figures in the fading winter light, twisting themselves in gigantic serpentines through the faint white goal posts, their hats flying over the crossbar; the red flares that pin-prick the darkness in Cambridge after a Harvard victory; the solemn strains of Columbia's anthem bidding her sons enjoy the moment; the Navy band preceded by gloria trumpeters blaring Anchors Aweigh; the steaming locker rooms where men sing under their showers when the battle is over—so much vitality, so much beauty, so much joy and life. . . .

Against these scenes the dry, dusty phrases of Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation, rattle like sere leaves swept along a bare walk: " How do the students, devoted to study, find either the time or the money to stage so costly a performance? . . . In the second place, the football contest that so astonishes the foreign visitor is not a student game as it once was . . . for many games, the strict organization and the tendency to commercialize the sport has taken the joy out of the game. . . . In football, for example, great numbers of boys do not play football, as in English schools and colleges, for the fun of it. . . . The paid coach, the gate receipts, the special training tables, the costly sweaters and extensive journeys in special Pullman cars, the recruiting from the high school, the demoralizing publicity showered on the players, the devotion of an undue proportion of time to training, the devices for putting a desirable athlete but a weak scholar across the hurdles of examinations—these ought to stop, and the intercollege and intramural sports be brought back to a stage in which they can be enjoyed by large numbers of students and where they do not involve an expenditure wholly at variance with any ideal of honest study. . . ."

Why? Because it is all at variance with the English ideals?

But this isn't England. . . .

THERE is further irony in the fact that the only school in the country where intramural sport exists to the extent that would appear satisfactory to the Carnegie standards is at the University of Notre Dame, one of the institutions most severely criticized in the report.

The football system at Notre Dame is exactly the same as the rowing systems at Oxford and Cambridge—only, at South Bend, the students wind up on the most thrilling and spectacular football team in the country, a team which spends a good part of the autumn in the Pullman cars that are so offensive to President Pritchett, a team which last season alone played before something like 600,000 people.

There are class teams, hall teams, fraternity teams, and club teams at Notre Dame, and if a student longing for an M.A. or a Ph.D. is susceptible to the calling of signals outside his window, or the sloughing, milling sound made by the feet of a charging line, he may find his thoughts turning willy-nilly to the joy and shock of football at Notre Dame. Because at that institution the whole student body plays with an eye to developing varsity material—just as Oxford and Cambridge hold bumping races daily to advance oarsmen to the stage where they will do credit to the varsity boat.

But the Foundation investigators are still a long way from proving that college athletics or intercollegiate football is any serious obstacle in the way of any normal young man who prefers success in his studies to athletic achievements. No true student to whom an academic career appeals is likely to be seduced on to the football field, and anyway, three in four of such students haven't the physique demanded by the nature of the sport and the play. At Columbia, for instance, where football and rowing practice isn't even conducted within a couple of miles

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just rub it on the gums

End Baby's Aches at Teething Time

WITHIN 1 MINUTE

—sixty short seconds—you can stop your baby's pains and cries with Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

No matter how swollen or inflamed the tender gums may be, this cooling, healing lotion brings quick relief.

Just rub a few drops on the gums and watch how quickly baby quiets down to sleep or breaks into happy smiles.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Better still, don't wait for the aches and fretfulness of the teething period. At the first sign of cutting teeth, begin the Dr. Hand treatment, with a few applications each day and one or two at night, if necessary. Thousands upon thousands of mothers have followed this treatment. They have had no trouble with teething, and have enjoyed the pleasure of a happy, contented, smiling baby from beginning to end.

Read what Mrs. R. Guy Eby, of Ephrata, Pa., has to say about the Dr. Hand Teething Treatment:

Whenever the youngster had teething trouble, I used Hand's Teething Lotion and it always gave instant relief. He eventually smiled when he saw me have the bottle.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion contains no narcotics and is absolutely harmless. It is the actual prescription of a famous baby specialist, for use in place of unsanitary teething rings, which may endanger baby's health and spoil the shape of the mouth.

Your druggist either has, or can easily get, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for you.

Mail this Coupon for FREE TRIAL Bottle

Hand Medicine Co.,
109 No. 5th St., Dept. 68, Philadelphia, Pa.
I am enclosing 2 cents for postage, with the name of my druggist. Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

Druggist's Name ____________

Name ____________

Street ____________

City ____________ State ____________

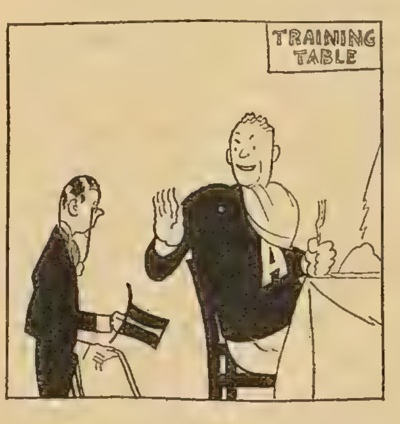
BUT THIS ISN'T ENGLAND
Continued from page fifty-five

of the campus, the percentage of students whose afternoons are given over to football or rowing is so small when compared to the university enrollment that the indignation of the investigators becomes more and more puzzling.

In England as well as America there is sport for the boy who loves games, who has the time, the inclination, and the body for them. Only, in this country a boy who goes in for sport does it American style. He tears out to the practice field. He subjects himself to a paid coach. He punishes himself in practice. He exposes himself to discipline and self-denial. He tries with all his might and main to master the game. He accepts abuse when he knows that he has failed in alertness or obedience. He gives himself utterly in loyalty and body. He is willing to cripple himself for life for the sake of victory, and sometimes does. He makes a tedious drudgery out of what should be play. He suffers pain and humiliation. But what of it? And why not? This isn't England.

Intercollegiate football as played today is an American game and requires American qualities to play it. It calls for a high degree of skill; mental alertness far above any other sport, including baseball—which is played by probably the most thick-skulled set of athletes in the world; physical fitness to the *n*th degree; speed, courage, and above all an utter recklessness and a desperate will to be successful.

Now, all of these high qualities are to be found in the Englishman as well, but not in his play. It is not in the Englishman's make-up to get so dashed serious over a game. As a matter of fact, it isn't considered quite sporting to put in a lot of time practicing any one thing, the way the American boy will go out at the beginning of the season and spend a week in hurling himself on a tumbling ball solely in preparation for the doubtful emergency of a fumble in his vicinity. Such attention to detail the Englishman gives to war, but not to rugger, or golf, or cricket.



THE Americano is just the opposite. At play he is a grim and deadly fellow, unafraid to cry in defeat. There is nothing shameful in that, either. It happens to be a national characteristic. If the kids didn't like it, if they didn't glory in the drill and the punishment and the epithets and the earnestness of it all, they wouldn't stand for it a minute. But they love it.

No one who hasn't been an athlete can appreciate the exquisite thrill of strolling nonchalantly across the campus wearing a sweater with the varsity letter on the chest, or a funny little hat with crossed oars at the front, awarded for beating Yale or Princeton. Surely every female within eyeshot must be looking at you with admiration and longing, and the freshmen pass reverently by and whisper your name: "There goes So-and-so. . . ."

One of the most normal desires in the world is the longing to be a hero, to stand out, or—in the case of a boy—to achieve undergraduate glory. In England it is generally repressed. It is considered "swank," or "not quite sporting," perhaps, to be above one's fellow students in ability to play a game. The Englishman disdains all fuss and publicity—witness the Schneider Cup flyers. The American loves it. In him has been inculcated the burning desire to do better than the kid next door. Under the English system, the fulfilling of such ambitions would be limited to the rich.

BUT this is un-American. It is this longing for undergraduate glory that is one of the strongest links in our university system, sending annually thousands of youngsters to the universities to undergo the drudgery of working their way, and putting them in a position to come into daily contact with culture and education. And I say drudgery with right, since only in rare instances has the Foundation uncovered subsidies less taxing than waiting on table, tending furnace, mopping locker-room floors, or doing other menial work.

The campus athlete is looked up to as a leader. He is a creature apart because, aside from his scholastic ability, which he must prove by maintaining his eligibility, he has demonstrated his ability as a fighter, a strategist, and a bulwark. Week after week, his college has intrusted him with difficult tasks where valor and daring were requisites. And week after week he has shown himself to be worthy of such trust. No one has helped him attain this position. The help had to come from within. Heartless professors on one side of him, ready to demerit him for relaxing in his studies, clutching tacklers on the other, waiting to pull him down before he can reach his objective, he passes his examinations, not perhaps *cum laude*, but in accordance with his intelligence, and on Saturday he spills the interference or runs the broken field and proves himself every inch a man.

The trouble with all attacks on athletics as a detriment to scholarship is that there is no way of telling whether the boy would be any better student if he didn't report for practice every afternoon. The Carnegie Foundation is no advocate of the parrot student who stuffs himself with the required answers.

As a matter of fact, the English system toward which the Foundation writers appear to be so friendly allows the entire afternoon for sport, whereas the American boy frequently attends classes until three or four in the afternoon. Quoting again from their Bulletin No. 18: " As Mr. Archibald Marshall has written, 'The morning hours in Cambridge'—he might equally well have added Oxford—'are for books, the afternoon for exercise, and the evening for social intercourse. . . .' "

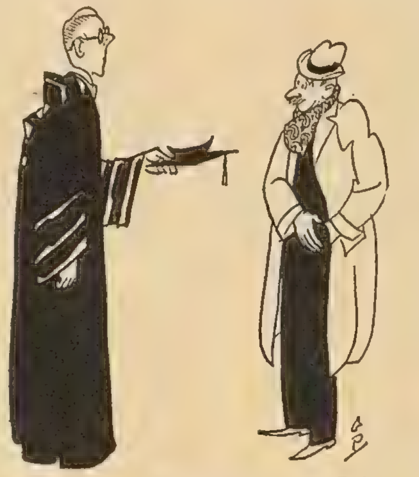
Many an American football coach bemoans the fact that half his squad is in lab. from two to four and don't get out until it is almost dark.

The report of the Carnegie Foundation indicated that the average American university was far from perfect ethically and morally—that is to say, the younger parvenu colleges, the publicity-hound and get-rich-quick schools, or those mysterious mountain colleges with enrollments of fifty or so of whom forty-eight play football, were organized more for athletic success and its attendant headlines than for cultural values. But the report did not show real cause for condemnation of the majority of our universities under American standards.

Most of the tempest centered around the athletic scholarship. But where is the moral fault of an athletic scholarship when it is avowed and fairly conducted? Surely it is wholly un-American caste discrimination which would permit only the subsidization of the poor but honest intellectual, leaving college sport and undergraduate glory for the wealthy alone.

THE university itself is sponsor for the statement that its aim is to send forth young men well balanced physically and mentally. The boy who comes into a college with an athletic scholarship has as much opportunity to acquire the necessary mental and cultural balance as the scholarship winner who won his way into college by his brains has to acquire that physical development which experience has proved to be desirable. As a matter of fact, the athlete stands the better chance, since he is forced to come into contact with education, whereas the scholar merely takes Gym A1-A2 in his freshman year, cavorts about in white shorts and sneakers one hour three times a week, and is thereafter under no compulsion to learn to play anything.

Under the old scholarship system, the universities maintained free of charge a certain number of students who had won high marks in prep school or in special examinations, with the idea of attracting a high type of young man and creating an opportunity for a poor but deserving chap to receive what is sometimes called a higher education.


Picture by Garrett Price

Universities are beggars.

Under the new scholarship system which has come into being, and which is at present under the fire of the Carnegie Foundation, it has been made possible for a boy of average intelligence and no funds to attend a university and develop himself. Admitted because of his athletic ability, he is exposed to education for four years. If there is any honesty at all in the university that has drafted him, his nose will be kept in his books enough to satisfy the standard of eligibility.

He competes on even terms with the sons of the wealthy. If he beats them he takes his place as the campus hero. He graduates, a citizen many times more valuable than he would be had his education ended with grammar school or high school. On the face of it, that appears to be one of our few real achievements in practical democracy.

AMONG the fourteen outstanding charges made by the Foundation investigators is: " Too much attention is given the whims of the general public in arranging games. . . ."

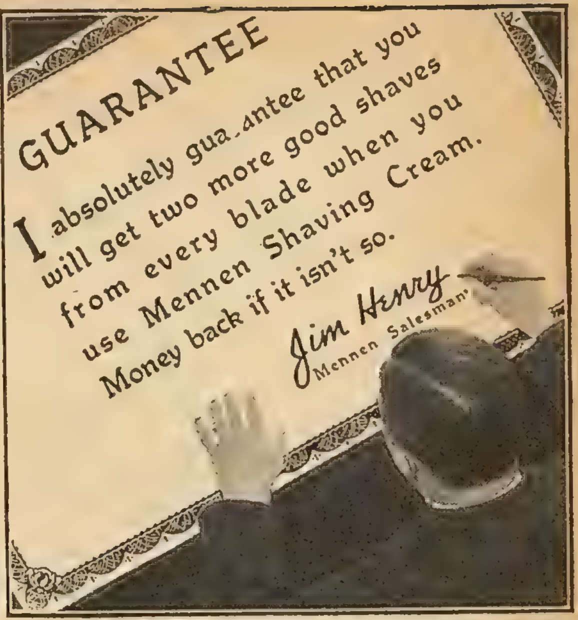
This is typical of the report, which finds nothing to say in favor of public sentiment with regard to intercollegiate football. The pleasure and distraction given to hundreds of thousands of people receive no consideration, and the salutary effect of football as a national safety valve is not discussed. Neither does the report take into consideration that it is the general public which by its attendance at the college football games pays the bills for all the other healthful recreations of the undergraduate—tennis, rowing, track and field, fencing, basketball, lacrosse, golf, boxing, wrestling, polo, all sports that are on a nonpaying basis.

All universities are beggars. They admit from the start that they are so organized that they cannot subsist upon the tuition charged. Thus the cultural potency of the university is dependent upon gifts. The physical development of the students is dependent upon football and the gate receipts.

Here the Carnegie report has put itself in something of a dilemma. Advocates of " play for all," its authors are sponsoring the bitterest attack in the history of college athletics upon football, the sport which makes possible whatever play the student body has.

To quote from the column of John Kieran of the New York Times: " If there were no football gate receipts, Harvard might have fifteen tennis courts instead of 105 tennis courts, four squash courts instead of forty squash courts, no adequate field for the holding of the intercollegiate track and field championships and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]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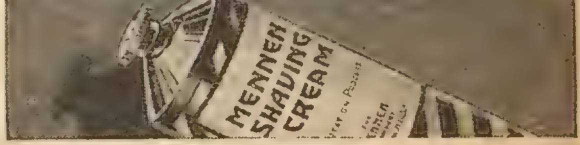

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BUT THIS ISN'T ENGLAND
Continued from page fifty-seven

Olympic tryouts, and no fleet of 104 gigs, barges, and shells for the students who take part in Harvard's rowing program year by year.

"Practically all other college sports are living on the charity of football. After reading Bulletin No. 23, probably the cynical conclusion in this case would be that once again charity has been caught covering a multitude of sins."

Throughout the country, athletic fields and paraphernalia—balls, bats, shinny sticks, lacrosse sticks—are paid for annually by the public which demands nothing more than admission to a cleanly and hard fought game of football, a public which in behavior and a knowledge of the tenets of sportsmanship is so superior to any other sport crowd that here the shortsightedness of the Carnegie authors becomes rather difficult to understand. A connoisseur of crowds myself, I find the spectators at football games the best mannered, the least demanding, the most patient, and the most sportsmanlike. They sit in criminal weather in open stands of such architectural simplicity and severity that a three-hour session is good for a sure backache.

They are so far above the leering, lascivious fight crowds or the loud-mouthed, sweating, Coney Island type baseball crowds that they hardly deserve to be grouped by the Foundation under the rather severe term "general public."

A college which seeks to attract such a high type of patronage by scheduling games with interesting, colorful, and able opponents is only, it seems to me, doing what little it can to repay this public for its loyal support and for welcome funds.

If the sight of 90,000 happy hysterics shrieking with the excitement of some wild moment in an intersectional contest is offensive to the academicians, they should take some small comfort from the reflection that if it were not for support of some kind by the public, there might not be any academies—or if there were any, they would be so impoverished that they could not function efficiently.

Apparently, only at Yale is the good old-fashioned sport of snubbing the public while taking their money still carried on with any degree of enthusiasm. The rest of the universities have recently abandoned the once popular theory that to be rude to people was the way to make them think you were folks. But then, Yale was listed among the pure by the Foundation investigators and perhaps this classic attitude contributed to the findings.

IN the meantime, greasy grinds are being made less greasy by finding ample opportunity to row, run, fence, swim, box, ride, or play handball, and are finding it because thrice annually some great Memorial Stadium is stuffed with humans until not another single soul may safely enter. The student, after a day of mental strain acquired in attending his lectures and working on his problems, clears his head, lungs, and blood with three brisk sets of tennis or squash, cleans his body with a stinging shower, dries it on a big rough towel, and feels "swell." Football stands treat.

There was a technical giggle over the inclusion of the United States Military Academy at West Point among the pure and unsubsidized, several newspapers indulging in mild laughter over the fact that all the students at West Point are paid by the government during their four-year course.

But the point that was missed was that the Military Academy, which has the most difficult curriculum and the strictest and most exacting requirements of any school in the country, also imposes a test of physical qualifications that in proportion is as strict and exacting as the course of learning.

Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, made participation in sports and athletic ability one of the requirements for the winning of a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford. Here are the stipulations left in Rhodes' will: "(1) his literary and scholastic attainments; (2) his fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like; (3) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship; and (4) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates."

THESE practically are the tenets of the cadet corps at West Point and are the qualities demanded of an officer and a gentleman. The army has found that men who have been proficient in sport make the best leaders. Every cadet plays some game or other and is in shape to play it because of the rigid physical requirements.

To withstand the shocks, the terrific assaults upon the nervous system, of daily modern life, the boy must fortify the man with a sound, hard body. The doctor, the engineer, the lawyer, the writer, the business man, the salesman, the laboratory worker, the teacher must call upon physical reserves daily. They all do work which makes them dog tired. If they have no hardness, if they haven't learned how to acquire hardness, if they have never experienced "going all out" and still carrying on for those last ten strokes, or the last five yards, on the track or gridiron, they are handicapped in later life when they come into competition with men who have.

The glamour of college sport has reached down into the very heart of the country. Youngsters from six years on tear up the terrain in vacant lots, playing at being heroes. They learn to handle the implements of sport and they ape the carriage and the mannerisms of the current heroes. And if more of them would rather be Albie Booth or Al Marsters or Jack Elder than Thomas Edison or Calvin Coolidge, it is not to be viewed with extraordinary alarm, since the century has presented us with but one of each of Edison and Coolidge and their like, and the disappointment of millions of youngsters upon growing up and finding they couldn't be wizards or Presidents might make this a gloomy nation.

As it is, this disciplining of the body sends them into schools ready to develop what intellect they have, if such are their tendencies. If now and again some born truck driver, iceman, or baggage smasher emerges bewilderedly from a few years of contact with higher education, with none of it sticking to his thick, blunt fingers, he will still make a good iceman, truck driver, baggage smasher, or professional football player, and no real harm has been done. It is more than likely, however, that the ambitious but penniless fellow from the working classes will find himself fitted to engage in life on a plane far higher than would have been his lot without the American system of a college education for all—all good halfbacks and ends. He will at least have had an opportunity which is open to him nowhere else in the world.

THE END

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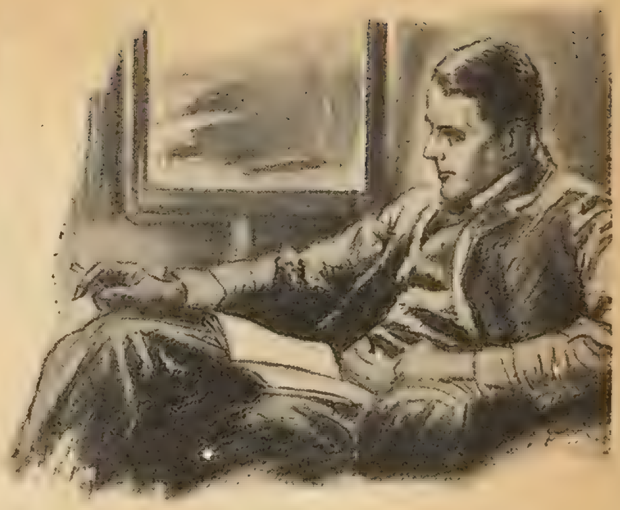

A Short Short Story

By

ANTHONY GIBBS

who is the son of Sir Philip Gibbs and therefore nephew of Arthur Hamilton Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton. In his twenty-eight years he has tried singing, traveling, taking and leaving newspaper jobs, and has produced a highly successful first novel, Peter Vacuum, followed by two more. Pronounced by his publishers an "irrepressible youth."

THE big hand of the Victoria Station clock seemed to gather itself for the effort and flicked forward. Another minute gone. A traveler twisted his wrist almost despite himself and glanced at his watch. 10:47. That meant thirteen minutes to wait before the Continental Express pulled out on its journey for the coast. He had already waited twenty. Cutting it rather fine—

"Why doesn't she come?" he whispered to the damp air. He stamped his feet and went into the Pullman to throw down the rug and papers he was carrying. Two chairs. He looked at them with a sense of sentiment. Adventure and romance. What was it he had said: "What does the world matter? Nothing matters but you and I." Phrases came into his mind. "Build up our lives anew. . . . Our love. . . ." Had he said that? He meant it. Two chairs, astonishingly mobile, to lead them from one life toward another. He must not stay here, or he might miss her. Probably she was on the platform.

He flattened himself in the narrow vestibule to let two Frenchmen pass, and looked anxiously up and down the platform. Was that she? No, a stranger. He thrust through late arrivals and porters, luggage and newspaper wagons, toward the barrier. He scanned the faces of the people as they came. But of the plump, sophisticated Julia there was no sign. Julia was notoriously unreliable. Her husband had said so in that unforgettable scene. One of the flustered sort, and late for everything. It was more than possible she would forget her lipstick and go back for it and miss the train. He smiled, and grew nervous again as he saw the clock. The big hand had made three jumps since last he looked at it. Ten minutes. . . .

"I hope she comes," he said.

There was an element of doubt there. Was it possible that she might not come at all? Preposterous anticlimax! She must come. It would be too idiotic a piece of pathos to their emotion. Yet, on the other hand, nine minutes. . . . She must have lost the platform.

HE spoke to the man at the barrier. "Can I get back?" He could. He ran hesitatingly, searching among the crowd, among suburbanites up for shopping, among hurrying throngs, among dawdling women, and then back again. Eight minutes.

"I don't believe she's coming," he said.

He hurried back along the platform. No Julia. He clambered into the car. There were the two seats, and his hand baggage, and his coat, and the rugs and papers. This was becoming ridiculous. He must keep calm. He lit a cigarette. He walked slowly and sedately to the barrier, as though stretching his legs before a journey. There were no new arrivals now. The ticket collector was tidying his stubs into a leather box. The thing was becoming a certainty. He grew annoyed.

"Damn her," he said, "she's *not* coming!"

But he waited still by the deserted barrier. He was seized with anger. After all their love scenes, after all their subterfuges and plans, after all their fine words, after the criticisms they had faced, after that appalling scene with a calm and disconcerting husband, after their great and irrevocable decision—this! It was too bad. Upon his soul, it was too bad. He was fed up; this was the sort of thing that happened when one let one's self go, put no check upon emotional idealism. The sort of married woman who would run away was the sort of woman who would disappoint her lover on the very platform. "Build up our lives anew. . . . Our love. . . ." Those were the hackneyed platitudes of every man in his position. Sordid! In his heart for a moment he hated Julia.

SEVEN minutes. She would scarcely come now. What then? Why, he could go on as before. There would be no scandal. He could go in through the doors of his club again. He could be a unit in the great world of men, instead of an outcast at Florence or on the Riviera. He would be free, instead of haunted by a fear. He looked at the clock. There was still time.

"I hope to God she doesn't come," he said, and his words left him in a little wisp of vapor.

Six minutes. Five minutes. Four. He moved away from the barrier, slowly, almost guiltily. If he stood by the door of the train and she came, it was just possible, remotely conceivable they might miss. She might wait for him at the barrier while he— Could he do a thing like that? The thought was in his mind. It was not quite honorable perhaps. Yet he moved away. Almost imperceptibly he sauntered down the platform. He found his car, clambered aboard, and stood looking at the two seats. He was trembling. He inhaled the cigarette violently and squashed the end of it in the ash tray. He looked at his watch. Three minutes. She would never come now. The train was on the point of departure. Hurried farewells and final exhortations filled the air. The car was filling now. He watched his fellow travelers settle themselves.

He sat down too. He lit another cigarette. He pulled toward him a copy of an illustrated magazine. He tried to see the pictures. But his heart was pounding in his ribs. He was escaping. He had never meant to run away with Julia. The thing had been pushed on him, by Julia, by that frightfully calm husband. They seemed to think it the gentlemanly thing. He felt a movement. It jerked his head up. They were pulling away. He gripped the arms of his chair. The wheels of the train took up their rhythm, a steadily accelerating ditty.

"She hasn't come. She hasn't come. She hasn't come!"

For a moment he felt almost faint. He leaned forward and put his head as nearly between his knees as might be seemly. He was free. He had slipped out of the mess. With every yard now he was further from entanglement. Was it possible that he could have been such a fool? He loved Julia? He had been mad. He did not care that for Julia. He sat upright with the light of manhood in his eye. His eye fell upon a lady, an agitated expostulating lady who followed an attendant unsteadily along the aisle. He stood up with a white face.

"Julia!" he said. "Thank God you've come!"

THE END

To Feast St. Valentine

By

ETHEL SOMERS

IF you are planning to celebrate St. Valentine's Day by having a party, a luncheon, or just an extra nice family dinner, you will find some of the following ideas both pleasing and practical.

Remember, in arranging your St. Valentine's menu, to stress the use of the red-colored foods. Their effectiveness, of course, will depend largely on the way they are cut and placed and also on the contrast to their background.

RED FOODS FOR ST. VALENTINE'S GARNISHMENTS

Beets
Cherries
Cinnamon candies (heart-shaped)
Cranberries
Currant jelly
Paprika
Pimientos
Radishes
Raspberries
Raspberry jam
Red apples
Red cabbage
Red fruit coloring
Red gelatin
Red peppers
Strawberries
Tomatoes

St. Valentine's Salad

12 pickled beet slices (large)
12 asparagus tips
Salad greens
French dressing (reddened by paprika)

ARRANGE the greens on a chilled salad plate for individual service. Mount with two beet slices cut heart shape and pierce with an asparagus arrow (the asparagus stalk representing the arrowhead and tail). Serve with French dressing.

Cranberry Punch

1 quart cranberries
1 quart boiling water
2 cups sugar
1 cup orange juice
½ cup lemon juice
1 pint water (preferably carbonated)

IN order to preserve the natural bright red of cranberries, it is wise to shorten the cooking process in every way possible. Add the boiling water to the cranberries, cover, and boil rapidly until the berries burst, but not longer than is necessary to permit of sieving.

Rub through a sieve. Add the warmed sugar and boil six minutes. Strain and chill. Then add the chilled citrous fruit juices and water just before serving. Serve with crushed ice.

Plain Cake

(Loaf or Layer)

½ cup butter or substitute
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
2 cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites

CREAM the butter and gradually work in the sugar, and when the whole is light and fluffy beat in the well beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the milk and vanilla and then alternate portions of the sifted dry ingredients and milk, adding about one-fifth of the flour mixture at a time and one-fourth of the milk—thus the first and last portions will be of the dry ingredients. Mix lightly until well blended and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for twenty minutes if baked in layers, or from forty-five to sixty minutes if baked in a loaf—the time depending on the thickness of the cake.

Individual heart cakes may be made by baking the cake in heart molds or using a sandwich or cooky cutter to shape the finished layer cake. Cover with white icing and decorate with cinnamon hearts or as you prefer.

Pickled beet slices cut in heart shapes, and asparagus tips, form this St. Valentine's salad.

Heart-shaped cakes with tinted frosting may be decorated with floral designs or red hearts.

MANY other recipes for red-colored foods especially appropriate for St. Valentine's Day are available in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Stuffed tomato salad, red pimiento hearts, and cherry ice cream sandwiches are just a few of Miss Somers' cookbook suggestions that will prove both decorative and delicious for St. Valentine's Day menus. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Don't delay sending for them. And please use the coupon.

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Red Cabbage Pickle

2 quarts shredded or finely chopped red cabbage
1 pint cauliflower flowerets

SEPARATE the cauliflower into tiny flowerets, but do not break so small that they lose their characteristic shape. Blend the cabbage and the cauliflower. Cover with weak vinegar, cider, or pickled beet liquor made of one cup of weak vinegar, two tablespoons of sugar, and one-half teaspoon of salt.

Let stand covered in the refrigerator at least a week, when the whole will be pickled and the cauliflower will have acquired a beautiful red. Drain the cabbage pickle thoroughly before serving.

Heart-Shaped Meringues

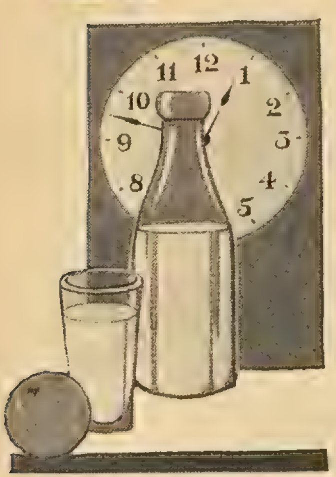
3 egg whites
½ teaspoon vinegar
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
Red coloring, as desired
¼ teaspoon vanilla

BEAT the egg whites stiff. Add the vinegar and baking powder, both of which will tend to fluff and stiffen the egg whites. Beat well and then follow with the remaining ingredients. Then drop in heart shapes (with the aid of a pastry bag or a spoon and knife) on to heavy unglazed paper, which has been mounted on a wooden molding board wiped with a damp cloth. Bake in a slow oven (250° F.) from forty-five to sixty minutes, depending on the thickness of the shells. When done, the outer surface will be delicately browned and crusty. There will be no moist bubbles on the surface.

Lift immediately from the paper on to a cooling rack, and if the shells are to be filled, either split in half or make a small hole in the center of the base, through which the filling may be added with the aid of the pastry bag.

Use the meringues as cups for ice cream, berries, or dessert service. Or the unfilled meringue shells may be served as cake or cookies.

Hints for the UNDERWEIGHT



Prescription: Fruit, milk, and relaxation.

By
EILEEN BOURNE

IF a family harbors an underweight, no small part of the thin one's cross is the repetitiousness of advice to eat more. It is not always good advice. What really puts weight on is not how much, but what is eaten and how it is eaten. Careful eating, not heavy eating, is the way to fill cavities and round out silhouettes.

If an underweight presents herself to a certain noted physician he does not ask her how much she has been eating. He wants to know, first, whether he has before him a food-bolting or hurried-eating case. Then he prescribes a pre-eating formula. Five minutes by the clock, and no cheating, must be dedicated before every meal to sitting " relaxed dumb," as one described it. Letting nerve tension, mind occupation simply "faw down and go boom." With this release an easier approach to the slower eating of food is created.

The physician referred to is not a crank about chewing food until it liquefies, although he says that this course is highly advantageous to those whose excessive leanness accompanies a high-strung, intense mechanism generally. What is wanted chiefly, however, is slower eating, better mastication.

Excessive consumption of sweets and fats and starches is just as bad for the lean as for the fat. There are fats and fat-making foods of especial value, of course. But these you do not pursue to the exclusion of what are called " regulators "—fruits, vegetables, whole-wheat breads, and cereals.

EAT fresh vegetables for dinner, two if you can have them, served with butter. Butter has the highest food value of anything you can take, excepting olive oil. Eat salads twice a day. Use olive-oil dressing on them. Vary the meat dish with cheese, fish, poultry, eggs. Eat whole baked potatoes, skin and all. Butter generously. Add butter to your meat, vegetables, oatmeal breakfast dish. Good meat and vegetable soups are now being preferred to cream soups by medical advisers. Olive oil is lubricating, therefore of value to the entire digestive tract.

All liquids, except milk, cocoa, or chocolate, should be taboo during the actual eating of the meal. And milk is better taken at the end of the meal. You may take more milk in between meals. But milk should be regarded as a food rather than as a beverage. It is an ideal food. The charge that it exerts a constipating effect is denied by medical experts. Constipation ensues if milk is drunk with very little coarse food. If large quantities of milk are taken, the diet must contain vegetables and fruits. Orange juice is especially recommended to increase the advantage of milk taking.

And *don't* forget to eat more slowly.

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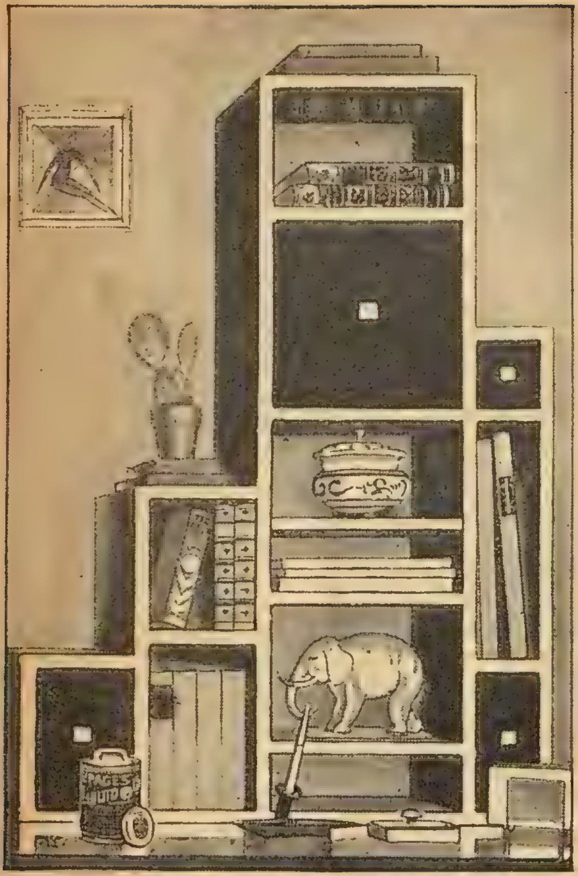

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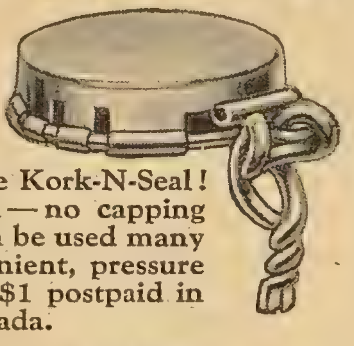

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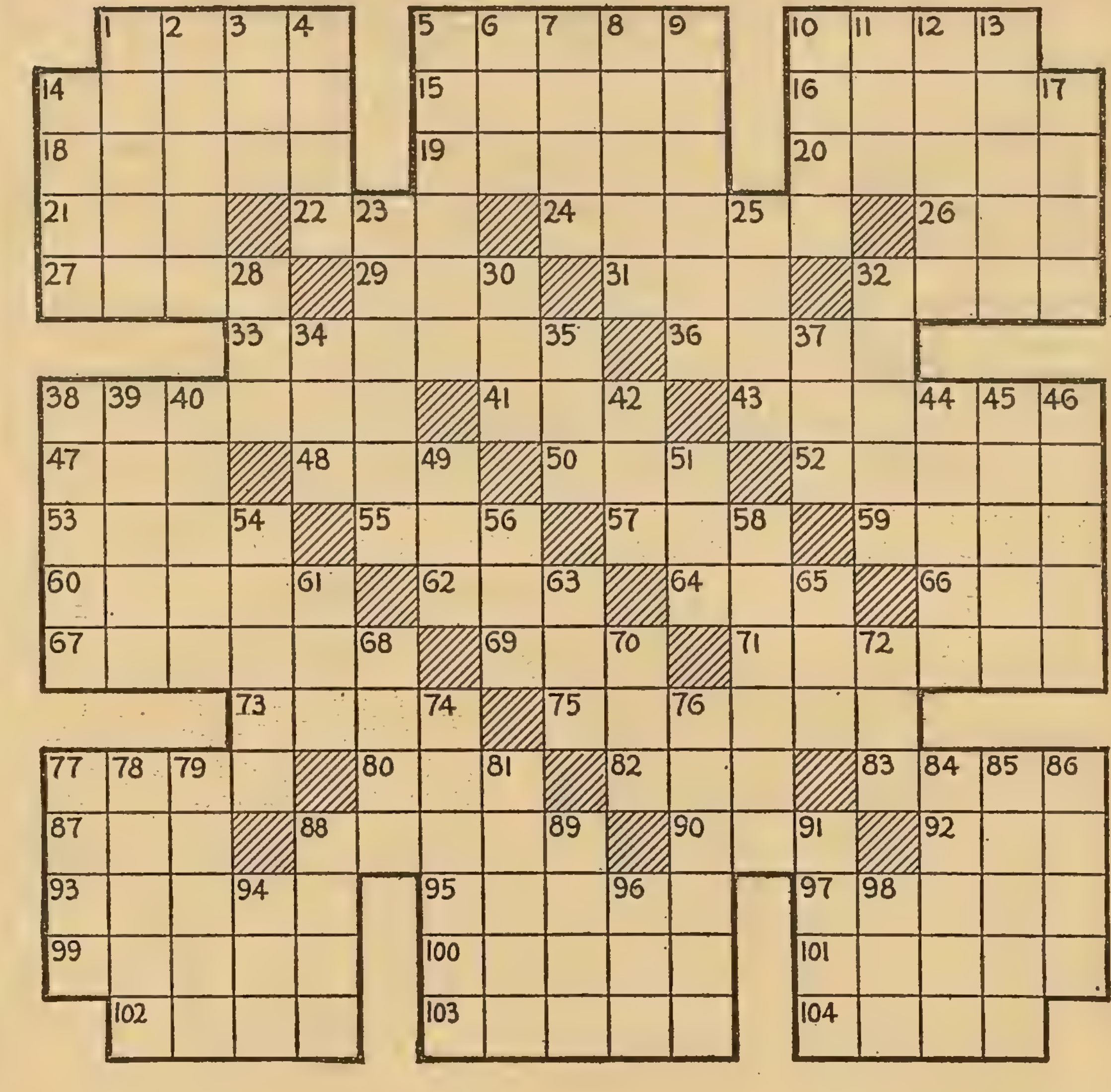
Two New Puzzles

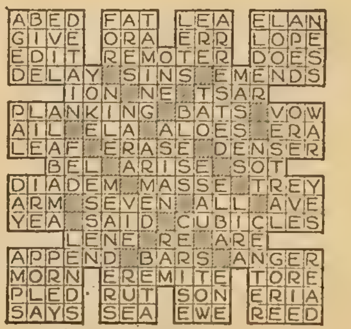


HORIZONTAL

1 Measures of area
5 Stalks
10 Afresh
14 Vassal
15 Measure of weight
16 Ethical
18 Of an arm bone
19 Old-womanish
20 Declaim
21 Domestic animal
22 Measure of length
24 Punctures
26 Cardinal number
27 Boil
29 Ever
31 Entire
32 Painful
33 Obliterates
36 Cleansing agent
38 Pus
41 Moisture
43 Walks heavily
47 Commotion
48 Terminus
50 Armed conflict
52 Stairs over a wall
53 Civil wrong
55 Weep convulsively
57 Drowse
59 Cabbage salad
60 American Indians
62 Part of a lock
64 A cyst
66 Playing card
67 Hidden; concealed
69 Disease of sheep
71 Stingier
73 Cease
75 Makes sodden
77 Gait of a horse
80 By
82 Deed
83 Part of the foot
87 Greek letter
88 Commemorative disk
90 Steep
92 A wing
93 The trunk of the human body
95 Aromatic seeds
97 Silken fabric
99 Scoff
100 To rent
101 Rugged crest of a mountain range
102 Paradise
103 Became dry and withered
104 Unusual; scarce

VERTICAL

1 Portion out
2 Rove over or through
3 Feminine personal name
4 Dry; withered
5 Climbs
6 A color shade
7 Silkworms
8 Mediterranean island
9 Goes stealthily
10 Man's name
11 And not
12 One of the Muses
13 Irrigate
14 Soapy water
17 An unaspirated consonant
23 Ascertains
25 A spot on reputation
28 Moist
30 A color
32 Gaiters
34 Female sandpiper
35 Stitch
37 Metric measures
38 Companions
39 Worship
40 Of a segment
42 Pale
44 City in Italy
45 Put
46 A drain
49 Spanish gentleman
51 Quarrel
54 Brief; concise
56 Exclude
58 To lower in rank or position
61 Put in place
63 Man's nickname
65 Seine
68 Building containing a Buddhistic shrine
70 Beverage
72 A tree
74 Foot levers
76 Long tirade
77 Fondles
78 Expiate
79 Felt concern
81 Indian princess
84 Consumer
85 Select class
86 Country road
88 Morning
89 Prevaricator
91 A ruler
94 Comprehend
96 A point of the compass
98 A constellation



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ABED FAT LEA ELAN
GIVE ORA ERR LOPE
EDIT REMOTER DOES
DELAY SINS EMENDS
   ION NE TSAR
PLANKING BATS VOW
AIL ELA ALOES ERA
LEAF ERASE DENSER
  BEL ARISE SOT
DIADEM MASSE TREY
ARM SEVEN ALL AVE
YEA SAID CUBICLES
   LENE RE ARE
APPEND BARS ANGER
MORN EREMITE TORE
PLED RUT SON ERIA
SAYS SEA EWE REED
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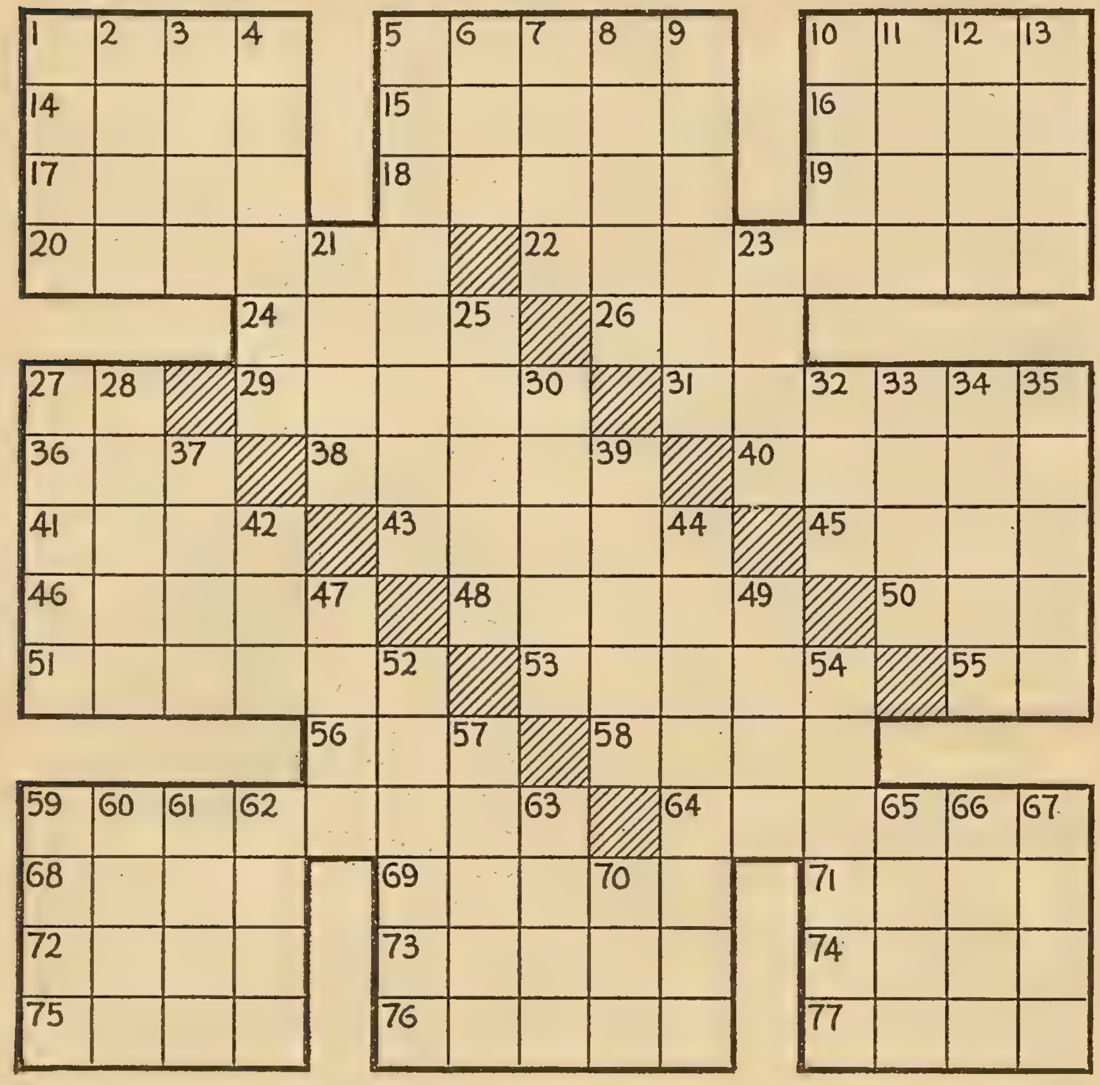
Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds

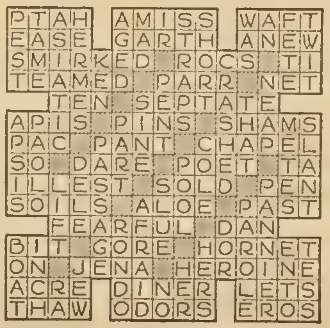


HORIZONTAL

1 A projecting point of rock
5 A goad to action (plural)
10 In bed
14 A rodent
15 A Jewish festival
16 Look or gaze steadily or intently
17 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
18 Century plant, or American aloe
19 Island in the Hebrides group
20 Professional reciter; an elocutionist
22 Men who heave the lead (nautical)
24 Large animal of the deer kind (plural)
26 Test
27 Dye obtained from roots of the Indian mulberry
29 Adventitious sound sometimes accompanying breathing
31 Consisting of a series
36 Of little elevation
38 Fruit of a vine
40 Burn superficially
41 A cut of meat
43 Progenitors
45 On the highest point
46 A Turkish money of account
48 An island of Greece
50 Individual
51 Paid attention
53 Hoarfrost (plural)
55 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
56 Couch
58 To wrap, as a corpse
59 Warship tenders
64 Confusion; turmoil
68 Combining form: oil
69 Put to shame
71 Italian coins
72 Asiatic country
73 Woman's name
74 Assam silkworm
75 A weed of grainfields, supposedly the darnel
76 Stamp something in or upon
77 Bamboolike grass

VERTICAL

1 Any of various species of trout
2 A ratio; proportion
3 A particular extent of surface
4 Sex
5 Scintillates
6 One of a breed of small dogs
7 River in Russia
8 Fastening device
9 Overspreads or daubs with something viscous
10 Sacred bull of the Egyptians
11 Hollow roar, as of waves or cannon
12 Bird of prey
13 Administrative officer of a university
21 One of the children of Shem (Genesis x, 22)
23 Colors
25 Former Sultan of Turkey
27 In Mohammedanism: the Supreme Being
28 Lax or slack
30 More painful
32 Inlet with depth diminishing inward
33 In
34 Past
35 Person affected with leprosy
37 To clean or dry by rubbing
39 Containing nephelite (petrography)
42 Man's nickname
44 In some measure
47 A king of Midian (Numbers xxxi)
49 Dry and withered
52 Break up a camp
54 Vender
57 Preclude; hinder from approach
59 Dispatch by mail
60 Upper part of the hip bone (plural)
61 At a little distance
62 A province of modern Greece
63 Principal garment of a Hindu woman
65 Part of a wheel
66 One of a tribe of American Indians
67 Peruse
70 Iniquity



PTAH AMISS WAFT
EASE GARTH ANEW
SMIRKED ROCS TI
TEAMED PARR NET
TEN SEPTATE
APIS PINS SHAMS
PAC PANT CHAPEL
SO DARE POET TA
ILLEST SOLD PEN
SOILS ALOE PAST
FEARFUL DAN
BIT GORE HORNET
ON JENA HEROINE
ACRE DINER LETS
THAW ODORS EROS

Answer to last week's puzzle

PATENTS

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CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
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MILD

Today's Pipe Dreams

—Tomorrow's Big Deeds

A THROBBING FACTORY, some book that will live, a magnificent building, a victory notable in law or logic—what is behind each one?

Sound thinking—and, so very often, *a pipe!*

Pipe dreams—seeds of progress! Without such dreams all men would drudge.

There can be no magic of success, even in pipe dreams. Yet most men who *do* things are deliberate, assured, thoughtful. They see great visions—calmly, in wisps of smoke.

True, isn't it? Pipe-smokers know—and if you're not one of their manly company, now is the time to find out. Pack a good pipe with Edgeworth, and see what hale and hearty relish there is in good tobacco smoked this way.

We said *Edgeworth,* and we stand by that. We'll even furnish the first pipeful—the first several, in fact. Edgeworth may become *your* choice, too. Just send along the coupon for a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of good old genuine Edgeworth.

EDGEWORTH
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READY RUBBED

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The Cat Bird

A New For the Love o' Lil

"DIDJA ever play quoits with phonograph records?" Gwendolyn asked little Ulysses. They were perched on the back of a squashy couch and looked like patient penguins waiting for something to turn up. "It's fun. All you have to do is slide them on the rug and whoever hits the wall first wins."

"I'd like to play that game," U. told her, staring stupidly. "You can go first so I can—"

"What didja say?" she asked. "Speak louder. I'm a little deaf."

This week's cover picture.

"YOU CAN GO FIRST!" he shouted, nearly toppling over.

"I can go first?" Gwen laughed the way she'd heard her mother giggle at card parties. "Of course, I can go first! I'm the boss and it's my house."

They rolled from the back of the couch. They bounced up and down on the stuffed, springy seat. They squealed and ran out of the room.

"That was a hayloft," Gwen explained in a puffy whisper. "We jumped on it until it was flat. We left it in the field and ran because —because a farmer came and chased us away with his pitchfork. You got poked and cried for your mother. Boo-hoo!"

"I didn't get poked and cry. You did," U. was bold enough to say. That took courage.

"Forget it!" she told him. "Let's get the phonograph records." She tiptoed ahead. U. felt to see if his little blue trousers had been ripped by the angry farmer's pitchfork! Then he hurried to catch up with Gwen.

"Don't go fast," he whispered. "I'll get lost."

"Lost?" she laughed again the way her mother did at parties. "You won't get lost. You're a shadow. Shadows don't get lost. You can't get rid of them."

She slipped six records from the phonograph cabinet. Twelve-inch grand-opera records. The children squatted on the Oriental rug which wouldn't be completely paid for until August, 1931.

"Whee-whee!" Gwen giggled. The Valkyrie sisters whined across the floor and sobbed at the baseboard where they were shattered forever.

"Whee-wheee!" U. giggled. "You're good!"

"Sure, I'm good," she agreed. And five more black disks were whizzed to destruction. "What'll we do now?" she asked gleefully. "Oh, I know. *Come on!*"

They tiptoed into the sunny hall room—the sewing room, Gwen called it. It looked like a junk shop just before a sale. She stood on the window seat and lifted down the bird cage.

"Peep, peep, Petey," she squeaked. "Stay here and watch Petey. I'll get Tony. I'm glad you brought him."

He opened the barred door to pick a yellow tail feather as a souvenir. And Petey flew out! Where? To the tiptop of the curtain!

"Here's Tony." Gwen was back again. "Where's Petey?" U. pointed. "Stupid!" she said. "But never mind, you can't help it. Watch!"

She squeezed Tony into the cage. He didn't even scratch. Then she uncorked a bottle of ink.

"See?" she grinned, slopping the ink on to Tony's back. "We'll make his black spot bigger. He's my cat bird!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Valentine)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater

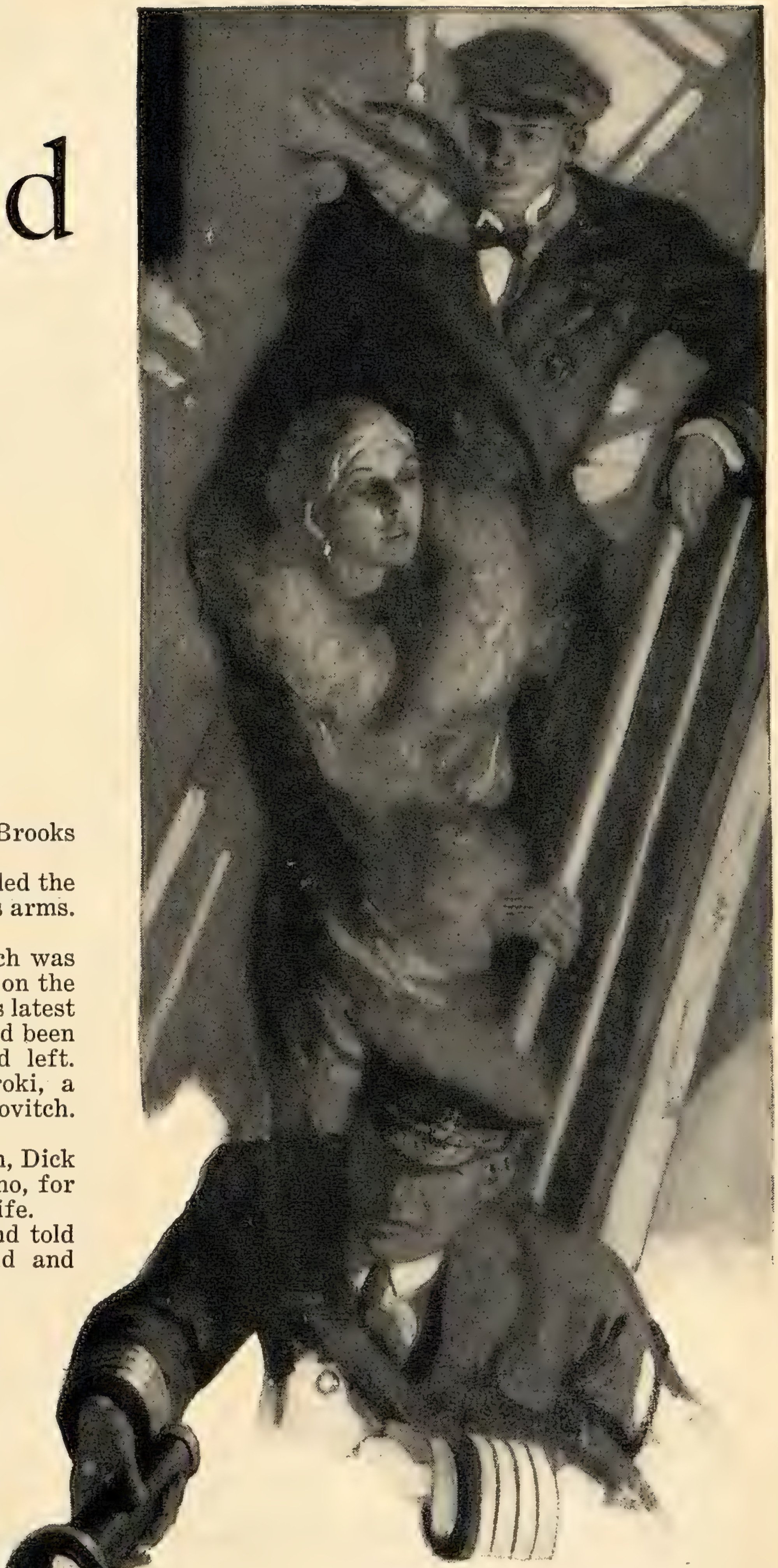
The Diamond Eye

A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP



The captain went ahead, flashing his light to show the way. Dick and Jean followed him down the narrow iron stairway to the sun deck.

"STOP that knocking at the door!" Poppy Brooks cried. "Stop it! I'll go mad."

Jay Finch strode to the end of the room and pulled the door open. A man, covered with blood, fell into his arms. It was Pelky. Someone had cut out his tongue!

This was the end of a lavish dinner. Jay Finch was playing host. The place was his private quarters on the S. S. Marantic, westward bound. Poppy Brooks, his latest whim, was his guest. Pelky, the ship's purser, had been another guest, but he had excused himself and left. Among the diners were Istrelle du Bose, Kuroki, a Japanese fingerprint expert, and the slippery Silovitch. All of these people were diamond smugglers.

Finch, a king of crime, had invited, to meet them, Dick Clarke and Jean Wood, U. S. Treasury agents, who, for the sake of safety, were posing as husband and wife.

Pelky, to save himself, had turned informer and told Dick that Finch meant to hang Jean—had told and suffered punishment.

The crime Finch meant to pin on Jean, when he had got her fingerprints, was murder: the stabbing of Henri Conté. This had occurred in the Crown and Bull shortly before the Marantic sailed. It was there that it had been arranged that Conté smuggle in the Diamond Eye, a great gem belonging to Finch. The table at which Conté and Finch and Poppy had sat was overturned and, in the confusion, Conté was stabbed.

It happened that the waitress who had struck against the table was Jean Wood in disguise. It also happened that she got possession of the Eye. Dick Clarke who, disguised, had sat at the next table, picked up a woman's garter slit with a knife, its buckle sewed over a nest of diamonds. Was it Poppy's garter? Dick did not know.

But he did know that, at Finch's dinner, Jean's finger tips were smeared with a hard nail polish. He was glad of this as he listened to the horrible noises coming from Pelky's throat.

PART SIX—DEATH STRIKES AGAIN

JAY FINCH dabbed at his red-smeared shirt front and his lapels, staining his handkerchief. He kept looking, not at the mutilated purser, but at himself—as much of himself as he could see. He opened his jacket and looked at his suspenders, perchance to see if blood had spattered on them. He repeated Silovitch's words as though trying to understand and to believe them:

"Someone's cut out his tongue!"

Clarke, looking up from his task of bathing the blood-stained face, wondered if Finch did not know who that "someone" was.

"He's frightened," Clarke decided. "More frightened than shocked. Any man who would try to hang such a girl as Jean wouldn't weep over the loss of an informer's tongue. But the blood—he doesn't like that."

Finch dropped his handkerchief, his fat red face showing his repulsion. He turned to Poppy Brooks, who sat with her eyes closed tight, her hands gripping those of her secretary and companion.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from preceding page

"Someone's cut his tongue out!" he told her.

Poppy moaned and rocked. "Take me out of here," she whispered. "I'm sick. I'm very sick."

Dick remembered her as she knelt on the sawdust-covered floor of the Crown and Bull, looking down at the murdered Conté. She was screaming then. But her eyes were open, and on her face was no such horror as Dick saw now.

Finch walked slowly toward Istrelle who was pouring herself a drink.

"Someone's cut out his tongue!" he said.

Istrelle's hand—queer how the light glinted on her nails—spilled whisky on the tablecloth. The glass shook in her hand. She gulped her drink and coughed. She put down the empty glass. It rolled carelessly, with the motion of the ship.

"Yes," she said. She pushed a cigarette into a paper holder and puffed on it vigorously, without lighting it.

"Mama, someone's cut out his tongue."

Finch took the napkin from his wife's lap, and dabbed again at his shirt front.

"Kuroki has gone for the doctor," Mrs. Finch said. Her voice was calm. "I'll send Nelson for the captain. Take the ladies to their rooms. If the captain wants to question them he can call on them later."

She moved the salt dish away from her place, moved it back again, pushed it away. She arose. She sat down again. She arose. She began to walk slowly, majestically toward the door, but as she neared it she ran.

Finch sank into her chair.

"I'm covered with blood," he said. "Look. I'm covered with blood."

Istrelle poured him a drink.

Poppy sprang up, shrieking.

"His blood is on your hands!" she cried, pointing to Finch.

Finch screamed like a woman. It was so sudden, so feminine, so loud and shrill, that Clarke felt his own nerves tingling.

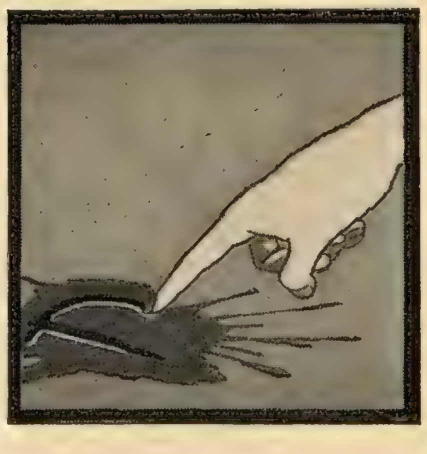
"You lie, damn you!" he cried. "I had nothing to do with it."

Suddenly he looked away from her, looked at his hands. He attempted a laugh, a ghastly failure. "Oh," he said. "His blood is on my hands. Yes. Yes."

He began to wipe his hands feverishly on a napkin.

Poppy threw back her head and laughed at the swaying ceiling, and the tears rained down her face.

She thrust her hands into her carefully built coiffure—hands that gleamed like little swarms of fireflies. Her hair fell about her, a golden cloak. One of her straps fell, leaving her shoulder bare: a dimpled shoulder that remained for weeks in Clarke's memory, white and dull and blank as a marble slab in a graveyard. Long after Miss Kling had led her out, Clarke could hear Poppy's wild piercing laughter.



IF she had known that men were tracking down Pelky, hunting him through the ship to cut out his tongue, she had not expected them to let the victim be exhibited thus before her.

Nor had any of these others, Clarke thought. Perhaps all during that dinner each of them had been waiting for news that the thing had been done.

"Let us suppose"—Finch's words came back to him—"let us suppose Mr. Pelky was the victim of a murder."

It was a grim little jest, perhaps meant for Kuroki and Silovitch and Poppy and Istrelle, a pleasantry to spice a dish already highly spiced.

The news would be brought to them by a discreet servant. "Pelky was an informer," Finch would announce. "It seems he talked to Mr. Clarke, and someone cut his tongue out. Too bad. But, go on, Mr. Clarke, let us see you hang your lovely wife."

He wrung out his blood-soaked handkerchief, wrung it savagely, and watched Finch and Istrelle as they followed Poppy from the room. They staggered up the incline of the floor, as the ship tilted toward them, waddled down fast as it shifted from them. The door slammed after them, and the glass upset by Istrelle rolled back and forth on the table like a crazy pendulum.

Dick stared at Silovitch who was still kneeling on the other side of the purser, holding the arm that wanted to be free.

There was a barbaric satisfaction in the man's face, a gloating in his red eyes and his wet snarling mouth.

"Hadn't you better go, too, Jean?" Dick asked, keeping his eyes on Silovitch.

"We can't leave him like this," she said, holding the water bottle closer, pouring water on the handkerchief Dick held up to her. "If we could only stop the bleeding! Why doesn't the doctor hurry?"

"We could put a tourniquet around his throat, of course," said Silovitch. "But then he'd never tell either of you anything again."

"You've overlooked something," Clarke answered. "Your friends should have chopped off his hands, so he couldn't write. They should have killed him—for I promise you now, Conté, or Van Sandt, or Silovitch, or whatever your name may be, that he will talk to me yet before he dies—talk with the hands you let him keep."

THE purser shuddered, and queer sounds came from his tongueless mouth. Silovitch dropped the wrist he held. His teeth were bared. Foam flecked his lips. His right hand shot to the side pocket of his dinner coat, and Clarke struck.

He struck but once. His right fist caught Silovitch under the chin, and Silovitch fell backward, his knees following his head. He twitched and lay flat and still. Jean took the gun from his coat pocket and handed it to Dick.

"Put it in my pocket," Dick said, "and take these glasses off me and slip them carefully into my breast pocket. Poppy's thumbprint is on one of the lenses."

Pelky tried to sit up. He tried to raise his arms. He could not. They beat against the floor, feebly, slowly. He tried to say something. Despair came into his eyes.

"Say it with your lips," Clarke whispered. "I can read lips."

The lips twitched, grimaced, spurted blood. The Adam's apple knocked violently against the red moist skin.

"Don't," said Clarke. "Rest. Take it easy."

"He's writing with his finger," Jean said.

Pelky's right hand moved slowly, fearfully through the red spatter on the floor, the fingers stiff and bent. It made the letter D, and quivered a moment, and was still.

Dick felt the man's heart.

"He's still alive," he said.

"Thank God," Jean answered. "Here's the doctor now." She hurried to the door, and opened it.

The ship's doctor and the captain, Sir Aurey Harris, V. C., brushed by her. Kuroki stood back of them.

"Hell, are there two patients?" the doctor asked. He knelt quickly, his fingers making swift examination. Clarke rose to his feet, wiping his hands.

"Only one," he said.

"What's the matter with the other one?" asked the captain, a huge block of a man with black hair and eyes, and hairy heavy fists. "Is he drunk?"

"I hit him."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Richard Clarke. This is Mrs. Clarke."

The captain turned from him abruptly and spoke, over the tall Kuroki's head, to a man in uniform who had waited just outside the door.

"Get some men and a stretcher," he said. "Mr. Kuroki, I wonder if you could take your friend to his stateroom? Something seems to have gone very quickly to his head. Mr. Finch's butler will help you."

The captain spun around.

"Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, will you come with me, please?"

"Wait, captain," said the doctor. "For God's sake, look what they've done to him!"

He had opened the purser's coat and shirt, and found the thin white chest oozing blood. He had wiped it clean, and red letters had leaped at him.

The letters grew distinct as they looked—all the letters of the alphabet except the vowels. They grew and brightened and enlarged, and blurred and ran together.

A man without a tongue. An alphabet without a vowel.

II

"MR. CLARKE," Captain Sir Aurey Harris began, "I understand you are an agent of the United States Treasury Department."

"I am," said Dick. "A sort of European undercover man. Mrs. Clarke is in the service with me. Our work is the trailing and overtaking of diamond smugglers."

They sat in the captain's quarters on the bridge deck, Dick and Jean, in easy chairs, facing the heavy flat-topped desk. The captain stood in back of the desk, facing them, towering over them.

"Suppose you tell me, then, all I ought to know about this."

Dick talked quietly, giving the master of the vessel all the details he had gathered. The captain listened patiently, without interruption. Jean appeared not to be listening.

She seemed to be absorbed in the furnishings of the room, the thick green carpet, the wide mahogany desk with the ivory elephants on it, and the picture of one of London's leading actresses, the photographs on the walls—King George and Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales—the disordered piles of books on the window seats, the ornamental fireplace—ornamental but not utilitarian—the uniforms hanging in the locker, the red can of tobacco near the captain's telephone, beside it a box of cheap candy.

"Who did this, Mr. Clarke?" the captain asked when Dick had finished.

"I don't know yet, captain. But I will. I suspect Kuroki or Silovitch, or both, arranged it. I suspect that Finch approved their plans, and that the other smugglers on this ship, if they knew of the plans, made no effort to prevent the execution of them.

"It took a cruel mind to order Mr. Pelky's tongue cut," said Dick. "Cruel but not clever. It was the clever mind that ordered that tongueless alphabet chiseled into Mr. Pelky's breast, that it might mock him, and madden him, and frighten him all the days of his life."

"There was no need to cut off his hands, Mr. Clarke. Pelky will tell you nothing more. Should he want to write you further information, he will remember that devil's alphabet, his hands will falter and drop the pen."

"DO you not think that his wish to be revenged will override his fear?"

"No! No! You or I—yes. But Pelky was ever a coward."

"Why should he fear now? What more can be done to him? Death? If I were he I would welcome death, I think."

"Don't say that, please, Dick," Jean said quickly. "None of us knows how he would feel in Mr. Pelky's place. I have heard of brave men begging for life. I have heard of cowards meeting death with a smile."

"And Pelky has a wife and children," the captain said. He took up the largest ivory elephant and scratched its back against his chin. "Is Kuroki's brain a subtle one?"

"Most likely. And yet—perhaps we have not yet thought of the man we want. Kuroki, if he had a hand in this, knew he would be suspected. There may be on this ship a brain more subtle than his."

"And the man who did the butchery?"

"There were more than one, captain. There was the man from whom Pelky fled—the man who peered in at him through the window port in Finch's suite and sent him squealing and scurrying to safety. There was a man—or a woman, captain—who waited outside Pelky's cabin, after the door was locked and bolted from the inside. And there was the man with the razor—or the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY]

Do you love good coffee . . .
but fear to drink it at night?

Is there always a missing cup at your dinner table? Does some one have to pass up coffee? Then try the coffee that lets you sleep. It's particularly welcome for evening parties.

COFFEE is America's national beverage. Its cheer makes every meal more enjoyable.

Yet at dinner—chief of family gatherings, where coffee adds so much to pleasure—thousands never drink it for fear that it will keep them awake. And many who are fond of its flavor do not drink it at all.

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Is some one missing coffee at your house? Surprise him tonight. Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee. Make it just as you make any other coffee. He can drink all he wants. It will not keep him awake or affect nerves in the slightest degree. And how much more pleasant than substitutes that can never satisfy the true coffee lover!

Kaffee Hag was the first caffeine-free coffee. Now Kellogg, after years of experiment, has wonderfully improved the blend. Today there is no finer coffee to be found. Ask your dealer for Kaffee Hag Coffee *in its new vacuum can.*

We'll send you a sample. . . . For 10c, to cover postage, etc., we will mail you a 10-cup sample of this great caffeine-free coffee. Try it *at night.* Flavor! Aroma! Cheer! And restful sleep!

COFFEE
KAFFEE HAG

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. E-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

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Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

... on the skis it's

BALANCE!

Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

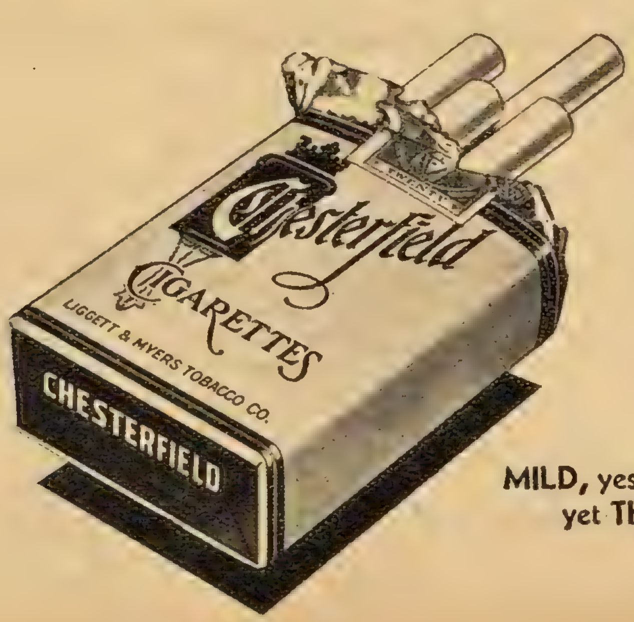
... in a cigarette it's

TASTE!

IT is a curious fact that the best-tasting cigarette is the one in which no single taste quality is too evident. Over-mildness, for example—or over-richness—shows lack of "balance" just as plainly as harshness or bitterness.

On this basis, test Chesterfield. Aroma, smoothness, satisfying goodness, flavor, mildness, all present—but none emphasized at the expense of others. The one goal is *taste*—better taste, *balanced* taste—

TASTE *above everything*


Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

field

MUST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and
yet THEY SATISFY

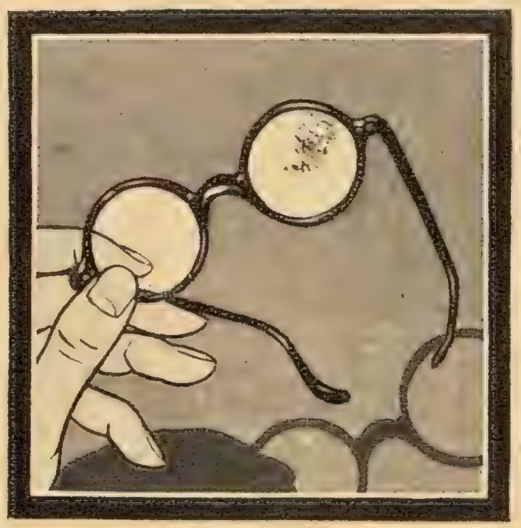
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

knife. No woman would have wielded that knife so."

"I don't quite see that, Mr. Clarke. I mean, I don't see why you say there were three persons, and not one."

"Captain, the man who frightened Pelky did not pursue him. He knew what would happen, of course. He knew Pelky, or he could not have frightened him. He knew that Pelky was not to be killed, and he knew that Pelky might identify the man who operated on him. He did not want to be identified. Therefore a man Pelky could not identify was given the knife."

Clarke's eyes half closed. He lay back in his chair. His hands lay quietly in his lap. His tone was drowsy.



"The butcher is not a white man," he said. "A white man might order a man's tongue cut, but he wouldn't do it himself. The man is little, and thin. He is tremendously strong and agile. He has no fear. And perhaps, since he is apelike in many ways, he is of low mentality. He obeys orders."

"You know him?" the captain asked.

Dick opened his eyes as though he had just awakened.

"I have not seen him yet," he said. "But of course I shall."

"You are at liberty to search the ship for him."

"That is not necessary, captain, thank you. He will come to me."

Against her will Jean shivered. Clarke did not notice.

"You are cold, Mrs. Clarke," the captain said.

"No, it is warm in here," she answered. She smiled and looked down quickly.

The captain walked his elephant—with his fingers—to its place in the line on his desk. He opened a drawer and took out a flashlight and a revolver. He flashed the light to see that it was in working order, and dropped the weapon into his coat pocket.

"Mrs. Clarke," he said gently, "I am going to ask your husband to accompany me to Mr. Pelky's cabin. We'll take you to your room first, however. You've had a terrible ordeal."

"Oh, I couldn't stay alone," Jean exclaimed, rising quickly. "I—I wouldn't feel safe without—without my husband."

Dick put his arm about her shoulders, and smiled down at her.

"You're afraid until something happens," he said, "then you're twice as cool as you ought to be."

A faint smile ran down the left side of the captain's face, and he bowed stiffly.

"Very well, then," he said; "but keep hold of your husband's arm. It's a nasty night."

THE rain had ceased some time ago, but the wind still howled and moaned and rocked the ship like a cradle. The moon and the stars were hidden, and the sky above was black as the water below.

The captain went ahead, flashing his light at intervals to show the way. Dick and Jean followed him, arm in arm, bending their heads to the wind, holding the rail as they went slowly down the narrow iron stairway to the sun deck. They walked aft, half the ship's length, across the sun deck, holding each other, lurching, groping, stopping, grabbing at shadows for support, swaying with the motion of the ship, fighting the wind for breath, fearful of being blown every next moment into the sea, following the fitful gleam of the flashlight.

The captain paused near the entrance to the sheltered staircase that pitched down to the promenade deck. His cap had blown away, and his hair tossed like the sea. His flashlight shone on the sleet and snow and rain-wet deck. He stood under an arc light, as much a part of the ship as the giant stack near by him.

Dick drew the girl tightly to him as they passed through the door, and was not conscious of his action. Nor, apparently, was she. They went slowly down the stairway, hand in hand, though there was no need of this now, the captain following. There was a red trail on the stairs. They followed it to the central stairway, down to A deck, and through the corridors to the purser's stateroom.

"You were right," the captain said, his hand on the door. "Mr. Pelky was butchered here, and ran upstairs when he could."

Dick could imagine the purser standing just inside that door, frightened, breathing hard, his Adam's apple bobbing fast, his hands shaking as he slid the bolt into its groove. What relief he must have felt, thinking himself safe! Had he turned, then, and seen his butcher? Or had the butcher felled him with a blow on the head? Perhaps not. The idea was torture. The victim might not have been unconscious at any time.

CAPTAIN SIR AUREY HARRIS thrust his right hand into the pocket that concealed the gun. He opened the door with his left hand, his body shielding Jean from any harm that might come out of the room.

The room was empty. The three went in, and the captain closed the door.

Dick looked first at the window port. It was tightly closed. But it was evident it had been opened recently, for considerable water had come through it. The floor was wet, the carpet was soaked. Water had dripped from something—a man's hand?—on to the writing desk and the books and papers it held.

A water-soaked towel, smeared with blood, lay on the carpet, close to the bed. The bedding was saturated with gore.

"The naked man again," Dick thought.

Aloud he said, "The butcher came through the porthole."

The captain walked to the port and examined it.

"No man could open that port from the outside," he said.

"True," Clarke agreed. "But a child could open it from the inside. Somebody did open it. Where else could all this water have come from? He—or she—opened it for one purpose: to let in the naked man with the razor."

The captain rubbed the back of his hand against his dark chin.

"You make your deductions instantly, Mr. Clarke," he said, "and perhaps you are right. But please explain them."

"A man intending to climb through a port would naturally take off all his clothes. He could more easily worm his way through, and there would be no possibility of leaving part of his shirt, for instance, behind him, for evidence against him. It would be easy enough to tear off part of a shirt on the edges of the port, or on one of the clamps."

"But this man evidently wore rubber-soled shoes," the captain interrupted, looking at a mark left on the sheet. "He must have tied Mr. Pelky's hands behind him, placed him on his back on the bed, and straddled him, crouching. How else could he have left this mark?"

"I think if you will examine the wardrobe you will find that some of Pelky's clothes are missing," said Clarke.

The captain pulled open the door of the wardrobe, moved the uniforms hanging on hooks from the center pole, looked beneath the uniforms at the shoes.

"I don't know whether Mr. Pelky had a bathrobe and bedroom slippers or not. If he did have, they are gone."

"I thought so. The butcher was naked except for those rubbed-soled shoes," Clarke said. "He came out of the sea, captain, out of the storm, through the porthole. He waited. He was here, perhaps, before the purser fled from Finch's suite. He was wet, of course, but he dried himself on that towel. Later he wiped his bloody hands on it."

"Why didn't the man who opened the port wait here and do the job?"

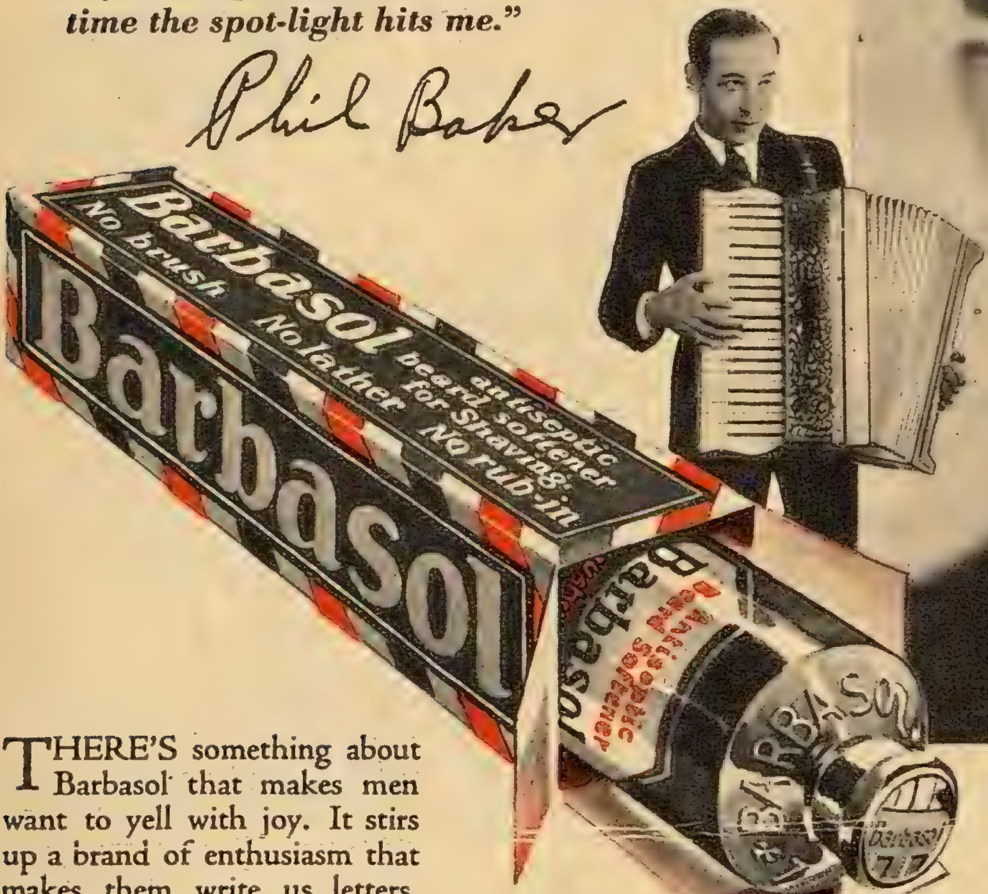
[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

Shaving is now fun

. . . so easy, smooth, quick . . . with Barbasol

"Shaving gets a laugh out of me now, instead of a moan. It's all fun. No brush. No lather. No hairs that miss their exit cues—and a face as smooth as a baby's. How? Just Barbasol and a trusty blade, nothing else . . . Shakespeare said, 'There's the rub', but he wore a beard. You don't have to rub in Barbasol; just another reason it's so quick, clean and comfortable, I guess . . . I'm one of the Barbasol boys and proud of it — every time the spot-light hits me."

Phil Baker


Barbasol
antiseptic beard softener for Shaving
No brush No lather No rub-in
Barbasol
Barbasol
Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL
Barbasol

PHIL BAKER, the bright boy who makes his accordian talk, and makes his talk—accordingly. Entertainer and star of more good shows than almost any other songster. He's wise-cracking in "Pleasure Bound", these days and, from all reports, is producing a laugh a minute as usual.

THERE'S something about Barbasol that makes men want to yell with joy. It stirs up a brand of enthusiasm that makes them write us letters. Hundreds pour in all the time telling how Barbasol takes the tussle out of beards—tough beards, wiry beards, all beards . . . Here's one: "I never really enjoyed a shave until I used Barbasol—no pull"—W. C., Illinois. And another: "It leaves the skin so wonderfully smooth. I get more shaves per blade"—J. E. S., New York. Again: "Barbasol is a boon to shavers—a revelation." J. T. B., Pennsylvania. (Yes, names on request if you want.)

Follow these directions and you follow the crowd

Get this straight—Barbasol doesn't make a lather. You don't *need* it. Forget all your old ideas about brush and rubbing. Barbasol is entirely different . . . All right; now let's go:

1 Wet your face well. *Leave it wet.* **2** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in. **3** Hone up, strop up, wet the blade and—*shave.*

Who'd believe this quick, simple method could perform such wonders? The beard is soft, but crisp. Blade slides along *easy.* Whiskers come off clean, close. Face is soft, refreshed. No lotions needed and the blades last longer.

You can only prove this about Barbasol *on your own face!* Try it tomorrow morning. Generous tubes, 35¢ and 65¢ at all drug stores. Buy it now and give your face a glad surprise! The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

* *Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.*

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Here's a bracer for the face morning, noon or night. Slap it on face and neck when tired. It tingles; rejuvenates. Makes a new man of you. Try it!

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page 70

"Then why open the port? No, captain, the person who opened the port had as much to lose by being identified as did the man who frightened the purser. This person is probably a steward—or a stewardess."

"That is hard for me to credit, Mr. Clarke. If my own crew is bent on mayhem or murder—"

His right fist came down hard on Pelky's desk.

"By God, I'll get to the bottom of this!" he roared. "Pardon me, Mrs. Clarke, but never in my life has anything so brutal, so dastardly, come to my attention. Go on, please, Mr. Clarke. Let me know all your theories. However wild they seem, they're not too wild to explain this crime.

"HOW did this naked devil get in here? If he slid down a rope the steel side of the ship would batter the life out of him in this storm. When the ship careened to port he would be left hanging far out. And when it careened to starboard he would be banged against the steel with terrific force. If he weren't crushed to death immediately he would be forced to let go of the rope. He couldn't possibly hold it."

"I have an idea that he did not slide down a rope, captain. How he did get in I don't know yet. I have some sort of opinion, but, until I learn more, I don't wish to express it. You might think it ridiculous; and, indeed, it seems ridiculous to me. However he got to the port, he came through it, the knife in his teeth. He chose to enter through the porthole so that no one might see him enter. Perhaps he was masked.

"After he had attended to the purser he threw knife, mask, and rubber-soled shoes through the port, wiped his hands after closing the port, put on his victim's bathrobe and slippers, opened the door calmly, and went to his own room. The man—or the woman—who waited outside probably informed him the corridors were clear. And so there was really no reason he should have gone out the port. I don't imagine his room is very far from this. Just where, by the way, is Kuroki's cabin?"

The captain consulted some papers on the purser's desk.

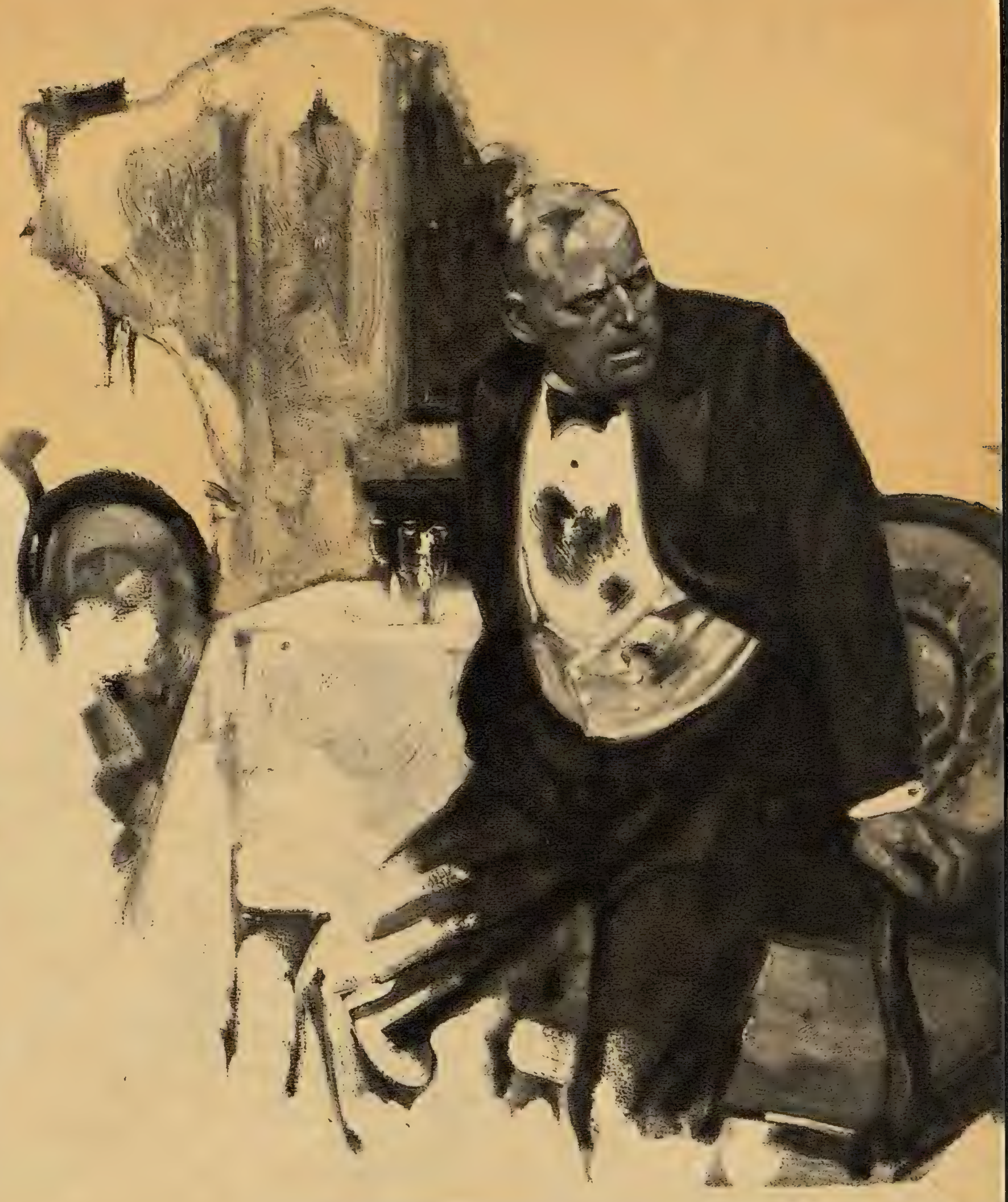
"On this deck, forward. About twenty rooms down the corridor, and to starboard."

"And Silovitch?"

"Hmm! I don't see his name on the passenger list."

"You'll probably find him listed as Van Sandt," said Jean. "His cabin is next to Kuroki's—this side of it."

The captain verified this statement, and put the papers in his pocket.



"I'm covered with blood," he said. "Look. I'm covered with blo

"I shall have all the rooms in this vicinity searched," he said, "as soon as possible in the morning. I don't expect to find the bathrobe or slippers, of course. But we may get a clue of some kind. Now tell me, Mr. Clarke, how did you know that Pelky was caught in this room?"

"Where else could they trap him so effectually? They might be discovered at their work anywhere else on this vessel; anywhere else but this room."

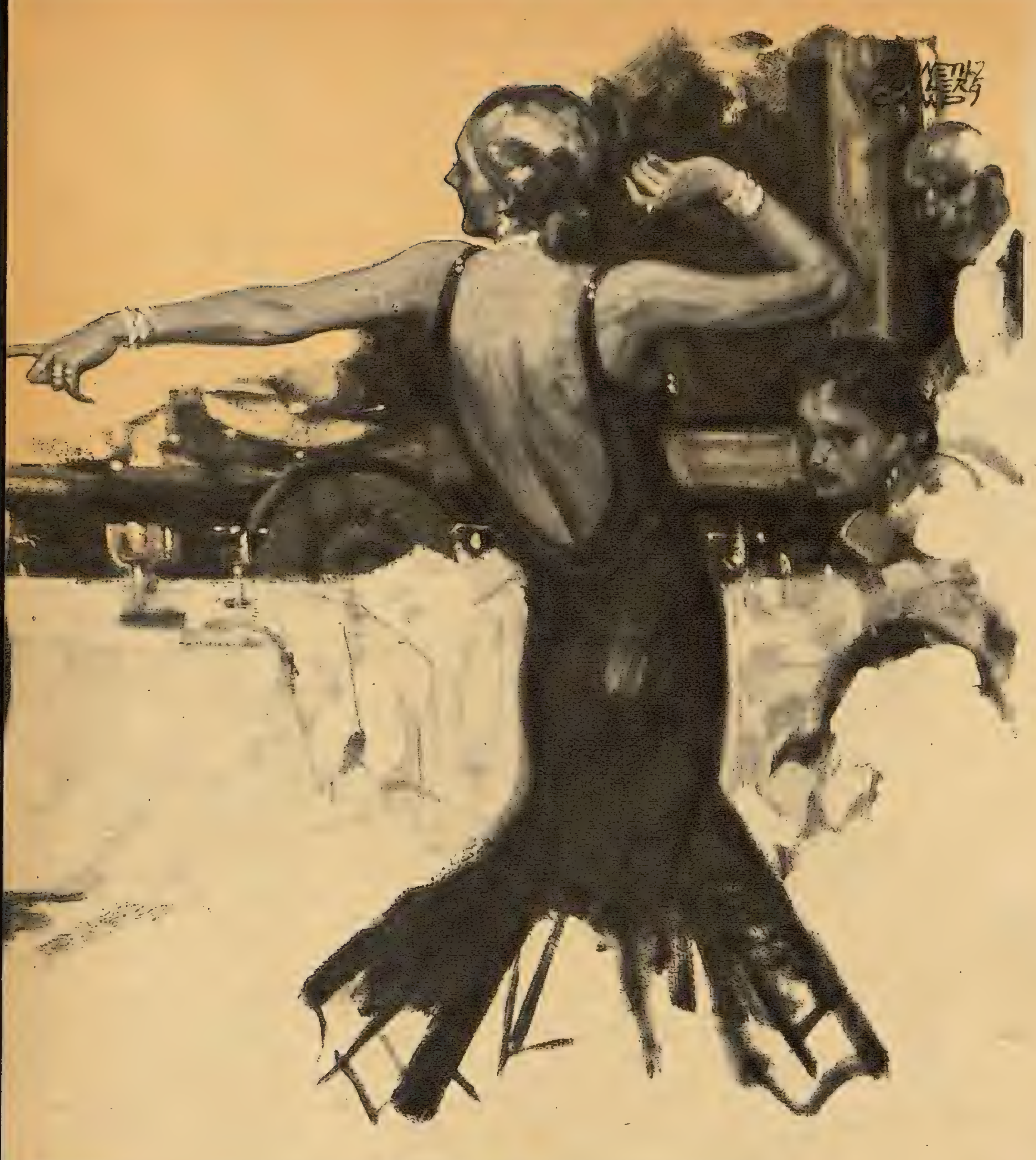
"OF course. But why did Pelky go back to Finch's suite? He was evidently weak from the loss of blood. He must have suffered intense pain. Now, why didn't he go to Dr. Mitten's room? It's just around the end of this transverse corridor. Or why didn't he run to the hospital on B deck?"

"He thought he was dying," Clarke answered, "and he wanted to tell something while he could."

"He did his best," said Jean. "He wrote with his finger—D. D for diamonds, probably."

The captain stared. "Then I was wrong in thinking he would be more frightened than ever?"

"That remains to be seen," Dick said, his eyes half



Poppy sprang up. "His blood is on your hands!" she cried, pointing to Finch.

closed. "That D might mean anything. It might mean 'Don't.' It might be the first letter of a name. It might mean 'dying.'"

"Yes. Possibly he will be able to finish the sentence in the morning. You think he will live?"

"He has lost much blood."

Captain Harris opened his watch.

"I won't keep you any later," he said. "But I must see you in the morning. I need your help. By the way, Mr. Clarke—what makes you think a woman is involved?"

"I will tell you that tomorrow."

It would not do to tell, in Jean's presence, about the visit of the naked man to his own room, and Chilly Lily's arrangements for that visit.

"Thank you. Good night, Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Clarke. If you see the chief steward ask him, please, to send Dr. Mitten to me here."

They left him looking at the window port, rubbing his fist against his chin. They almost collided with the ship's doctor as they started through the corridor.

"It's a hell of a night," he said, not seeing Jean, apparently. "I've got a hundred seasick patients. I can't give them anything but emetics.

"I've got two old ladies who fell and broke a leg apiece, and I haven't seen a leg, except socially, in fifteen years. Then you present me with two more patients. I won't get a wink of sleep tonight."

"How is Mr. Pelky?" Dick asked.

"I gave him a hypo and put him bye-bye. I think he'll pull through all right. But the chap you bashed—he's still out."

"Bad?"

"GOOD, I'd say. He may be all right in the morning, unless his jaw is fractured. You sang him a potent lullaby with your fist, Mr. Clarke." He examined Dick's knuckles, and advised iodine.

"But is his jaw fractured?" Dick asked, only mildly interested.

"No, but it's not your fault." The doctor laughed and passed into the purser's room.

"Smart Aleck!" Jean said as they walked on.

"Who?" Dick demanded.

"Both of you, for that matter," she answered hotly. "You had no business hitting Silovitch."

"Perhaps not, All Wisdom," Clarke said with a bitter laugh. "But remember I was kneeling. I couldn't possibly have kicked him in the face. I had to punch him. But maybe I should have let him draw his damn gun and—"

"Don't swear at me!"

Dick threw up his arms in a gesture meant to indicate the futility of all masculine arguments.

"What's the use?" he said. "A man is always wrong."

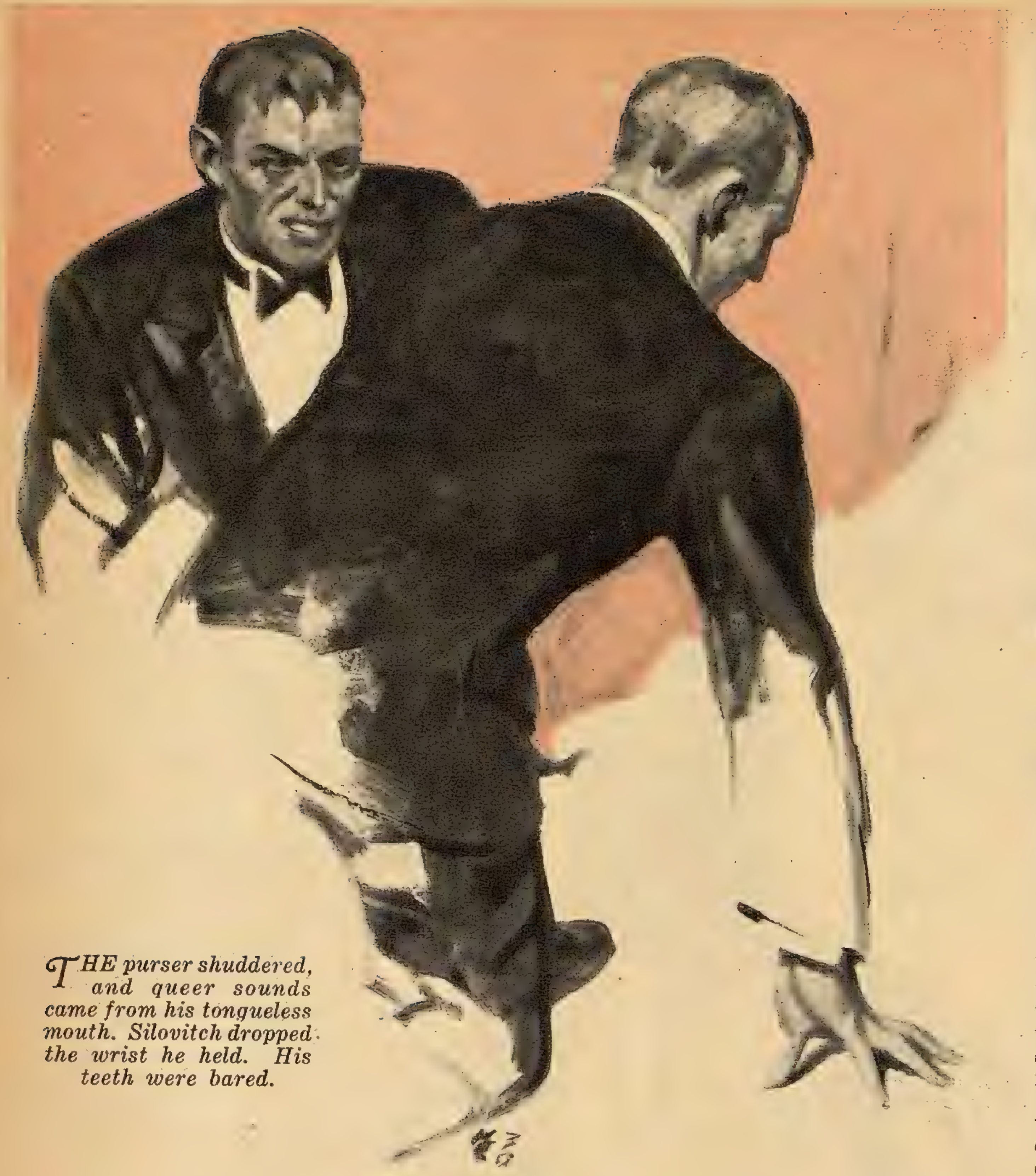
III

EIGHT hours' sleep had not worn away Dick's irritation. The sun was shining when he woke, and the sea was calm. But that meant nothing to Dick. The ship's clock said a quarter after eight, and he had meant to awake much earlier.

He set his watch, and looked toward the other bed. He saw nothing but the screen that hid it.

"Darling!" he said softly, swearing to himself at the necessity of being loverlike to her in this room. "She'll

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



THE purser shuddered, and queer sounds came from his tongueless mouth. Silovitch dropped the wrist he held. His teeth were bared.

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page seventy-three

be kissing her hand to me in a moment," he thought, scowling, "and the minute we get where we can talk like grown-up people she'll bawl me out again for smashing Silovitch."

He waited impatiently for her answer. There was none.

She should not be asleep. They had plenty of work to do this day, and he needed her help. The only time he needed her she must lie in bed and snooze. It was like a woman. But he determined he would not call her again. She might bite him.

"Who do you think you are?" he fancied he could hear her saying. "Big Ben?"

He jumped out of bed, making all the noise he could. He let the water run till the tub was filled almost to the brim. He splashed. He smacked his flesh.

BUT as he passed the screen on the way to the trunk room he decided it was all in vain. He dressed quickly, letting coins fall out of his pocket, dropping his shoes, humming "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

But still nothing happened on the other side of the screen.

He debated the matter of going down to breakfast without her. He decided that wouldn't do. It would not be safe to leave her alone in this room—especially since he couldn't lock the door from the outside. He was hungry, ravenously hungry, but he wasn't going to call Jean Wood again. He'd simply hang around and wait for her to get up.

Meanwhile— He strode to the desk, kicking the chair noisily out of his way, and then kicking it back into place again. He sat down and made a list of the things that must be done. He'd show her the list when she condescended to come back to life.

"Develop the print of Poppy Brooks' thumb on the lens," he wrote.

"Interview Poppy about the print.

"Show her the garter."

HE wondered about the wisdom of that for the moment, then drew his pencil through the words.

He would let that situation take care of itself. He would know better what to do with that garter after he talked to Poppy than he could possibly know now.

It might be wise to spring the garter on her in her room, or it might be fatal. It might have the right psychological effect to offer it to the bidders at the ship's auction. Poppy would buy it, no doubt—but the very publicity of her buying it would lessen the effect Clarke intended it should have on her.

"Give Silovitch's gun to Capt. Harris," he wrote next.

He got up quickly, then, went to the wardrobe, took the gun from his jacket pocket, and brought it over to the desk. It was a toy gun, but it was heavy. The handle was of a cheap grade of mother-of-pearl. Dick took his penknife and inserted the blade into the groove of one of the screws. The screw turned easily. Half the handle came off in his hand.

He reached into the hollow and pulled out a tissue-paper package. It was filled with diamonds. Dick counted them. There were exactly fifty. They ranged from one carat to approximately four. So that was why Silovitch carried a toy gun in his pocket!

Dick smiled grimly and drew a line under what he had just written.

He replaced the diamonds, and screwed the half handle back on. Yes, he would leave the gun in the custody of the captain, with instructions that it was to be given to Mr. Silovitch, alias Van Sandt, after the revenue officers arrived on board.

He dropped the gun into his coat pocket and commenced to write once more.

"Get passenger list and make map of purser's cabin and vicinity.

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One of those always fascinating "way-back-when" articles dealing with present-day celebrities before they got that way . . . Cecil de Mille playing tank towns with a starving stock company . . . Peggy Hopkins when her only man admirer was a penurious reporter . . . a comedian called Chaplin, first name Charley, playing small time vaudeville . . . These and other great ones in

I KNEW THEM WHEN

by MARY EVELYN MARTIN

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Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

"Inform Capt. Harris of suspicions concerning certain stewardess. Tell him of naked man's visit to this room.

"Interview Pelky."

That was the most important item of all, he thought, lighting a match and touching the paper to the flame.

Pelky could explain much, and would.

He ought to visit Pelky immediately, and to hell with breakfast until afterward. And that lazy Jean still slept.

"Jean!" he called loudly.

The door opened, and Jean entered.

"Dick," she said, her voice betraying great excitement.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, letting the burning paper fall into a convenient ash tray. "I thought you were still asleep, and here you've been out pacing the deck!"

"Dick," she said, "Pelky's dead!"

"Too bad," he said, more gently. "I knew he had lost much blood."

"He was murdered!" she whispered. "I've just come from the hospital."

"Murdered? How?"

For answer Jean held out her hand, and exhibited to his puzzled eyes a rounded piece of thin glass. It looked as though it might have been part of the mercury bulb in a thermometer.

Prisoners on a ship where death strikes mysteriously, Dick and Jean are turning desperate eyes toward the future. Next week you'll witness the first of the startling events which that future brings them.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Any Dog Can Sing

Grandfather was having Rags perform for Betty Jean. "Sing, Rags, sing!" he commanded, and Rags bayed long and loudly. When the last dismal note had died, Betty Jean said, "Now tell him to whistle."—Rebecca Jane Oliver, Room 226, Library Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Said He Kindly

My son, four years old, had been given some little potted plants and a sprinkling can in order to develop in him a sense of responsibility. All went fine for a couple of weeks. Then one morning he got halfway down the steps with sand pail and shovel, and the flowers not watered. I said, "Haven't you forgotten something this morning, dear?" He replied:

"Wouldn't you like to water them this morning, mother? It would be a nice little change for you."—Mrs. Talbot Mundy, 307 Sea Lane, La Jolla, Calif.

"Did Someone Say

Sergeant's?"

IF THE conversation is on the welfare and care of dogs, it is almost certain that you *would* hear about Sergeant's. It is a name familiar to dog-lovers everywhere. They have seen it upon packages of various medicines made to combat every kind of dog ailment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines have been used by dog owners for more than fifty years. There could be no better guarantee of their safety and effectiveness.

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During these long years of scientific study of dogs and their diseases, a wealth of knowledge has been accumulated that is of priceless benefit to dog owners. This knowledge has been published in the famous Polk Miller's Dog Book, a copy of which is yours for the asking. Here, in plain everyday language, you will find the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are interesting articles on feeding, breeding and raising dogs. Millions of dog owners have asked for this book. We urge you to write for your free copy. *Expert Advice Free.* Our expert veterinarian will gladly answer questions about your dog's health, sending without charge any special information not covered in the Dog Book. State age, breed and sex of your dog with all symptoms.

Sergeant's Dog Food

In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef and everything your dog needs. A splendid Food for all dogs and pups. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct.

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The Man Who Makes MURDER Out

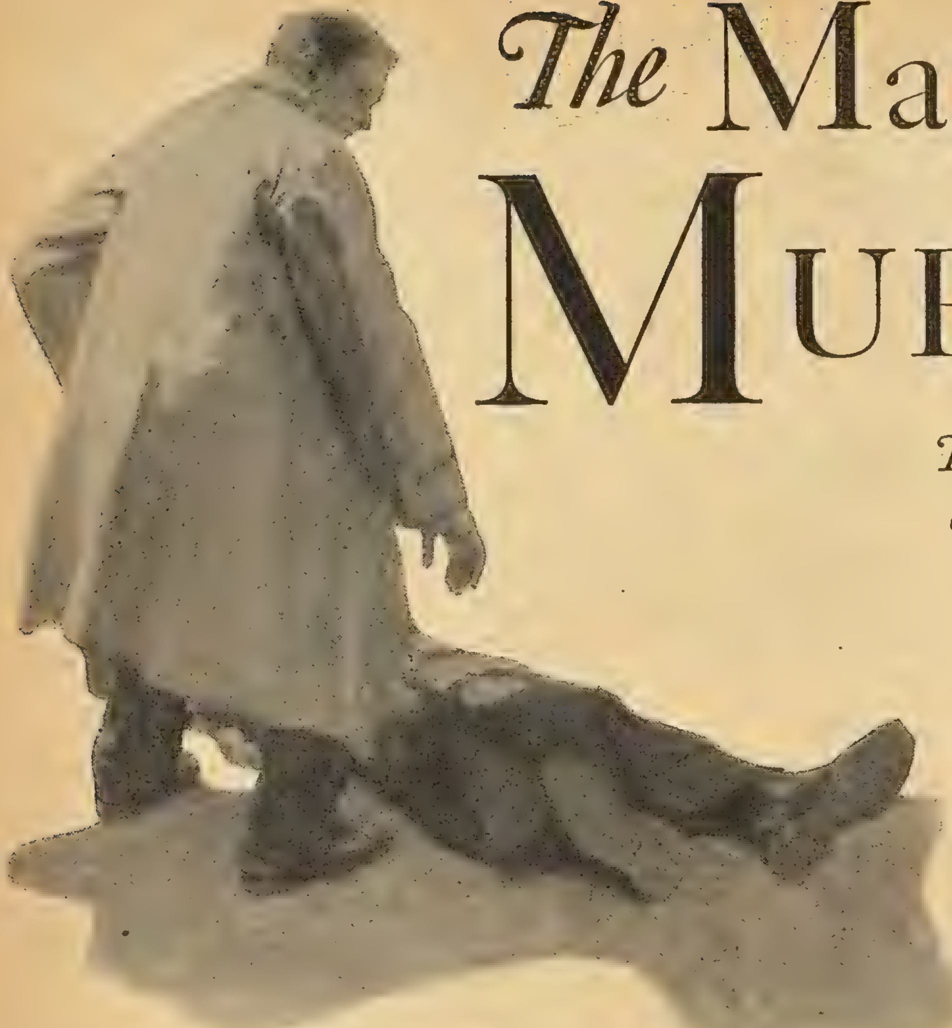
The Remarkable Case of Edward Oscar Heinrich

By

EUGENE B. BLOCK

the news editor of a San Francisco paper, who when a reporter became so interested in crime and prisons that writing about them for magazines is now a side line with him. He is married and has, as you might say, three chips on his shoulder—sons.

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP



Schwartz had killed a man. The body had been dragged out to the laboratory. A natural set-up for an "accidental" explosion had been arranged.

A PRIEST called out in the night . . . a stranger begging the sacrament for a dying man. . . . A wild ride through fog . . . the hum of the motor drowned by the roar of breakers against cliffs below. . . .

And in the morning an empty parish house.

The disappearance of Father Patrick Heslin of San Francisco at once became an absorbing mystery. Theories of murder, of robbery, of kidnaping, of mishap occupied the police. Not a shred of a clew could they find.

The housekeeper had caught only a glance of the caller. She had hurried for the priest's coat. A moment later priest and stranger had been lost in the dark.

A day and a night of search were futile. Then came the first clew—a letter to the archbishop demanding a ransom. Father Heslin was kidnaped.

Ten days later a bald, lanky baker told a newspaper reporter where the body of the priest could be found. He said a girl had told him. He led the police by machine and on foot to a desolate spot on the ocean beach miles away. There, buried deep, lay the body.

The San Francisco police arrested their informant. They said he talked suspiciously. But the more they accused him, the more William Hightower protested his innocence. He engaged a lawyer.

He had not yet heard of Edward Oscar Heinrich.

Heinrich, chemist and supercriminologist of Berkeley, California, had come to the rescue of the police almost countless times. With his microscope and chemical laboratory he had made a single hair talk or a lone thread point an accusing finger. Once he had taken the dust out of an overalls pocket and sent a trio of murderers to prison for life. Another time he had magnified three human hairs and cleared a taxicab driver of murder. So now the police sent for Heinrich. They admitted they were stumped.

Over to his laboratory he took the prisoner's jackknife. Detectives had examined it for blood spots and found none. "Clean as a whistle," they reported.

Heinrich put it under the lens. Every bit of it he magnified a hundred times. Through the glass he saw a faint strand of white, caught in the knife hinge.

With forceps the fiber was extracted. Under more powerful microscopes Heinrich scrutinized it.

"That knife has cut white fish cord," he told the detectives next day. "Let me see everything you've taken from his room and all your other evidence."

In Hightower's room they had found a canvas tent. On one side was scrawled in ink the word "tuberculosis." They supposed that the tent had held the captive priest and the printing had been a ruse to keep intruders away.

To his laboratory Heinrich carted the tent. He took with him, too, some rough boards found over the grave.

For days and nights Heinrich scrutinized the folds of canvas. Every inch went under the microscope. And another clew was yielded—half a dozen grains of sand.

Heinrich subjected those grains to the minutest examination. Then he did the same with the sand in the grave on the beach. It was the same sand, he reported—a peculiar type, not common at the seashore.

The string that bound the tent next came under his scrutiny. He tested its fiber, analyzed it with chemicals. It was the same as the tiny shred he had taken from the pocketknife. Here was enough to link the prisoner with the crime. But Heinrich went further.

The boards from the grave were put to the acid test of science. Caught under a splinter was a strand of white, finer than thread. Heinrich magnified it nearly a thousand times. It was of the same type of fish cord as the shred in the knife and the cords of the tent.

WHEN the time came, Heinrich stood before a jury with photographs of magnified fragments of string and grains of sand. He went still further, exhibiting magnified samples of Hightower's handwriting, pointing out startling similarities to the scrawl on the tent. The rest he left to the jury—and Hightower is now serving a life sentence in the California state penitentiary.

This was just another case in the spectacular career of Edward Oscar Heinrich, master of a new science, pioneer in a field of scientific criminal investigation.

"The Edison of criminal detection," they call him. And he has earned that title by a record of more than twenty years of sensational performance in more than 1,000 cases.

He serves practically every police department and investigating branch of the Federal government, up and down the Pacific coast. They come to him when they are blocked, and as a rule he clears the way.

Naturally, he is called in on almost every baffling mystery. His outstanding success of 1929 was scored in one that acquired a romantic label. It became known as the Poison Mystery of the Mother Lode.

On the night of April 26 there was a dance in the schoolhouse at Tuttletown, California. One of the dancers was Mrs. Eva Rablen, so-called mail-order bride of Carroll Rablen, a youngish World War veteran. Rablen's aged father was the fiddler. But he himself waited outside in his car. He was deaf as a result of war injuries. Eva brought him out a cup of coffee. As she returned to the floor and the music started up, he died in agony.

The immediate cause was no mystery, for the dregs in the cup contained poison. Eva was sure it was a suicide—he had been so morose about his deafness. The state was not satisfied with that explanation, and Heinrich appeared on the scene.

Prospective poisoners really ought to hear of this man Heinrich. As plain detective, he found out that Eva, carrying the coffee through the crowded schoolroom, had bumped into a girl and spilled a few drops on the girl's dress. As chemist, he analyzed the stains on the dress and found traces of the selfsame poison. Then, as handwriting expert, he identified the writing on the nearby druggist's poison register as Eva's, although, of course, she had signed a fictitious name.

She held out until her trial opened, when she rose and pleaded guilty. She is now in San Quentin for life.

Edward Oscar Heinrich, who dislikes to be called a Sherlock Holmes, but who in real life out-deduces Conan Doyle's supposedly impossible detective.

THE story of Heinrich's rise reads like a Horatio Alger tale. Poor newsboy; pharmacist's clerk; college student working his way; chemist; university instructor; then, among other things, chief of police of Alameda, California; and after that, a city manager of Boulder, Colorado—these were the steps that brought him where he is, with an income larger than that of the President of the United States.

His time is precious. He finds a twenty-four-hour day all too short to get through the work that comes his way.

One day it is a call from a police department or a Federal bureau. The next, he is sent for by a law firm to pass on disputed documents in a will contest. He charges a fee per diem for the time he consumes in the laboratory and in court. When he is called a considerable distance from home, he is paid for the time he is traveling. He is said never to vary from the per diem arrangement.

They marched the engineer with the fireman outside the tunnel.

His victories in civil cases involving handwriting, inks, and typewriting have been as remarkable as his untangling of criminal enigmas, although they have received less publicity. He is a living encyclopedia of knowledge. Chemistry, physics, biology, psychology, a dozen more sciences he has mastered. His eye is keyed to detection. What he sees he makes cold science explain.

When he deftly used a mirror to photograph the inside of a pistol barrel to prove that a microscopic defect had caused a mark in the bullet taken from a murdered man's body, seasoned detectives marveled at his genius.

Others stood aghast when he took a few particles of mud from a human ear found in a slough and told the police where to find the remainder of the body—miles away, in another marsh where the mud was the same.

The shrewdest of American and British secret service men looked on in astonishment when he cleared up the celebrated Hindu Ghadr conspiracy against Great Britain during the war. He had mastered three East Indian tongues to identify the intricacies of Hindu handwriting and had traced the chief conspirators by analyzing inks used in letters from India and Berlin.

But Heinrich has an aversion to being called a second Sherlock Holmes. Conan Doyle's famed sleuth resorted now and then to "hunches." Heinrich never does. He depends altogether upon a trained eye and a far-reaching knowledge of the sciences. He has made crime detection an exact science. Take the mystery he enjoyed most, the D'Autremont case—a movie thriller to the layman, a scientific problem to Heinrich.

Crowded with passengers, a Southern Pacific train went chugging into a tunnel. The place was Siskiyou, Oregon; the day, October 11, 1923, at noon.

Barely had the locomotive rolled into the dark when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

First Rule for Stopping a Cold

A Cold Indicates Stored-Up Poisonous Wastes in the Body

A cold or attack of grippe should always be attended to promptly. For a cold can quickly develop into something serious. A cold usually means your body is clogged with waste matter which lowers your resistance and lets down the bars to germ attacks.

The first thing to do to break up a cold and shake off the effects is to "clean yourself out" thoroughly. Let it be a thorough purging—no mere partial movement which may leave some of the waste matter in your body. As doctors will tell you, there is no better physic than castor oil—but no need to take the nasty, old-fashioned stuff! Castor oil doesn't need to taste bad to be good for you. Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil is all that castor oil is in efficacy except that there is no bad taste or odor. It is 100% pure castor oil with the objectionable taste and odor removed. Even children take it readily. In other words, it makes the ideal purgative since the forbidding taste has been removed and it does a thorough, yet gentle, job of cleansing.

Kellogg's is sold by all good druggists, but never in bulk—always in the *refinery-sealed* bottle. The bottle always bears the full Kellogg's label and comes in a carton equally plainly marked. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name..

Address..

THE MAN WHO MAKES MURDER OUT
Continued from page seventy-seven

two men leaped aboard, sawed-off shotguns in hand. They made the engineer stop; then marched him with the fireman to a blasting machine just outside the tunnel.

A moment later there was a roar that shook the train. The mail car had been dynamited. Through the smoke-filled tunnel the brakeman came running. A shot, and he fell dead. Two more shots—engineer and fireman dropped in their tracks. A mail clerk, burned to death in his car, brought the holdup toll to four.

In an hour posses were combing every inch of that rugged country for murderers that no living man had seen. A hasty survey of the ground showed the crime to have been the work of three men—two in the tunnel, a third at the blasting machine outside. Near that machine a pair of blue denim overalls were found. Close by were gunny-sack foot coverings coated with creosote—evidently prepared by the bandits to keep dogs off their scent, but abandoned in the haste of the escape.

Bloodhounds sniffed at the overalls, barked furiously, tugged men over the mountain sides and through the brush. But every lead dwindled to failure. Experienced, keen-eyed postal inspectors joined the sheriff's posse. Southern Pacific agents took a hand. They examined the overalls and found nothing.

Suspects by the score were arrested and turned loose. The train robbery, one of the most daring on record, threatened to remain unsolved.

THEN, as a last resort, some one thought of Heinrich. They sent him the blue denim overalls. With them they sent a description of an auto mechanic picked up on suspicion. They thought " oil and grime " on the overalls might connect this man with the case.

In the right-hand pocket of the trousers Heinrich found a little dust and a few chips. He put them under his microscope. Then he scraped some of the supposed " oily grime " off the overalls. A few days later the leaders of the Oregon man hunt received this report:

" You are holding the wrong man. The overalls you sent were worn by a left-handed lumberjack working around fir trees. He is a white man between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age, not over five feet ten inches tall, weighing about 165 pounds. He has medium light brown hair, a fair complexion, light brown eyebrows, small hands and feet, and is rather fastidious in his personal habits. Apparently he has lived and worked in the Pacific Northwest. Look for such a man. More coming later."

The sheriff's men read the report and laughed. " Sherlock Holmes on the job! " they said.

But the government operatives had had experience with Heinrich before.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Clear Your Head

FREE SEND FOR YOUR SAMPLE NOW

TEST the goodness of KONDON'S for cold in head, sinus trouble, nasal catarrh, headache, dry nose, hacking cough, catarrhal deafness, hay fever, rose cold, throat trouble, sore, tired feet, chilblains, sore face from shaving, chapped hands and lips, burns, dusty automobiling and work places. Drug Stores 30c and 60c

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

They rushed men to his laboratory for consultations, men with more facts. And when the men returned they knew the name of one man they were after, and the auto mechanic was released.

"You thought the dirt on the overalls was oil and grease—so you held the garage man," Heinrich told his visitors. "I scraped it off and tested it with chemicals. It was pitch. That eliminated your prisoner. I analyzed it further. It was fir pitch.

"Then I found a little dust in the right-hand pocket of the overalls and put it under a microscope. Enlarged five hundred times, the grains of dust proved to be fine particles of Douglas fir needles—peculiar to the Northwest, as you know—and finger-nail trimmings. There were a couple of fir chips in the pocket—you couldn't see them with the naked eye. And how did I get the color of the hair? Why, there was a strand caught in a button."

"But how could you tell the man was left-handed?" they asked him. "What is there fastidious about those blue denim overalls and how did you dope out his height and build?"

HEINRICH smiled. "How do I know he was left-handed? Chips in the right-hand pocket. A left-handed man stands with his right side to the tree while he is chopping. The chips fly into that pocket, not the left.

"And I know he's rather fastidious because of the neatness of the finger-nail trimmings in the pocket. Then, the pockets on the left side of the overalls had not been frequently used, and the overalls were buttoned exclusively from the left side—another thing that convinced me he was left-handed.

"I got his height by measuring the space from the overalls buckles to the bottoms of the trouser legs. If you'll measure them you'll find that the left shoulder buckle is exactly three-quarters of an inch higher than the right—further proof of left-handedness.

"Now look at these carefully yourselves"—and Heinrich removed them from a table. "See the creases on the bottom of each leg. The ends of the legs have been rolled exactly as a lumberjack does to fit them into his shoes. The overalls are oversized. That and the height of the suspender buckles tell the build and height of their wearer. Can I clear up anything else for you?"

"Why are you so positive he's a white man?"

Heinrich laughed again. "That sounds the hardest but it's really the easiest of all. A cross section of the single hair I found on the button shows it clearly to be that of a Caucasian. The cross section of a Negro's hair is elliptical. An Indian's hair is coarse and straight. And as to his age, we have scientific charts showing the pith of hair at various ages. That makes it simple to determine that this man is between twenty-one and twenty-five."

Then the scientist produced still another surprise. The posse men had searched the overalls pockets and found nothing, not even dust. Heinrich dug into the narrow pencil pocket with a pair of forceps. From the pit of the pocket, almost wedged into the seam, he extracted a tiny scrap of crumpled paper—a telltale registered mail receipt, No. 236-L.

He lost no time in turning it over to the postal inspectors. They learned it was a receipt for fifty dollars sent by one Roy D'Autremont from Eugene, Oregon, to his brother in New Mexico. No one in the case had heard of him before; but it was not long before he became the central figure in the man hunt.

Government men rushed to Eugene. There they soon located Roy's father. He was worried because his three boys, Roy, Ray, and Hugh, had disappeared. They had dropped out of sight the day before the train robbery.

From the unsuspecting father the hunters obtained a complete description of Roy. It tallied to the minutest detail with the description Heinrich had furnished.

Clothing and other personal belongings of Roy and his missing brothers were seized at the Eugene home. Roy's effects included a red sweater, a towel, and a cap. They were sent posthaste to Heinrich. He was already busy with other new evidence: a knapsack picked up at the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How YOU Can Take an INTERNAL BATH at home in 15 minutes

EVERYBODY should be healthy and happy. Every one of us should be at his best every day for work and for play.

Unhappily, however, many are not. Some physicians say the majority of ordinarily healthy people are below par, and they give the commonest of all reasons. They say it is auto-intoxication.

Science has given to the world that explanation of ailments most frequent among people in this country today, both men and women.

Auto-intoxication is the price which the human family is paying today for its high standards of living. The average man is over-fed. When auto-intoxication results, the symptoms are too numerous to list them here. In many cases it is followed by lack of energy, sleeplessness, headaches and low ambition.

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Why We Should Bathe Internally . . .

Almost any physician will tell you that auto-intoxication is the principal cause of colds. More menacing than that, he will tell you that it is the cause of low vitality, which is the beginning of so many serious human ailments.

Auto-intoxication is only another term for self-poison, resulting chiefly from too much food and too little outdoor labor. It is so insidious that the average person is unconscious of its evil effect and its ominous danger.

It is not merely constipation. It may precede or follow it. It generally attends it. Often, in fact, it exists without any of the ordinary symptoms.

Auto-intoxication is the certain and inevitable result of food accumulation and the debris of food in the large intestine. This debris is the culture ground or breeding place for poison germs.

A record of 280 patients in one large hospital indicated that nine out of ten were suffering in greater or less degree from this germ poisoning in the large intestines. In the hospitals this menace is immediately washed away. Fortunately you can do that at home now. You should learn about that great fact.

You bathe externally. You do that for health and for comfort. Now you can bathe internally for comfort and for health and for the very protection of life itself. You can do it quickly and do it simply and easily with the J.B.L. Cascade.

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Hundreds or thousands of people are now taking internal baths, because it is so simple and quick with the J. B. L. Cascade. In fifteen minutes, in your own home, you can take an internal bath. The relief, the comfort, the invigoration, the feeling of healthfulness, will convince you that it will be one of the most intelligently and gratefully expended 15 minutes you ever experienced in your life.

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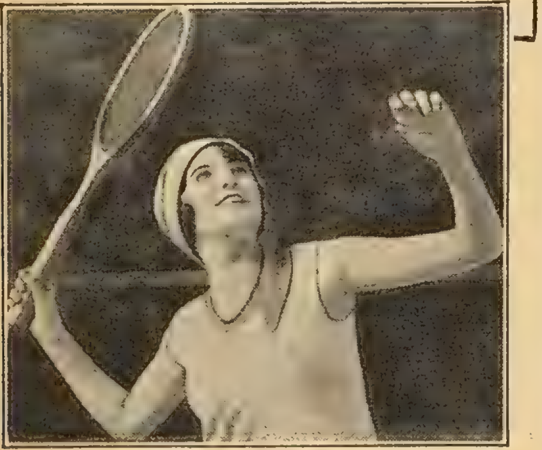

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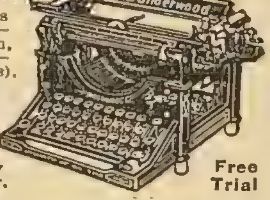

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THE MAN WHO MAKES MURDER OUT
Continued from page seventy-nine

scene of the holdup and a few scraps that officers found in an abandoned cabin near the tunnel.

For days and nights Heinrich worked again in his laboratory. Slowly, with lenses and test tubes, he wove the web that enmeshed the three D'Autremonts.

When he had finished he reported that hairs on the red sweater were unmistakably fellows of the one he had found around the overalls button, and that a lone red fiber that the lens discovered on a torn towel from the cabin had come from Roy's sweater.

The knapsack found in the tunnel had been mended with black thread. The coarse, awkward stitch was the same as a darn in the overalls and the thread was identical.

The Colt's automatic abandoned in the tunnel had been given up as useless by the detectives. They could decipher only three of the six numbers on the barrel. Heinrich took it apart. He knew where those numbers would appear again on the inside. They led to the discovery that Ray D'Autremont had bought the gun in Oregon.

In Eugene it was learned that all three brothers, together, had purchased a canteen found in the cabin.

A man hunt the like of which has seldom been known in this country soon was under way. Every hamlet post office was placarded with pictures and descriptions of the brothers. Ships at every seaport were searched. Suspects were picked up by the score. One day newspapers flashed the "capture" of the D'Autremonts in New York. Next they were "caught" in Texas. For three years the search continued. Uncle Sam never gives up.

Then, in March, 1927, Hugh D'Autremont was arrested in Manila, a soldier in the United States army. He confessed.

Not long afterward they captured Roy, the left-handed lumberjack, at Steubenville, Ohio. Ray was jailed with him. They too admitted their guilt. The three are serving life sentences in the Oregon penitentiary.

CALIFORNIANS awoke one morning to read of the tragic death of a widely known chemical engineer, Charles Henry Schwartz. He had been burned to death the night before by an accidental explosion of chemicals in his laboratory at Walnut Creek, Oakland.

Schwartz had attracted much attention, particularly among research men, by his claims to a process for the making of artificial silk. He had put up a large factory. His work there was a subject of extraordinary interest. Production of chemically made silk was to start on a gigantic scale.

All this was reviewed in the accounts of his death, the finding of his charred body in the burned laboratory, and the collapse of his widow.

The police made their perfunctory investigation and reported "accident." One or two skeptical oldtimers were not so sure, but arrangements for the funeral were permitted. And then it came to light that Schwartz had insured his life for $100,000 a short time before.

The police held up the burial. Indignantly the widow protested. An army of detectives swarmed over the burned laboratory. Schwartz's movements to the hour of his death were traced. Cautiously the police breathed the first suspicion that the dead man might not be Schwartz.

"OUTRAGEOUS!" the widow cried. And again she identified the blackened watch and other jewelry found on the dead man's person. She viewed the teeth. They showed the gap left by an extraction that Schwartz had had done.

Still police suspicion grew. But proof of crime was quite another matter. Not a clew could be found. So Heinrich was sent for. After he had spent hours on the scene and had pored over a stack of reports on Schwartz's last movements, he called on the coroner for the dead man's stomach. A few days later came this message from him:

"The stomach of the man found burned in the laboratory contains only a small amount of undigested meat. There is no trace of the cucumbers and beans Schwartz is known to have eaten shortly before the explosion."

The police shook their heads. "If the dead man's not Schwartz, who is he?" they demanded.

But Heinrich was not to be perturbed. He sent for Schwartz's comb and brush. Then he carefully cut a hair from the charred scalp.

"These hairs are not from the same head," he soon told the police, "and the body you are holding is not the body of C. H. Schwartz."

Then Heinrich turned himself loose in the remains of what had been Schwartz's laboratory. The interior was a mass of burned wood, splintered vials, débris. Detectives by the score already had rummaged through it all. None the less, what Heinrich saw told him a definite story.

It convinced him that a highly inflammable chemical, carbon disulphide, had been carefully spilled in a stream along the floor, and then touched off—the flame running to a pool of the stuff around the body of the dead man.

Heinrich brought his knowledge of combustibles into play. He calculated the results if such a quantity of the fluid had been accidentally set off on the work table. Mathematically he reckoned the force such a blast would have had—its direction, its havoc. Blowing out the laboratory door would have been inevitable. But the door had been found locked.

Then he examined a closet in the laboratory. On one corner of the wall was a splash of blood.

Again he turned his attention to the body. Minute examination revealed a terrific blow on the back of the head—a blow that would deal instant death.

Now he was satisfied. He had enough to reconstruct the tragedy. Schwartz, harassed by financial troubles and a pending lawsuit, had killed a man and cached the body in the closet, dressed in his own clothes.

With a chisel, Schwartz had gouged a tooth out of his victim's jaw to correspond with the gap in his own mouth.

The body had been dragged out to the laboratory. A natural set-up for an "accidental" explosion had been arranged. The blast and fire would wipe out all trace of the crime. Schwartz would flee to parts unknown. The big insurance would provide for his family.

BUT he had not anticipated Heinrich.

However, the identity of the victim must be established. Hidden away in charred débris, a tiny fragment of a pocket Bible was finally uncovered. That and the well kept condition of the dead man's hands led Heinrich to conjecture that the man had been an itinerant preacher. A few days later he was identified as Gilbert Barbe, an evangelist.

The police were in the midst of a hunt for Schwartz when a mysterious phone call came to headquarters. Schwartz was living in an apartment house not far away, said the voice of the informant.

Posses rushed to the scene. Through a barred door they demanded admission. No reply.

"Open or we'll break in," they shouted. Then they heard a shot within.

They battered down the door and found Schwartz lying dead, a revolver at his side. The Schwartz case was over.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

1—Matthew.
2—Bering Strait.
3—Manner or mode of operating or working.
4—David Copperfield.
5—Lockjaw.
6—The Pyrenees.
7—Ethan Allen.
8—An arrant coward; a mean-spirited wretch.
9—Albany.
10—A person sixty years old.
11—Geoffrey Chaucer.
12—The tomato.
13—That branch of zoölogy which treats of birds.
14—Growing old; aging.
15—One-fourth.
16—Julia Ward Howe.
17—Drones.
18—Tokyo.
19—Chicago.
20—Eating both animal and vegetable food.

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noted author of "Sorrel and Son"—A poignant tale of two Englishmen whose bitter enmity for each other refused to die until death had claimed one of them. . . .
Read TWO MEN
In Liberty Next Week

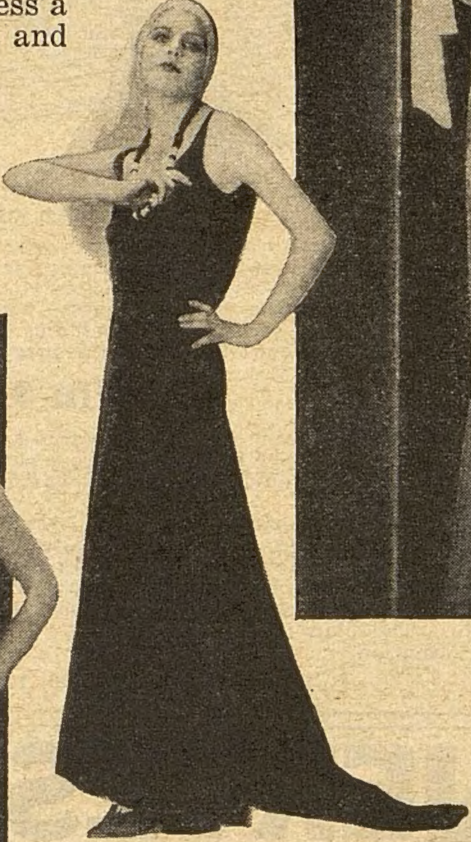
Studying the STYLE STARS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

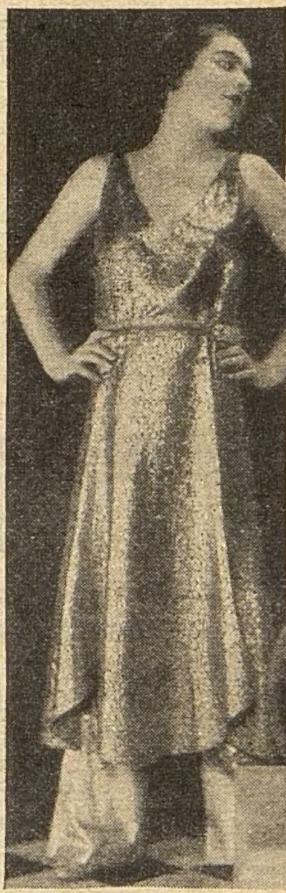
Paris.

IT'S a fine time to study the style stars. Style stars, as you know, are the ladies who help to make the current drama of dress a big success by cutting and adding lines and by an appealing delivery.

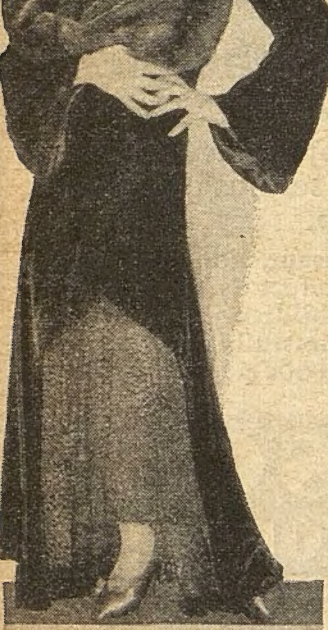
For daytime the style stars have eliminated long skirts and fitted silhouette lines. They are wearing full-length and three-quarter-length coats with matching or harmonizing dresses. The coats are either made of fur, or fur is laid lavishly on cloth. Mme. Letellier has restored gray squirrel to favor by wearing a Paquin coat laden and lined with this fur. Other equally fashionable and famous women are wearing blue fox on their black coats. Marquise de Paris has her rust-colored tweed costume for town trimmed with beaver.



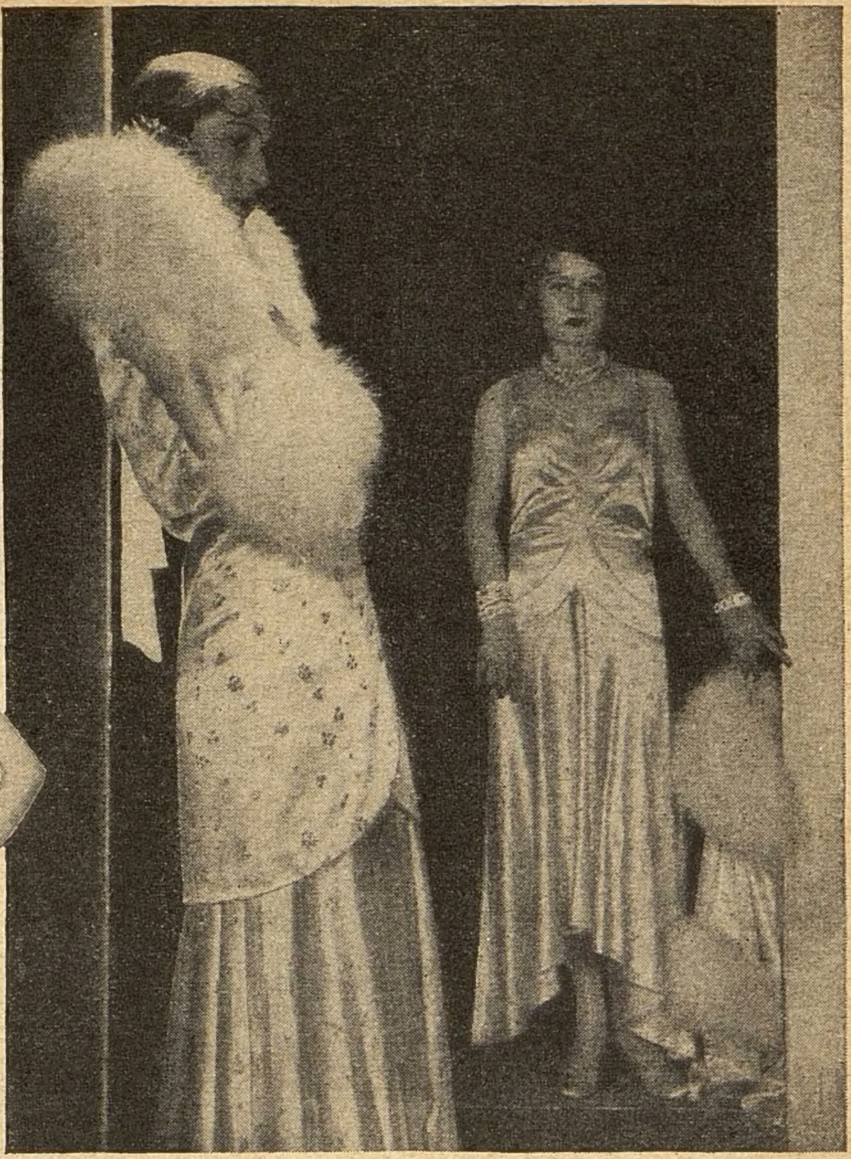
An evening gown made of black velvet from Lanvin.



Style stars affect the pyjama hostess frock, above, of gold lamé. From Jeanne Lanvin.



Molyneux's ensemble at the left has a coat of Burgundy velvet and sable over a lace frock.



This Redfern evening ensemble is made of white brocaded satin. The short cutaway coat is trimmed with white fox.

DRESSES that are the inside stuff of style-star chic are not very long or closely fitted. Boleros soften the high waistlines, and peplums flare the hiplines on some frocks. Simplicity is highly regarded, and there is very little trimming except occasional fine lace and lingerie collars. Black is paramount.

Day dresses of the style stars are short, and sports shorter, the latter coming only three inches below the knees. Pink is being revived for sports.

Costume jewelry is inseparable from a star part in daytime styles. Necklaces tend either to hula or antique types, and they are always in multiple strands.

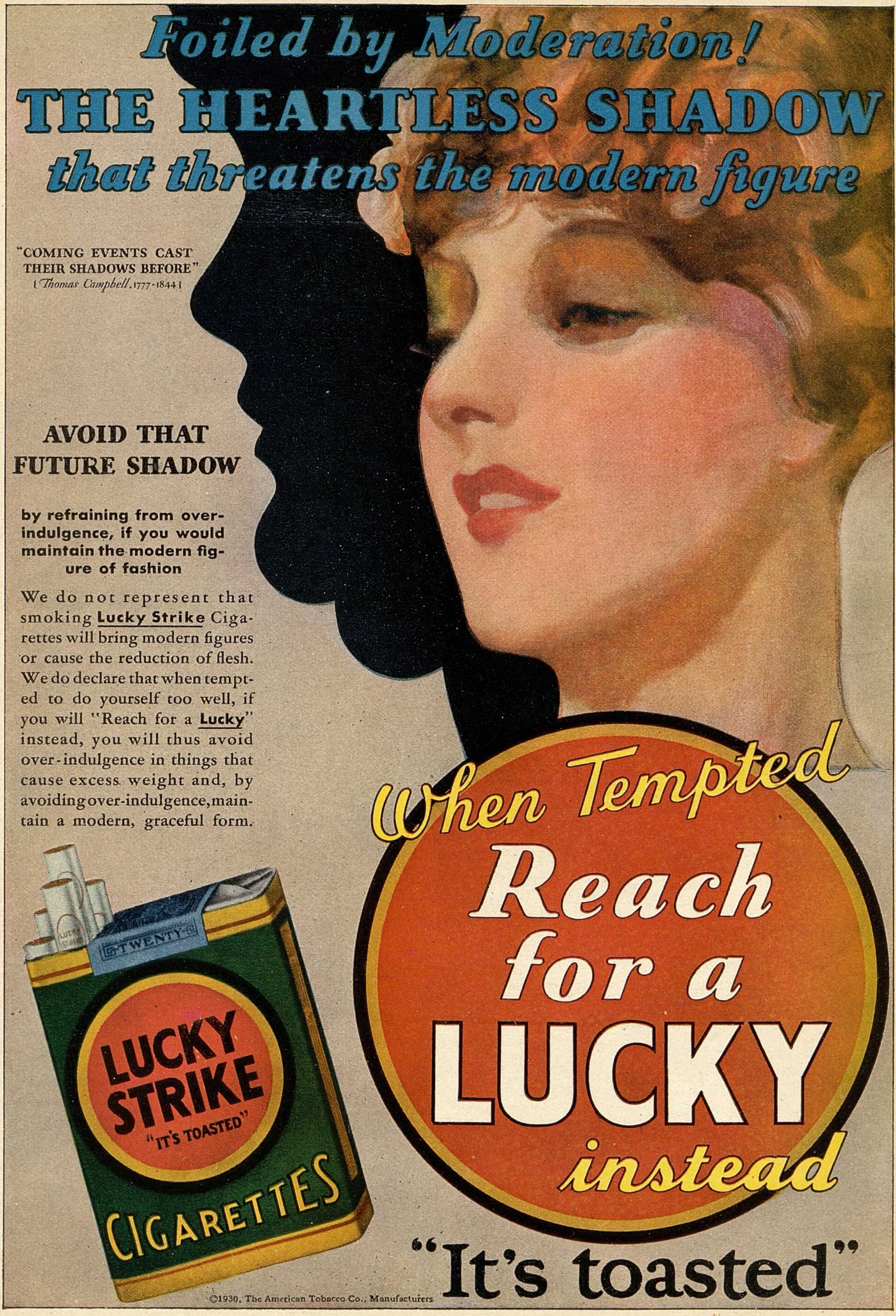
The style stars wear bonnets or berets of fur or velvet or cloth, and their short hair is curled under these bonnets. Lady Abdy makes a bonnet of her velvet beret by pinning it down in back with a jeweled pin. Hats match the color of the costume itself or the fur that trims the coat.

FOR evening, the ensemble is worn exclusively. This may mean, and most often does, a velvet coat, about three-quarter length, and a dress of some other material. White satin is a riot: four out of five wear it. Lace and tulle from Chanel are in on all of the big evenings. Mme. Munoz wears off-white chiffon, and goes in for trains, as do many of the other great ladies of style. Red is a fashion favorite, and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes indorses sapphire blue. Princesse San Faustino wears a Poiret evening gown of black tulle with long sleeves and a low décolleté. Many other distinguished women wear black for evening.

The approved evening silhouette of the *haut monde* is very long, with either the princesse line flared low on the skirt or a silhouette that features the short bloused waist and the long, slinky, but voluminous skirt. The hems of evening skirts are long in front and long in back. Many of the smartest women wear evening dresses with wide transparent hems, as does Lady Granard, whose brown net Worth evening gown has a short crêpe foundation. This dress is splattered with jewel embroidery, and one sees other style stars wearing embroidered evening dresses, and also dresses of lamé.

Evening jewels are real and precious. It's a diamond season and women have had their diamonds reset and are wearing them again. Rubies and sapphires are very good. Necklaces are worn swung from shoulder to shoulder.

Smart feet twinkle in satin sandals, some of them with mere crossed straps over the toes and around the heels. Stockings are the color of the skin and so thin you can scarcely see them.



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that threatens the modern figure

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When Tempted
Reach for a LUCKY
instead

"It's toasted"

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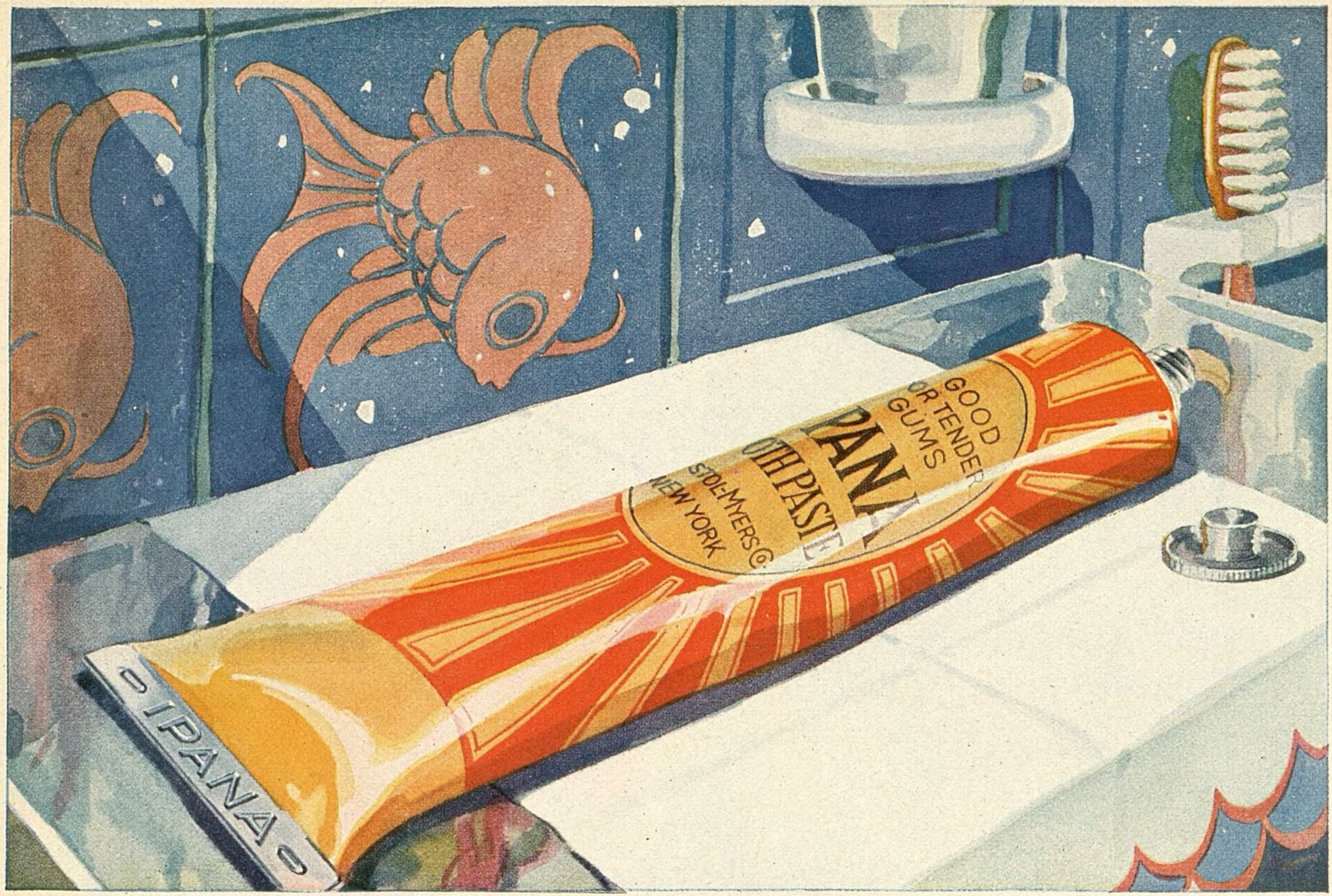

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